



LEISURE HOURS:

A CHOICE COLLECTION OF

READINGS IN PROSE.

*Tham
Allen*
BY PROF. E. A. ANDREWS.

NEW ILLUSTRATED EDITION.

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P R E F A C E .

THIS work consists of Tales and Essays selected from various English publications, which have either never been published in this country, or have had but a very limited circulation here. It is intended to be, as its name implies, a useful and entertaining companion for LEISURE HOURS,—a book which may enliven the family circle, when assembled upon a winter's evening around the social hearth,—which may accompany the reader while travelling by land or water, in stage-coaches or in steam-boats,—which may go with him when he flies from the heat, and noise, and dust of the city, to the pure air, and refreshing shade, and quiet enjoyments of the country,—which may cheer him in hours of languor and of sickness,—and which may profitably fill up those vacant hours in the life of a student, or man of business, when the mind, exhausted by its efforts, seeks, in amusement, for the restoration of its wonted powers. If it shall be found to contribute to these purposes,—if, while it

amuses, it shall sometimes instruct by the pictures of life which it exhibits,—if, by the elegance of its style, and the purity of its sentiments, it shall serve to improve the literary or moral taste of our countrymen, we shall deem the time and labor, which we have devoted to its preparation, well bestowed

This volume may, in due time, be followed by others, perhaps of a widely-different character ; but in all our publications it will be our object to blend entertainment with instruction, to improve the taste while the various powers of the mind are called into pleasant and healthful exercise, and to aid in training the moral feelings to the love and practice of every duty.

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LEISURE HOURS.

THE DEAN OF SANTIAGO.

It was but a short hour before noon, when the Dean of Santiago alighted from his mule at the door of Don Julian, the celebrated magician of Toledo. The house, according to old tradition, stood on the brink of the perpendicular rock, which, now crowned with the *Alcazar*, rises to a fearful height over the Tagus. A maid of Moorish blood led the dean to a retired apartment, where Don Julian was reading. The natural politeness of a Castilian had rather been improved than impaired by the studies of the Toledan sage, who exhibited nothing, either in his dress or person, that might induce a suspicion of his dealing with the mysterious powers of darkness. "I heartily greet your reverence," said Don Julian to the dean, "and feel highly honored by this visit. Whatever be the object of it, let me beg you will defer stating it till I have made you quite at home in this house. I hear my housekeeper making ready the noonday meal. That maid, sir, will show you the room which has been prepared for you; and when you have brushed off the dust of the journey, you shall find a canonical capon steaming hot upon the board." The dinner, which soon followed, was just what a pampered Spanish canon would wish it—abundant, nutritive, and delicate. "No, no," said Don Julian, when the soup and a bumper of Tinto had recruited the dean's spirits, and he

saw him making an attempt to break the object of his visit—"no business, please your reverence, while at dinner. Let us enjoy our meal at present; and when we have discussed the *Olla*, the capon, and a bottle of *Yepes*, it will be time enough to turn to the cares of life." The ecclesiastic's full face had never beamed with more glee, at the collation on Christmas eve, when, by the indulgence of the church, the fast is broken at sunset, instead of continuing through the night, than it did now under the influence of Don Julian's good humor and heart-cheering wine. Still it was evident that some vehement and ungovernable wish had taken possession of his mind, breaking out now and then in some hurried motion, some gulping up of a full glass of wine without stopping to relish the flavor, and fifty other symptoms of absence and impatience, which, at such a distance from the cathedral, could not be attributed to the afternoon bell. The time came, at length, of rising from table; and in spite of Don Julian's pressing request to have another bottle, the dean, with a certain dignity of manner, led his good-natured host to the recess of an oriel window, looking upon the river. "Allow me, dear Don Julian," he said, "to open my heart to you; for even your hospitality must fail to make me completely happy till I have obtained the boon which I came to ask. I know that no man ever possessed greater power than you over the invisible agents of the universe. I die to become an adept in that wonderful science; and if you will receive me for your pupil, there is nothing I should think of sufficient worth to repay your friendship."—"Good sir," replied Don Julian, "I should be extremely loath to offend you; but permit me to say, that, in spite of the knowledge of causes and effects which I have acquired, all that my experience teaches me of the heart of man is not only vague and indistinct, but for the most part unfavorable. I only guess; I cannot read their thoughts, nor pry into the recesses of their minds. As for yourself, I

am sure you are a rising man, and likely to obtain the first dignities of the church. But whether, when you find yourself in places of high honor and patronage, you will remember the humble personage of whom you now ask a hazardous and important service, it is impossible for me to ascertain." "Nay, nay," exclaimed the dean; "but I know myself, if *you* do not, Don Julian. Generosity and friendship (since you force me to speak in my own praise) have been the delight of my soul even from childhood. Doubt not, my dear friend (for by that name I wish you would allow me to call you), doubt not, from this moment, to command my services. Whatever interest I may possess, it will be my highest gratification to see it redound in favor of you and yours." "My hearty thanks for all, worthy sir," said Don Julian; "but let us now proceed to business; the sun is set, and, if you please, we will retire to my private study."

Lights being called for, Don Julian led the way to the lower part of the house; and dismissing the Moorish maid near a small door, of which he held the key in his hand, desired her to get two partridges for supper, but not to dress them till he should order it: then unlocking the door, he began to descend by a winding stair-case. The dean followed with a certain degree of trepidation, which the length of the stairs greatly tended to increase; for, to all appearance, they reached below the bed of the Tagus. At this depth a comfortable, neat room was found; the walls completely covered with shelves, where Don Julian kept his works on magic; globes, planispheres, and strange drawings, occupied the top of the book-cases. Fresh air was admitted, though it would be difficult to guess by what means, since the sound of gliding water, such as is heard at the lower part of a ship when sailing with a gentle breeze, indicated but a thin partition between the subterraneous cabinet and the river. "Here, then," said Don Julian, offering a chair to the dean, and drawing

another for himself towards a small, round table, "we have only to choose among the elementary works of the science for which you long. Suppose we begin to read this small volume." The volume was laid on the table, and opened at the first page, containing circles, concentric and eccentric, triangles with unintelligible characters, and the well-known signs of the planets. "This," said Don Julian, "is the alphabet of the whole science. Hermes, called Trismegistus ——" The sound of a small bell within the chamber, made the dean almost leap out of his chair. "Be not alarmed," said Don Julian; "it is the bell by which my servants let me know that they want to speak to me." Saying thus, he pulled a silk string, and soon after a servant appeared with a packet of letters. It was addressed to the dean. A courier had closely followed him on the road, and was that moment arrived at Toledo. "Good Heavens!" exclaimed the dean, having read the contents of the letters; "my great uncle, the archbishop of Santiago, is dangerously ill. This is, however, what the secretary says, from his lordship's dictation. But here is another letter from the archdeacon of the diocese, who assures me that the old man was not expected to live. I can hardly repeat what he adds. Poor dear uncle! may Heaven lengthen his days! The chapter* seem to have turned their eyes towards me, and—pugh! it cannot be—but the electors, according to the archdeacon, are quite decided in my favor." "Well," said Don Julian, "all I regret is the interruption of our studies; but I doubt not that you will soon wear the mitre. In the mean time, I would advise you to pretend that illness does not allow you to return directly. A few days will surely give a decided turn to the whole affair; and, at all events, your absence, in case of an election, will be

* The ecclesiastical body to which the right of electing a bishop belongs.

construed into modesty. Write, therefore, your despatches, my dear sir, and we will prosecute our studies at another time.”

Two days had elapsed since the arrival of the messenger, when the verger of the church of Santiago, attended by servants in splendid liveries, alighted at Don Julian's door with letters for the dean. The old prelate was dead, and his nephew had been elected to the see, by the unanimous vote of the chapter. The elected dignitary seemed overcome by contending feelings; but, having wiped away some decent tears, he assumed an air of gravity, which almost touched on superciliousness. Don Julian addressed his congratulations, and was the first to kiss the new archbishop's hand. “I hope,” he added, “I may also congratulate my son, the young man who is now at the university of Paris; for I flatter myself your lordship will give him the deanery, which is vacant by your promotion.” “My worthy friend, Don Julian,” replied the archbishop elect, “my obligations to you I can never sufficiently repay. You have heard my character; I hold a friend as another self. But why would you take the lad away from his studies? An archbishop of Santiago cannot want preferment at any time. Follow me to my diocese. I will not for all the mitres in Christendom forego the benefit of your instruction. The deanery, to tell you the truth, must be given to my uncle, my father's own brother, who has had but a small living for many years; he is much liked in Santiago, and I should lose my character if, to place such a young man as your son at the head of the chapter, I neglected an exemplary priest, so nearly related to me.” “Just as you please, my lord,” said Don Julian; and began to prepare for the journey.

The acclamations which greeted the new archbishop on his arrival at the capital of Galicia were, not long after, succeeded by a universal regret at his translation to

the see of the recently-conquered town of Seville. "I will not leave you behind," said the archbishop to Don Julian, who, with more timidity than he showed at Toledo, approached to kiss the sacred ring in the archbishop's right hand,* and to offer his humble congratulations; "but do not fret about your son. He is too young. I have my mother's relations to provide for; but Seville is a rich see; the blessed King Ferdinand, who rescued it from the Moors, endowed its church so as to make it rival the first cathedrals in Christendom. Do but follow me, and all will be well in the end." Don Julian bowed with a suppressed sigh, and was soon after on the banks of the Guadalquivir, in the suite of the new archbishop.

Scarcely had Don Julian's pupil been at Seville one year, when his far-extended fame moved the pope to send him a cardinal's hat, desiring his presence at the court of Rome. The crowd of visitors who came to congratulate the prelate, kept Don Julian away for many days. He at length obtained a private audience, and, with tears in his eyes, entreated his eminence not to oblige him to quit Spain. "I am growing old, my lord," he said: "I quitted my house at Toledo only for your sake, and in hopes of raising my son to some place of honor and emolument in the church; I even gave up my favorite studies, except as far as they were of service to your eminence. My son—" "No more of that, if you please, Don Julian," interrupted the cardinal. "Follow me you must; who can tell what may happen at Rome? The pope is old, you know. But do not tease me about preferment. A public man has duties of a description which those in the lower ranks of life cannot either weigh or comprehend. I confess I am under obligations to you, and feel quite disposed to reward your services; yet I must not have my creditors knocking

* Catholic bishops wear a consecrated ring, which is kissed, with a bending of the knee, by those who approach them.

every day at my door ; you understand, Don Julian. In a week we set out for Rome."

With such a strong tide of good fortune as had hitherto buoyed up Don Julian's pupil, the reader cannot be surprised to find him, in a short time, wearing the papal crown. He was now arrived at the highest place of honor on earth ; but in the bustle of the election and subsequent coronation, the man to whose wonderful science he owed this rapid ascent, had completely slipped off his memory. Fatigued with the exhibition of himself through the streets of Rome, which he had been obliged to make in a solemn procession, the new pope sat alone in one of the chambers of the Vatican. It was early in the night. By the light of two wax tapers, which scarcely illuminated the farthest end of the grand saloon, his holiness was enjoying that reverie of mixed pain and pleasure which follows the complete attainment of ardent wishes, when Don Julian advanced, in visible perturbation, conscious of the intrusion on which he ventured. "Holy father," exclaimed the old man, and cast himself at his pupil's feet ; "holy father, in pity to these gray hairs, do not consign an old servant—might I not say an old friend ?—to utter neglect and forgetfulness. My son—" "By saint Peter !" ejaculated his holiness, rising from the chair, "your insolence shall be checked.—*You* my friend ! A magician the friend of Heaven's vicegerent !—Away, wretched man ! When I pretended to learn of thee, it was only to sound the abyss of crime into which thou hadst plunged ; I did it with a view of bringing thee to condign punishment. Yet, in compassion to thy age, I will not make an example of thee, provided thou avoidest my eyes. Hide thy crime and shame where thou canst. This moment thou must quit the palace, or the next closes the gates of the inquisition upon thee."

Trembling, and his wrinkled face bedewed with tears,

Don Julian begged to be allowed but one word more. "I am very poor, holy father," said he: "trusting in your patronage, I relinquished my all, and have not left wherewith to pay my journey." "Away, I say," answered the pope; "if my excessive bounty has made you neglect your patrimony, I will no further encourage your waste and improvidence. Poverty is but a slight punishment for your crimes." "But, father," rejoined Don Julian, "my wants are instant; I am hungry: give me but a trifle to procure a supper to-night. To-morrow I shall beg my way out of Rome." "Heaven forbid," said the pope, "that I should be guilty of feeding the ally of the prince of darkness. Away, away from my presence, or I instantly call for the guard." "Well, then," replied Don Julian, rising from the ground, and looking on the pope with a boldness which began to throw his holiness into a paroxysm of rage, "if I am to starve at Rome, I had better return to the supper which I ordered at Toledo." Thus saying, he rang a gold bell which stood on a table next the pope. The door opened without delay, and the Moorish servant came in. The pope looked round, and found himself in the subterraneous study under the Tagus. "Desire the cook," said Don Julian to the maid, "to put but one partridge to roast; for I will not throw away the other on the Dean of Santiago."*

FROM THE SPANISH.

* The reader will perceive, that the various events which occur in this admirable story, from the moment when Don Julian and his pupil commence their studies in the chamber beneath the Tagus, to the ringing of the gold bell and the entrance of the Moorish maid, were but a vision produced in the mind of the Dean of Santiago by the magical powers of Don Julian, and were intended to bring to light the selfish and unprincipled ambition of the dean.

A COUNTRY LODGING.

ON my way back to town, the other evening, from a visit, I had the misfortune, at the turning of a road, not to see a projecting gateway, till I came too near it. I leaped the ditch that ran by, but my horse went too close to the side-post; and my leg was so hurt, that I was obliged to limp into a cottage, and have been laid up ever since. The doctor tells me I am to have three or four weeks of it, perhaps more.

As soon as I found myself fixed, I looked about me to see what consolations I could get in my new abode. The place was quiet. That was one thing. It was also clean, and had a decent looking hostess. Those were two more. Thirdly, I heard the wind in the trees. This was much. "You have trees opposite the window?" "Yes, sir, some fine elms. You will hear the birds of a morning." "And you have poultry, to take care of my fever with? and eggs and bacon, when I get better? and a garden and a paddock, when I walk again, eh? and capital milk, and a milk-maid, whom it's a sight to see carrying it over the field." "Why, sir," said my hostess, good-humoredly but gravely, "as to the milk-maid, I can say nothing; but we have capital milk at Poulton, and good eggs and bacon, and paddocks in plenty, and every thing else that horse or man can desire, in an honest way."

The curtains were very neat and white, the rest of the furniture corresponding. There was a small couch, and a long-backed arm-chair, looking as if it was made for me. "That settee," thought I, "I shall move into that other part of the room:—it will be snugger, and more away from the door. The arm-chair and the table shall go near the window, when I can sit up; so that I may have the trees at the corner of my eye, as I am writing." The table, a small mahogany one, was very good, and reflected the two

candles very prettily, but it looked bald. There were no books on it.

"Pray, Mrs. Wilson, have you any books?"

"Oh, plenty of books. But won't you be afraid to study, sir, with that leg?"

"I'll study without it, if you can undo it for me."

"Dear me! sir, but won't it make you feverish?"

"Yes, unless I can read all the while. I must study philosophy, Mrs. Wilson, in order to bear it: so, if you have any novels or comedies—" "Why, for novels or comedies, sir, I can't say. But I'll show you what there is. When our lady was alive,—rest her soul!—eight months ago, the house was nothing but books. I dare say she had a matter of a hundred. But I've a good set too, below; some of my poor dear husband's, and some of my own."

"I see," said I, as she left the room, "that I shall be obliged to send to the clergyman; and that's a forlorn hope. If there's a philosopher in the village,—some Jacobinical carpenter or shoemaker,—there will be another chance. At all events, I shall behave in the most impudent manner, and send all round. '*Necessitas non habet LEGS,*' as Peter Pindar says. This is the worst of books. A habit of reading is like a habit of drinking. You cannot do without it, especially under misfortune. I wonder whether I could leave off reading, beginning with a paragraph less a day?"

Mrs. Wilson returned with an arm full. "This, sir," said she, giving me the top one, "our lady left me for a keep-sake." It was Mrs. Chapone's Essays. "Pray," said I, "Mrs. Wilson, who was the lady whom you designate as the Roman Catholics do the Virgin? Who was *Our lady*?" Mrs. Wilson looked very grave, but I thought there was a smile lurking under her gravity in spite of her. "Miss V., sir, was no Roman: and as to the Virgin, by which I suppose, sir, you mean the—but however—oh, she was an excellent woman, sir; her mother

was a friend of the great Mr. Samuel Richardson." "Oh ho!" thought I, looking over the books, "then we shall have Pamela."—There was the Farrier's Guide, some Treatises on Timber and the Cultivation of Wood (my hostess was a carpenter's widow), Jachin and Boaz (which she called a strange, fantastic book), Mrs. Glasse's Cookery, Wesley's Receipts, an old Court Calendar, the Whole Duty of Man, nine numbers of the Calvinist's Magazine, an odd volume of the Newgate Calendar, the Life of Colonel Gardiner, and, sure as fate, at the bottom of the heap, Pamela, or Virtue Rewarded. "Virtue Rewarded!" thought I: "I hate these *mercenary* virtues; these bills brought to Heaven for payment; these clinkings of cash in the white pockets of conscience." "You have one novel, at any rate, Mrs. Wilson." "Sure, sir, it is better than a novel. Oh, it is a book full of good fortune." "Of good fortune! What, to the maid-servant?" "To every body that has to do with it. Miss V. was dubious like which of the cottages to live in; and she fancied ours, because she found Pamela and Colonel Gardiner in the corner-cupboard." "I dare say.—Now, here," said I, when left to myself, "here is vanity at second hand. The old lady must take a cottage because she found a book in it, written by an old gentleman, who knew the old lady her mother. And what a book!" With all my admiration of Richardson, Pamela had ever been an object of my dislike. I hated her little canting ways, her egotism eternally protesting humility, and her readiness to make a prize of the man, who, finding his endeavors vain to ruin her, reconciled her virtue and vanity together by proposing to make her his wife. Pamela's is the only female face to which I think I could ever have wished to give a good box on the ear. "And this," said I, "was the old maid's taste. It is a pity she was not a servant-maid." While I was thus venting my spleen against a harmless old woman, in a condition of life which I had always treat-

ed with respect, and was beginning to regret that I had got into "methodistical" lodgings, my hostess comes back again. As I did not seem to be very particularly satisfied with this collection, the old lady went out again, and presently returned with three more books, to wit, *Paradise Lost*, Thomson's *Seasons*, and a volume containing the whole of the *Spectator* in double columns. "Head of my ancestors!" cried I, uttering (but internally) a Chinese exclamation: "here thou art at home again, Harry! *This* is sense. *This* is something like. The cottage is an excellent cottage, and, for aught I know, had the honor of being one of the many cottages in which my great grandfather's friend Sir Richard used to eschew the visits of the importunate."

There was a bed-room as neat as the sitting-room, and with more trees at the window. My leg was very painful, and I had feverish dreams. However, my horseback had made me nothing the worse for my dinner, and, having taken no supper, my dreams, though disturbed, were not frightful. I dreamt of Pamela, and Dick Honeycomb, and my ancestor Nathaniel. I thought that my landlady was Mrs. Harlowe, and that Dick, being pressed to marry, said he would not have his cousin Pamela, but Nell Gwynn; which the serious commonwealth officer approved, "Because," said he, "of the other's immoral character."

In the morning, it was delightful to hear the sound of the birds. There is something exhilarating in the singing of birds, analogous to the brilliancy of sunshine. My leg was now worse, but not bad enough to hinder me from noticing the "*chaney*" shepherds and shepherdesses on the mantel-piece, or those others on the colored bed-curtain; loving pairs with lambs, repeated in the same group at intervals all over the chintz, as if the beholder had a cut-glass eye. The window of the sitting-room has a little white curtain on a rod. This, of the bed-room, is a proper casement with diamond panes; and you can see

nothing outside, but green leaves. However ill I may be, I am always the worse for lying in bed. I contrived to get up and remove to the settee in the other room; at which the doctor, when he came, shook his head. But I did very well with the settee. It was brought near the window, with the table; and I had a very pretty look-out. Opposite the window, you can see nothing but trees, but sitting on the left side, you have a view over a fine meadow to the village church, which is embowered in elms. There is a path and a stile to the meadow, and luxuriant hedge-row trees. I was as well pleased with my situation as a man well could be, who had a leg perpetually reminding him of its existence; but Poulton is at a good distance from town, and I was thinking how long it would take a messenger to fetch me some books, when I heard a shot from a fowling-piece. I recollected the month, and thought how well its name was adapted to these Septembrizers of the birds. Looking under the trees, I saw a stout fellow, in a jacket and gaiters, and the rest of the costume of *avicide*, picking his way along the palings, with his gun reprepared. "Ay," said I, "he has 'shot, as he is used to do,' and laid up some poor thing with a broken thigh. There he goes, sneaking along, to qualify some others for the hospital—and they *have none*."

I threw up the window, to baffle his next shot with the noise. He turned round. It was Jack Tomkins. "Hallo! my boy," said he; "why, where in the world have you got?" Jack, who is a man of fortune, and was at Trinity, though the uninitiated would not suppose it, came up immediately to the door, and knocked. Presently he came into the room, grinning and breathing like an ogre.

"My dear Honeycomb," said he, "how are you? An unexpected pleasure, eh? The good lady tells me you have hurt yourself. Something about a horse. What, Bayardo the spotless, eh? Well, I am heartily sorry for it, I declare; for now, as you have caught me with my Joe

Manton, I suppose I am to be had up for fetching down a few birds."

"Why, Jack, as you say, I have caught you in the fact; and I wonder at a fellow of your sense and spirit, that you're not above cutting up a parcel of tomtits."

"Grouse, Harry, grouse, and partridges, and pheasants, and all that. Tomtits! let the cockneys try to cut up tomtits."

"Well, to be sure, there's a good deal of difference between breaking the legs of partridges and tomtits. The partridge, too, is a fierce bird, and can defend itself. It's a gallant thing, a fight with a partridge!"

"Eh? Nonsense. Now you are at some of your banter. But it's no joke, I assure you, to me, having a fine morning's sport. You can read, and all that; but every man to his taste. However, I can't stop at present. Here's Needle, poor fellow, wants to be off. Glorious morning—never saw such a morning—but I'll come back to dinner, if you like, instead of going to the Greyhound. I gave a brace of partridges just now to the good woman: and I say, Harry, if you get me some claret, I'll have it out with you—I will, upon my soul—I'll rub up my logic, and have a regular spar."

My friend Jack returned in good time, and had his birds well dressed. I was in despair about the claret, till the host of the Greyhound drew it out from a store which he kept against the month of September; and Jack being a good-humored fellow, and having had a victorious morning, he did very well. Mrs. Wilson and the doctor had equally protested against my having company to dinner, being afraid of the noise, and the temptation to eat; but I promised them to abstain, and that I would talk as much as possible to hinder Jack from being obstreperous; which they thought a dangerous remedy. I got off very well, by dint of talking while Jack ate; and such is vanity, that I was not displeased to see that I rose greatly in my hostess's

opinion by my defence of the bird creation. It was curious to observe how Jack shattered her, as she came in and out, with his oaths and great voice, and how gratefully she seemed to take breath and substance again under the Paradisaical shelter of my arguments. But I believe I startled her, too, with the pictures I was obliged to draw. This is the worst of such points of discussion. You are obliged to put new ideas of pain and trouble into innocent heads, in the hope of saving pain and trouble itself. But we must not hesitate for this. The one is a mere notion compared with the other. It is soon got rid of or set aside by minds in health; and the unhealthy ones are liable to worse deductions, if the matter is not fairly laid open.

However, wishing to let Jack have his ease in perfection, as far as he could, I was for postponing the argument to another day, and seeing him relish his birds and claret in peace. But the more he drank, the less he would hear of it. "Besides," says he, "I've been talking about it to Bilson—you know Bilson, the Christ-Church man,—and he's been putting me up to some prime good arguments, 'faith. I hope I sha'n't forget 'em. By the by, I'll tell you a good joke about Bilson—But you don't eat any thing. What, is your leg so bad as that comes to? You don't pretend, I hope, not to eat partridge, because of your love of the birds?"

"No, Jack; but I'd rather know that you had killed 'em than Bilson, because you are a jollier hand; you don't go to the sport with such reverend sophistry."

"That's famous. Bilson, to be sure,—But stop, don't let me forget another thing, now I think of it. Bilson says you eat poultry. What do you say to that? You eat chicken."

"I am not sure that I can apologize for eating grouse, except, as I said before, when you kill 'em. Evil communications corrupt good platters. I can only say that no grouse should be killed for me, unless a perfect Tomkins—an unerring shot—had the bringing of them down. I

could give up poultry too; but death is common to all: a fowl is soon despatched; and many a fowl would not exist, if death for the dinner-table were not part of his charter. I confess I should not like to keep poultry. There is a violation of fellowship and domesticity in killing the sharers of our homestead, and especially in keeping them to kill. It would make me seem like an ogre. But this is one sentiment: that violated by making a sport of cruelty is another. But I will not argue this matter with you now, Jack. It would be a cruelty itself. It would be inhospitable, and a foppery. I wish to put wine down your throat, and not to thrust my arguments. Besides, as you say, I never shall convince you; so drink your claret."

"Mighty considerate persons you Tatler and Spectator men are, and would make fine havoc with our amusements." "Excuse me. It is you that make fine havoc. I would have you amuse yourself to your heart's content, if you would do it without breaking the bones and hearts of your fellow-creatures." "'Fellow creatures!' and their 'hearts!' The hearts of woodcocks and partridges! Pooh, pooh! What Bilson says is very true;—he says, if you come to think of it, there must be pain in the world, and it would be unmanly to think of it in this light."

"Very well. Then do you, Jack, who are so manly, and so willing to encourage one's sports, stand a little farther, and let me crack your shin with this poker."

"Nonsense. That's a very different thing."

"Perhaps you'd prefer a good crack on the skull?"

"Nonsense."

"Or a thrust out of your eye?"

"No, no: all that's very different."

"Well: you know what you have been about this morning. Go and pick your way again along the palings there; and leave me your fowling-piece, and I'll endeavor to shoot you handsomely through the body."

"Nonsense, nonsense. I'm a man, you know; and a bird's a bird. Besides, birds don't feel as we do. They're

not Christians. They are not reasoning beings. They're not made of the same sort of stuff. In short, it's no use talking. There's no end of these things."

"Just so. This is precisely the way I should argue, if I had the winging of you. Here, I should say, is Mr. John Tomkins. Mind, I am standing with my manning-piece by a hedge."

"With your what?"

"With my manning-piece. You cannot say fowling-piece, when it is *men* that are to be brought down."

"Oh, now you're joking."

"I beg your pardon; you will find it no joke presently. 'Here,' says I, 'is Mr. John Tomkins coming;' or, 'Here is a Tomkins. Look at him. He's in fine coat and waist-coat (we can't say feather, you know): keep close: now for my Joe Manton: you shall see how I'll pepper him.' 'Pray don't,' says my companion. 'A Tomkins is a Tomkins after all, and has his feelings as we have.' 'Stuff!' says I: 'Tomkinses don't feel as we do. They're not Christians, for they do not do as they would be done by. They're not reasoning beings, for they do not see that a leg's a leg. They're not made of the same sort of stuff; and so, if they bleed, it does not signify;—if they die of a torturing fracture, who cares? In short, it's no use talking. There's no end of these things. So here goes. Now, if I hit him, he is killed outright, which is no harm to any body; and if I wound him, why, he only goes groaning and writhing for three or four days; and who cares for that?'"

"Upon my soul, if I listen, you'll make a milk-sop of me. Consider—think of the advantages of fresh air and exercise; of getting up in the morning, and scouring the country, and all that."

"Excellent: but, my dear Tomkins, the birds are not bound to suffer, because you want fresh air."

"But it's the only time of the year, perhaps, that I can

get out; and I must have something to do—something to occupy me and lead me about.”

“The birds, Tomkins, are not bound to have their legs and thighs broken, because you are in want of something to lead you about.”

“Well, you know what I mean. I meant that we must not look too nicely into these things, as somebody said about fish; or we should fret ourselves for nothing. The birds kill one another.”

“Yes, from necessity; for the want of a meal. But they do not torture—or, if they did, that would be because they did not reason as well as you and I, Tomkins.”

“What I meant to say is, that there’s pain in the world already; we cannot help it; and if we can turn it to pleasure, so much the better. This is manly, I think.”

“Well said, indeed. But to turn pain into pleasure, and to add to it by more pain, are two different things, are they not? To bear pain like a man, and to inflict it like a sportsman, are two different things.”

“A sportsman can bear pain as well as any body.”

“Then why does he not begin by turning his own pain into a pleasure? As it is, he turns his own pleasure to another’s pain. Why does he not begin with himself?”

“How with himself?”

“Why, you talk of the want of amusement and excitement. Now, to say nothing of cricket, and golf, and boating, and other sports, are there no such things to be had as quarter-staves, single-stick, and broken heads? A good handsome pain there is a gallant thing, and strengthens the soul as well as the body. If there must be a certain portion of pain in the world, these were the ways to share it. But to sneak about, safe one’s-self, with a gun and a dog, and inflict all sorts of wounds and torments upon a parcel of little helpless birds,—Tomkins, you know not what you are at, when you do it; or you are too much of a man to go on.”

"I cannot think that we inflict those tortures you speak of."

"How many birds do you *wound* instead of kill? Say, upon an average, twenty to one, which is a generous computation. How many hundred birds would this make in the course of the day? How many thousands in the course of a season? To bring them down, and then be obliged to kill them, is butcherly enough; but to lame, and dislocate, and shatter the joints and bodies of so many that fly off, and leave them to die a lingering death in their agony,—I think it would not be unworthy of some philosophers and teachers, if they were to think a little of all this as they go, and not talk of the 'sport' and the 'amusement' like others; as if men were to be trained up at once into thought and want of thought, into humanity and cruelty. Really, men are not the only creatures in existence; and the laugh of mutual complacency and approbation is apt to contain very sorry and shallow things, even among the 'celebrated' and 'highly respectable.' I don't speak of you, Jack, but of those who make a profession of thinking, which, you know, you are not under the necessity of doing. But what's the matter?"

"Oh!" said he, "oh!" pressing his hand upon his cheek, "I've got a terrible toothache come upon me. Oh! Of all pains, the toothache is the most horrible. I've no patience with it."

"I'll shut the door. There—now never mind the toothache, for I'll bear it capitally."

"*You* bear it! That's a good one. Very easy for you to bear it; but how can I? Hm! hm! (writhing about) it's the most intolerable pain."

"Stay—here's some oil of cloves Mrs. Wilson has brought you. How does it feel now?"

"Wonderfully. The pain is quite gone. It was very bad, I assure you. You must not think I am wanting in proper courage as a man, because it hurt me so. You

know, Harry, I can be as bold as most men, though I say it, who shouldn't."

"My dear Jack, you have as much right to speak the truth as I have. The boldest of men is not expected to be without feeling. An officer may go bravely into battle, and bear it bravely too, but he must feel it: he cannot be insensible to a shattered knee."

"Certainly not."

"Or to a jaw blown away."

"By no means."

"Or four of his ribs jammed in."

"Horrible!"

"Or a face mashed, and his nose forced in."

"Don't speak of it!"

"Or his two legs taken off by a cannon ball, he being left to fester to death on a winter's night on a large plain."

"Upon my soul, you make my flesh creep on my bones."

"A gallant spirit is not bound to feel all this, or even to hear of it, without shuddering, even though the battle may be necessary, and a great good produced by it to society."

"Certainly, certainly, God knows."

"It is only a woodcock or a snipe that ought to bear it without complaining. Your partridge is the only piece of flesh and blood that we may put into such a state for no necessity, but purely for our sport and pleasure."

"How? What's that you say?"

"I say it is none but birds that we may, with a perfect conscience, lame, lacerate, mash, and blow their legs and beaks away, and leave, God knows where, to perish of neglect and torture, they being the only masculine creatures living, and not to be lowered into comparison with soldiers and gallant men."

"Hey?—Why, as to that—Hey? What? 'Fore George, you bewilder me with your list of tortures. But how am I to be sure that a bird feels as you say?"

"It is enough that you know nothing certain. As you

are not sure, you have no right to hazard the injustice, especially as you cannot help being sure of one thing; which is, that birds have flesh and blood like ourselves, and that they afford similar evidences of feeling and suffering. Allow me to read you a passage that I cut, the other day, out of an old review. It is taken from Fothergill's Essay on the Philosophy, Study and Use of Natural History; a book which I shall make acquaintance with as soon as I can. Here it is.

“‘It may perhaps be said, that a discourse on the iniquity and evil consequences of murder would come with a bad grace from one who was himself a murderer: and so it would; but not if it came from the lips of a repentant murderer. Who can describe that which he has not seen, or give utterance to that which he has not felt? Never shall I forget the remembrance of a little incident which occurred to me during my boyish days—an incident which many will deem trifling and unimportant, but which has been particularly interesting to my heart, as giving origin to sentiments, and rules of action, which have since been very dear to me.—Besides a singular elegance of form and beauty of plumage, the eye of the common *lap-wing* is peculiarly soft and expressive: it is large, black, and full of lustre, rolling, as it seems to do, in liquid gems of dew. I had shot a bird of this beautiful species; but, on taking it up, I found that it was not dead. I had wounded its breast; and some big drops of blood stained the pure whiteness of its feathers. As I held the hapless bird in my hand, hundreds of its companions hovered around my head, uttering continued shrieks of distress, and, by their plaintive cries, appeared to bemoan the fate of one to whom they were connected by ties of the most tender and interesting nature; whilst the poor wounded bird continually moaned, with a kind of inward, wailing note, expressive of the keenest anguish; and, ever and anon, it raised its drooping head, and, turning towards the wound in its breast, touched it with its bill, and then looked up in my face, with an expression that I have no wish to forget, for it had power to touch my heart, whilst yet a boy, when a thousand dry precepts in the academical closet would have been of no avail.’”

“Well, now, Harry, that’s touching. He’s right about the precepts. You have saved ’em from being dry, eh, with your claret? but all that you have said hasn’t touched me like that story. A lapwing! Hang me if I shall have the heart to touch another lapwing.”

“But other birds, Jack, have feelings as well as lapwings.”

“What do you say, though, about Providence? Bilson said some famous things about Providence. What do you say to that?”

“Oh ho! What, he

‘Admits, and leaves them *Providence’s* care’—

does he?—You remember the passage, Jack, in Pope—

God cannot love (cries Blunt with tearless eyes)
The wretch he starves; and piously denies.
The humbler bishop, with a meeker air,
Admits, *and leaves them, Providence’s* care.’

But *we* are Providence, Jack. Nay, don’t start: I mean that our own feelings, our own regulated feelings and instructed benevolence, are a part of the general action of Providence, a consequence and furtherance of the Divine Spirit. You see I can preach as well as Bilson. Humanity is the most visible putting forth of the Deity’s hand; the noblest tool it works with. Or, if this theology doesn’t serve, recollect the fable of Jupiter and the Wagoner. Are we content with abstract references to Providence, when we can work out any good for ourselves, or save ourselves from any evil? Did Bilson wait for Providence to induct him to his living? Did he not make a good stir about it himself? Push him into a ditch the next time you meet him, and see if he will not bustle to get out of it. Leave him to get out by himself, and see if he does not think you a hard-hearted fellow. Wing him, Jack, wing him; and see if he’ll apply to Providence or a surgeon.”

“Eh? That would be famous. I say—I must be going though: it’s getting dark, and I must be in town by nine. Well, Harry, my boy, good bye. I can’t say you’ve convinced me: you know I told you I wasn’t to be convinced; but I plainly confess I don’t like the story of the lapwing: it makes the bird look like a sort of human creature; and that’s not to be resisted. So I’m taken in about lapwings. Adieu.”

“Well, Jack, you shall say that in print, and perhaps do more good than you are aware. Have you any objection?”

“Not I, ’faith; I’d say it any where, if it came into my head. But how? In the Sporting Magazine?”

“Why, I’m afraid we can hardly attain to such eminence as that, especially on such a subject.”

“I was thinking so. Oh, I see:—you’ll pull your hive about my ears. Well, so be it. Adieu, Harry; I’ll send you the books.”

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

AHMED THE COBBLER.

IN the great city of Isfahan lived Ahmed the cobbler, an honest and industrious man, whose wish was to pass through life quietly; and he might have done so, had he not married a handsome wife, who, although she had condescended to accept of him as a husband, was far from being contented with his humble sphere of life.

Sittara—such was the name of Ahmed’s wife—was ever forming foolish schemes of riches and grandeur; and though Ahmed never encouraged them, he was too fond a husband to quarrel with what gave her pleasure: an incredulous smile, or a shake of the head, was his only answer to her often-told day-dreams; and she continued to persuade herself, that she was certainly destined to great fortune.

It happened one evening, while in this temper of mind, that she went to the Hemmam,* where she saw a lady retiring dressed in a magnificent robe, covered with jewels, and surrounded by slaves. This was the very condition Sittara had always longed for; and she eagerly inquired the name of the happy person who had so many attendants and such fine jewels. She learned it was the wife of the chief astrologer to the king. With this information she returned home. Her husband met her at the door, but was received with a frown; nor could all his caresses obtain a smile or a word; for several hours she continued silent, and in apparent misery; at length she said—

“Cease your caresses; unless you are ready to give me a proof that you do really and sincerely love me.”

“What proof of love,” exclaimed poor Ahmed, “can you desire, which I will not give?”

“Give over cobbling: it is a vile, low trade, and never yields more than ten or twelve dinars a day. Turn astrologer; your fortune will be made, and I shall have all I wish, and be happy.”

“Astrologer!” cried Ahmed; “astrologer! Have you forgotten who I am—a cobbler, without any learning—that you want me to engage in a profession which requires so much skill and knowledge?”

“I neither think nor care about your qualifications,” said the enraged wife: “all I know is, that if you do not turn astrologer immediately, I will be divorced from you to-morrow.”

The cobbler remonstrated, but in vain. The figure of the astrologer’s wife, with her jewels and her slaves, had taken complete possession of Sittara’s imagination. All night it haunted her; she dreamt of nothing else; and, on awakening, declared she would leave the house, if her husband did not comply with her wishes. What could poor Ahmed do? He was no astrologer; but he was dotingly fond

* The public bath.

of his wife, and he could not bear the idea of losing her. He promised to obey; and, having sold his little stock, bought an astrolabe, an astronomical almanac, and a table of the twelve signs of the zodiac. Furnished with these, he went to the market-place, crying, "I am an astrologer! I know the sun, and the moon, and the stars, and the twelve signs of the zodiac; I can calculate nativities; I can foretell every thing that is to happen!"

No man was better known than Ahmed the cobbler. A crowd soon gathered round him. "What, friend Ahmed," said one, "have you worked till your head is turned?" "Are you tired of looking down at your last," cried another, "that you are now looking up at the planets?" These, and a thousand other jokes, assailed the ears of the poor cobbler, who, notwithstanding, continued to exclaim that he was an astrologer, having resolved on doing what he could to please his beautiful wife.

It so happened, that the king's jeweller was passing by. He was in great distress, having lost the richest ruby belonging to the crown. Every search had been made to recover this inestimable jewel, but to no purpose; and as the jeweller knew he could no longer conceal its loss from the king, he looked forward to death as inevitable. In this hopeless state, while wandering about the town, he reached the crowd around Ahmed, and asked what was the matter. "Don't you know Ahmed the cobbler?" said one of the bystanders, laughing; "he has been inspired, and is become an astrologer."

A drowning man will catch at a broken reed. The jeweller no sooner heard the sound of the word astrologer, than he went up to Ahmed, told him what had happened, and said, "If you understand your art, you must be able to discover the king's ruby. Do so, and I will give you two hundred pieces of gold. But if you do not succeed within six hours, I will use all my influence at court to have you put to death as an impostor."

Poor Ahmed was thunderstruck. He stood long with-

out being able to move or speak, reflecting on his misfortunes, and grieving, above all, that his wife, whom he so loved, had, by her envy and selfishness, brought him to such a fearful alternative. Full of these sad thoughts, he exclaimed aloud, "Oh, woman, woman! thou art more baneful to the happiness of man than the poisonous dragon of the desert!"

The lost ruby had been secreted by the jeweller's wife, who, disquieted by those alarms which ever attend guilt, sent one of her female slaves to watch her husband. This slave, on seeing her master speak to the astrologer, drew near; and when she heard Ahmed, after some moments of apparent abstraction, compare a woman to a poisonous dragon, she was satisfied he must know every thing. She ran to her mistress, and, breathless with fear, cried, "You are discovered, my dear mistress; you are discovered by a vile astrologer. Before six hours are past, the whole story will be known, and you will become infamous, if you are so fortunate as to escape with life, unless you can find some way of prevailing on him to be merciful." She then related what she had seen and heard; and Ahmed's exclamation carried as complete conviction to the mind of the terrified mistress as it had done to that of her slave.

The jeweller's wife, hastily throwing on her veil, went in search of the dreaded astrologer. When she found him, she threw herself at his feet, crying, "Spare my honor and my life, and I will confess every thing."

"What can you have to confess to me?" exclaimed Ahmed, in amazement.

"O nothing, nothing with which you are not already acquainted. You know too well that I stole the ruby from the king's crown. I did so to punish my husband, who uses me most cruelly; and I thought by this means to obtain riches for myself, and to have him put to death. But you, most wonderful man, from whom nothing is hidden, have discovered and defeated my wicked plan. I beg only for mercy, and will do whatever you command me."

An angel from heaven could not have brought more consolation to Ahmed than did the jeweller's wife. He assumed all the dignified solemnity that became his new character, and said, "Woman, I know all that thou hast done; and it is fortunate for thee that thou hast come to confess thy sin, and beg for mercy before it was too late. Return to thy house, put the ruby under the pillow of the couch on which thy husband sleeps; let it be laid on the side farthest from the door; and be satisfied thy guilt shall never be even suspected."

The jeweller's wife returned home, and did as she was desired. In an hour Ahmed followed her, and told the jeweller he had made his calculations, and found, by the aspect of the sun and moon, and by the configuration of the stars, that the ruby was at that moment lying under the pillow of his couch, on the side farthest from the door. The jeweller thought Ahmed must be crazy; but as a ray of hope is like a ray from heaven to the wretched, he ran to his couch, and there, to his joy and wonder, found the ruby in the very place described. He came back to Ahmed, embraced him, called him his dearest friend and the preserver of his life, gave him the two hundred pieces of gold, declaring that he was the first astrologer of the age.

These praises conveyed no joy to the poor cobbler, who returned home more thankful to God for his preservation than elated by his good fortune. The moment he entered the door, his wife ran up to him, and exclaimed, "Well, my dear astrologer, what success?"

"There!" said Ahmed, very gravely, "there are two hundred pieces of gold: I hope you will be satisfied now, and not ask me again to hazard my life, as I have done this morning." He then related all that had passed. But the recital made a very different impression on the lady from what these occurrences had made on Ahmed. Sittara saw nothing but the gold which would enable her to vie with the chief astrologer's wife at the Hemmam. "Cour-

age!" said she, "courage, my dearest husband. This is only your first labor in your new and noble profession. Go on and prosper; and we shall become rich and happy."

In vain Ahmed remonstrated, and represented the danger: she burst into tears, and accused him of not loving her, ending with her usual threat of insisting upon a divorce.

Ahmed's heart melted, and he agreed to make another trial. Accordingly, next morning, he sallied forth with his astrolabe, his twelve signs of the zodiac, and his almanac, exclaiming, as before, "I am an astrologer! I know the sun, and the moon, and the stars, and the twelve signs of the zodiac; I can calculate nativities; I can foretell every thing that is to happen!" A crowd again gathered round him; but it was now with wonder, and not ridicule; for the story of the ruby had gone abroad, and the voice of fame had converted the poor cobbler Ahmed into the ablest and most learned astrologer that was ever seen at Isfahan.

While every body was gazing at him, a lady passed by veiled. She was the wife of one of the richest merchants in the city, and had just been at the Hemmam, where she had lost a valuable necklace and ear-rings. She was now returning home in great alarm, lest her husband should suspect her of having given her jewels to a lover. Seeing the crowd around Ahmed, she asked the reason of their assembling, and was informed of the whole story of the famous astrologer; how he had been a cobbler, was inspired with supernatural knowledge, and could, with the help of his astrolabe, his twelve signs of the zodiac, and his almanac, discover all that ever had, or ever would happen in the world. The story of the jeweller and the king's ruby was then told her, accompanied by a thousand wonderful circumstances which had never occurred. The lady, quite satisfied of his skill, went up to Ahmed, and mentioned her loss, saying, "A man of your knowledge and

penetration will easily discover my jewels : find them, and I will give you fifty pieces of gold."

The poor cobbler was quite confounded, and looked down, thinking only how to escape without a public exposure of his ignorance. The lady, in passing through the crowd, had torn the lower part of her veil. Ahmed's down-cast eyes noticed this, and, wishing to inform her of it in a delicate manner, before it was observed by others, he whispered to her, "Lady, look down at the rent." The lady's head was full of her loss, and she was at that moment endeavoring to recollect how it could have occurred. Ahmed's speech brought it at once to her mind, and she exclaimed in delighted surprise, "Stay here a few moments, thou great astrologer. I will return immediately with the reward thou so well deservest." Saying this, she left him, and soon returned, carrying in one hand the necklace and earrings, and in the other a purse with fifty pieces of gold. "There is gold for thee," she said, "thou wonderful man, to whom all the secrets of nature are revealed. I had quite forgotten where I laid the jewels, and without thee should never have found them. But when thou desiredst me to look at the rent below, I instantly recollected the rent near the bottom of the wall in the bath-room, where, before undressing, I had hid them. I can now go home in peace and comfort; and it is all owing to thee, thou wisest of men."

After these words, she walked away, and Ahmed returned to his home, thankful to Providence for his preservation, and fully resolved never again to tempt it. His handsome wife, however, could not yet rival the chief astrologer's lady in her appearance at the Hemmam; so she renewed her entreaties and threats to make her fond husband continue his career as an astrologer.

About this time, it happened that the king's treasury was robbed of forty chests of gold and jewels, forming the greater part of the wealth of the kingdom. The high-

treasurer and other officers of state used all diligence to find the thieves, but in vain. The king sent for his astrologer, and declared, that if the robbers were not detected by a stated time, he, as well as the principal ministers, should be put to death. Only one day of the short period given them remained. All their search had proved fruitless, and the chief astrologer, who had made his calculations and exhausted his art to no purpose, had resigned himself to his fate, when one of his friends advised him to send for the wonderful cobbler, who had become so famous for his extraordinary discoveries. Two slaves were immediately despatched for Ahmed, whom they commanded to go with them to their master. "You see the effects of your ambition," said the poor cobbler to his wife; "I am going to my death. The king's astrologer has heard of my presumption, and is determined to have me executed as an impostor."

On entering the palace of the chief astrologer, he was surprised to see that dignified person come forward to receive him, and lead him to the seat of honor, and not less so to hear himself thus addressed:—"The ways of Heaven, most learned and excellent Ahmed, are unsearchable. The high are often cast down, and the low are lifted up. The whole world depends upon fate and fortune. It is my turn now to be depressed by fate; it is thine to be exalted by fortune."

His speech was here interrupted by a messenger from the king, who, having heard of the cobbler's fame, desired his attendance. Poor Ahmed now concluded that it was all over with him, and followed the king's messenger, praying to God that he would deliver him from his peril. When he came into the king's presence, he bent his body to the ground, and wished his majesty long life and prosperity. "Tell me, Ahmed," said the king, "who has stolen my treasure."

"It was not one man," answered Ahmed, after some

consideration ; " there were forty thieves concerned in the robbery."

" Very well," said the king ; " but who were they ? and what have they done with my gold and jewels ? "

" These questions," said Ahmed, " I cannot now answer, but I hope to satisfy your majesty, if you will grant me forty days to make my calculations."

" I grant you forty days," said the king ; " but when they are past, if my treasure is not found, your life shall pay the forfeit."

Ahmed returned to his house well pleased ; for he resolved to take advantage of the time allowed him, to fly from a city where his fame was likely to be his ruin. " Well, Ahmed," said his wife, as he entered the house, " what news at court ? "

" No news at all," said he, " except that I am to be put to death at the end of forty days, unless I find forty chests of gold and jewels, which have been stolen from the royal treasury."

" But you will discover the thieves."

" How ? By what means am I to find them ? "

" By the same art which discovered the ruby and the lady's necklace."

" The same art ! " replied Ahmed. " Foolish woman ! Thou knowest that I have no art, and that I have only pretended to it for the sake of pleasing thee. But I have had sufficient skill to gain forty days, during which time we may easily escape to some other city ; and, with the money I now possess, and the aid of my former occupation, we may still obtain an honest livelihood."

" An honest livelihood ! " repeated his lady with scorn. " Will thy cobbling, thou mean, spiritless wretch ! ever enable me to go to the Hemmam like the wife of the chief astrologer ? Hear me, Ahmed : think only of discovering the king's treasure. Thou hast just as good a chance of doing so as thou hadst of finding the ruby, and the neck-

lace and earrings. At all events, I am determined that thou shalt not escape; and shouldst thou attempt to run away, I will inform the king's officers, and have thee taken up, and put to death, even before the forty days are expired. Thou knowest me too well, Ahmed, to doubt my keeping my word. So take courage, and endeavor to make thy fortune, and to place me in that rank of life to which my beauty entitles me."

The poor cobbler was dismayed at this speech; but, knowing there was no hope of changing his wife's resolution, he resigned himself to his fate. "Well," said he, "your will shall be obeyed. All I desire is to pass the few remaining days of my life as comfortably as I can. You know I am no scholar, and have little skill in reckoning; so there are forty dates: give me one of them every night after I have said my prayers, that I may put them in a jar, and, by counting them, may always see how many of the few days I have to live are gone."

The lady, pleased at carrying her point, took the dates, and promised to be punctual in doing what her husband desired.

Meanwhile, the thieves, who had stolen the king's treasure, having been kept from leaving the city by fear of detection and pursuit, had received accurate information of every measure taken to discover them. One of them was among the crowd before the palace on the day the king sent for Ahmed; and, hearing that the cobbler had immediately declared their exact number, he ran in a fright to his comrades, and exclaimed, "We are all found out! Ahmed, the new astrologer, has told the king that there are forty of us."

"There needed no astrologer to tell that," said the captain of the gang. "This Ahmed, with all his simple good nature, is a shrewd fellow. Forty chests having been stolen, he naturally guessed that there must be forty thieves; and he has made a good hit; that is all: still, it is prudent

to watch him; for he certainly has made some strange discoveries. One of us must go to-night, after dark, to the terrace of this cobbler's house, and listen to his conversation with his handsome wife; for he is said to be very fond of her, and will, no doubt, tell her what success he has had in his endeavors to detect us."

Every body approved of this scheme; and, soon after night-fall, one of the thieves repaired to the terrace. He arrived there just as the cobbler had finished his evening prayers, and his wife was giving him the first date. "Ah!" said Ahmed, as he took it, "there is one of the forty."

The thief, hearing these words, hastened, in consternation, to the gang, and told them that, the moment he took his post, he had been perceived by the supernatural knowledge of Ahmed, who immediately told his wife that one of them was there. The spy's tale was not believed by his hardened companions: something was imputed to his fears: he might have been mistaken: in short, it was determined to send two men the next night at the same hour. They reached the house just as Ahmed, having finished his prayers, had received the second date, and heard him exclaim, "My dear wife, to-night there are two of them."

The astonished thieves fled, and told their still incredulous comrades what they had heard. Three men were consequently sent the third night, four the fourth, and so on. Being afraid of venturing during the day, they always came as evening closed in, and just as Ahmed was receiving his date: hence they all in turn heard him say that which convinced them he was aware of their presence. On the last night, they all went; and Ahmed exclaimed aloud, "The number is complete. To-night, the whole forty are here."

All doubts were now removed. It was impossible that Ahmed should have discovered them by any natural means. How could he ascertain their exact number? and night after night, without ever once being mistaken? He must

have learnt it by his skill in astrology. Even the captain now yielded, in spite of his incredulity, and declared his opinion that it was hopeless to elude a man thus gifted; he therefore advised that they should make a friend of the cobbler, by confessing every thing to him, and bribing him to secrecy by a share of the booty.

His advice was approved of; and, an hour before dawn, they knocked at Ahmed's door. The poor man jumped out of bed, and, supposing the soldiers were come to lead him to execution, cried out, "Have patience. I know what you are come for. It is a very unjust and wicked deed."

"Most wonderful man," said the captain, as the door was opened, "we are fully convinced that thou knowest why we are come; nor do we mean to justify the action of which thou speakest. Here are two thousand pieces of gold, which we will give thee, provided thou wilt swear to say nothing more about the matter."

"Say nothing about it!" said Ahmed. "Do you think it possible I can suffer such gross wrong and injustice without complaining, and making it known to all the world?"

"Have mercy upon us!" exclaimed the thieves, falling on their knees; "only spare our lives, and we will restore the royal treasure."

The cobbler started, rubbed his eyes, to see if he were asleep or awake; and, being satisfied that he was awake, and that the men before him were really the thieves, he assumed a solemn tone, and said, "Guilty men, ye are persuaded that ye cannot escape from my penetration, which reaches unto the sun and moon, and knows the position and aspect of every star in the heavens. Your timely repentance has saved you. But ye must immediately restore all that ye have stolen. Go straightway, and carry the forty chests exactly as ye found them, and bury them a foot deep under the southern wall of the old Hemmam, beyond the king's palace. If ye do this punctually,

your lives are spared ; but if ye fail in the slightest degree, destruction will fall upon you and your families."

The thieves promised obedience to his commands, and departed. Ahmed then fell on his knees, and returned thanks to God for this signal mark of his favor. About two hours after, the royal guards came, and desired Ahmed to follow them. He said he would attend them as soon as he had taken leave of his wife, to whom he determined not to impart what had occurred until he saw the result. He bade her farewell very affectionately. She supported herself with great fortitude on this trying occasion, exhorting her husband to be of good cheer, and said a few words about the goodness of Providence. But the fact was, Sittara fancied that if God took the worthy cobbler to himself, her beauty might attract some rich lover, who would enable her to go to the Hemmam with as much splendor as the astrologer's lady, whose image, adorned with jewels and fine clothes, and surrounded by slaves, still haunted her imagination.

The decrees of Heaven are just: a reward suited to their merits awaited Ahmed and his wife. The good man stood with a cheerful countenance before the king, who was impatient for his arrival, and immediately said, "Ahmed, thy looks are promising: hast thou discovered my treasure?"

"Does your majesty require the thieves or the treasure? The stars will only grant one or the other," said Ahmed, looking at his table of astrological calculations. "Your majesty must make your choice. I can deliver up either, but not both."

"I should be sorry not to punish the thieves," answered the king; "but, if it must be so, I choose the treasure."

"And you give the thieves a full and free pardon?"

"I do, provided I find my treasure untouched."

"Then," said Ahmed, "if your majesty will follow me, the treasure shall be restored to you."

The king and all his nobles followed the cobbler to the ruins of the old Hemmam. There, casting his eyes toward heaven, Ahmed muttered some sounds, which were supposed, by the spectators, to be magical conjurations, but which were, in reality, the prayers and thanksgivings of a sincere and pious heart to God, for his wonderful deliverance. When his prayer was finished, he pointed to the southern wall, and requested that his majesty would order his attendants to dig there. The work was hardly begun, when the whole forty chests were found in the same state as when stolen, with the treasurer's seal upon them still unbroken.

The king's joy knew no bounds: he embraced Ahmed, and immediately appointed him his chief astrologer, assigned to him an apartment in the palace, and declared that he should marry* his only daughter, as it was his duty to promote the man whom God had so singularly favored, and had made instrumental in restoring the treasures of his kingdom. The young princess, who was more beautiful than the moon, was not dissatisfied with her father's choice; for her mind was stored with religion and virtue, and she had learned to value beyond all earthly qualities that piety and learning which she believed Ahmed to possess. The royal will was carried into execution as soon as formed. The wheel of fortune had taken a complete turn. The morning had found Ahmed in a wretched hovel, rising from a sorry bed, in the expectation of losing his life: in the evening, he was the lord of a rich palace, and married to the only daughter of a powerful king. But this change did not alter his character. As he had been meek and humble in adversity, he was modest and gentle in prosperity. Conscious of his own ignorance, he

* It is very common in the East for the daughters of monarchs to be married to men eminent for their piety or learning, however low their origin.

continued to ascribe his good fortune solely to the favor of Providence. He became daily more attached to the beautiful and virtuous princess whom he had married; and he could not help contrasting her character with that of his former wife, whom he had ceased to love, and of whose unreasonable and unfeeling vanity he was now fully sensible.

As Ahmed did not return to his house, Sittara only heard of his elevation from common rumor. She saw, with despair, that her wishes for his advancement had been more than accomplished, but that all her own desires had been entirely frustrated. Her husband was chief astrologer—the very situation she had set her heart on: he was rich enough to enable his wife to surpass all the ladies of Isfahan in the number of her slaves, and the finery of her clothes and jewels, whenever she went to the Hemmam; but he had married a princess; and his former wife, according to custom, was banished from his house, and condemned to live on whatever pittance she might receive from a man whose love and esteem she had forever forfeited. These thoughts distracted her mind: her envy was excited by the accounts she daily heard of Ahmed's happiness, and of the beauty of the princess; and she now became anxious only for his destruction, looking on him as the sole cause of her disappointment.

An opportunity of indulging her revengeful feelings was not long wanting. The king of Seestan had sent an emerald, of extraordinary size and brilliancy, as a present, to the king of Irak. It was carefully enclosed in a box, to which there were three keys; and one of them was given in charge to each of the three confidential servants employed to convey it. When they reached Isfahan, the box was opened, but the emerald was gone. Nothing could exceed their consternation: each accused the other: as the lock was not broken, it was evident one of them must be the thief. They consulted what was to be done. To

conceal what had happened, was impossible: the very attempt would have brought death on them all. It was resolved, therefore, to lay the whole matter before the king, and beg that by his great wisdom he would detect the culprit, and that he would show mercy to the other two.

The king heard the story with astonishment, but was unable to find any clew by which he might ascertain the truth. He summoned his vizier and all the wisest men of his court; but they were as much at a loss as their master. The report spread through the city; and Sittara thought she had now the means of working her husband's ruin. She solicited a private audience of his majesty, on the plea of having a communication of importance to make. Her request was granted. On entering the royal presence, she threw herself at his feet, exclaiming, "Pardon, O king, my having so long concealed the guilt of my husband Ahmed, whose alliance is a disgrace to the royal blood. He is no astrologer, but an associate of thieves, and by that means only did he discover the royal treasure. If any doubts are entertained of my speaking the truth, let his majesty command Ahmed to recover the emerald which the servants of the king of Seestan have stolen. Surely the man, who, by his wonderful art, ascertained where all the treasure of the kingdom was concealed, will find it an easy matter to discover a single precious stone."

The king, who loved his son-in-law, was grieved by this information. Still, as the honor of his family was concerned, he resolved to put Ahmed to the test, and, if he found him an impostor, to vindicate the royal dignity by his condign punishment. He therefore sent for Ahmed, told him what had happened, and added, "I give you twenty days to discover who stole the emerald. If you succeed, you shall be raised to the highest honors of the state. If not, you shall suffer death for having deceived me."

Poor Ahmed quitted the presence quite disconsolate. The princess, perceiving his affliction, inquired the cause. Ahmed was by nature as sincere as he was pious and humble. He related, without concealment or disguise, every event of his past life, and concluded with these words: "You must see, from what I have said, how incapable I am of doing what your father enjoins. My life must answer for it; and my only consolation is, that I shall, in twenty days, relieve you from a husband whom, from this time, you must despise."

"I only love you the better, my dear Ahmed, for your sincerity and truth," said the princess. "One who has been so favored by Heaven must be dear to every pious heart. Be of good cheer: I will turn astrologer this time, and see whether I can find out the thief. All that I require is, that you endeavor to be composed, while I consult the stars and make my calculations."

Ahmed, delighted by this proof of affection, and reassured by the confidence of her manner, promised to be obedient, and said he would only venture to assist her exertions by his earnest prayers to that Power which had never deserted him.

The princess immediately invited the messengers from the king of Seestan to her palace. They were surprised at the invitation, and still more at their reception. "You are strangers," she said to them, "and come from a powerful king. It is my wish to show you every attention. As to the lost emerald, think no more of it; it is a mere trifle. I will intercede with the king, my father, to give himself no further concern on the subject, being convinced that it has been lost by one of those strange accidents for which it is impossible to account."

The princess entertained the strangers for several days, and during that time the emerald seemed to be forgotten. She conversed with them freely, inquiring particularly of Seestan, and the countries they had seen on their travels.

Flattered by her condescension, they became confident of their safety, and were delighted with their royal patroness. The princess, seeing them completely off their guard, turned the conversation, one evening, on wonderful occurrences, and, after each had related his story, said, "I will now recount to you some events in my own life, which you will, I think, deem more extraordinary than any you have ever heard.

"I am my father's only child, and have therefore been a favorite from my birth. I was brought up in the belief that I could command whatever this world can afford, and was taught that unbounded liberality was the first and most princely of virtues. I early resolved to surpass every former example of generosity. I thought my power of doing good, and making every body happy, was as unlimited as my wish to do so; and I could not conceive the existence of misery beyond my power to relieve. When I was eighteen, I was betrothed to my cousin, a young prince, who excelled all others in beauty of person and nobleness of mind; and I fancied myself at the summit of happiness. It chanced, however, that, on the morning of my nuptials, I went to walk in a garden near the palace, where I had been accustomed to spend some hours daily from my childhood. The old gardener, with whose cheerfulness I had often been amused, met me. Seeing him look very miserable, I asked him what was the matter. He evaded a direct answer; but I insisted upon his disclosing the cause of his grief, declaring, at the same time, my determination to remove it."

"'You cannot relieve me,' said the old man, with a deep sigh: 'it is out of your power, my beloved princess, to heal the wound of which I am dying.'

"My pride was roused, and I exclaimed, 'I swear—'

"'Do not swear,' said the gardener, seizing my hand.

"'I do swear,' I repeated (irritated by the opposition). 'I will stop at nothing to make you happy; and I further

swear, that I will not leave this spot until you reveal the grief which preys upon you.'

"The old man, seeing my resolution, spoke with tremulous emotion as follows: 'Princess, you know not what you have done. Behold a man who has dared, for these two years, to look upon you with an eye of admiration: his love has at length reached such a pitch, that without you he must be wretched forever; and unless you consent to meet him in the garden to-night, and become his bride instead of that of the prince, he must die.'

"Shocked by this unforeseen declaration, and trembling at the thought of my oath, I tried to reason with the old gardener, and offered him all the wealth I possessed. 'I told you,' he replied, 'beautiful princess, that you could not make me happy. I endeavored to prevent your rash vow; and nothing but that should have drawn from me the secret of my heart. Death, I know, is my fate; for I cannot live and see you the wife of another. Leave me to die. Go to your husband; go to the enjoyment of your pomp and riches; but never again pretend to the exercise of a power which depends upon a thousand circumstances that no human being can regulate or control.'

"This speech conveyed a bitter reproach. I would have sacrificed my life a hundred times, sooner than stain my honor by marrying this man; but I had made a vow in the face of Heaven, and to break it seemed sacrilege. Besides, I earnestly wished to die undeceived in my favorite notion, that I could make all who came near me happy. Under the struggle of these different feelings, I told the gardener his desire should be granted, and that I would be in the garden an hour before midnight. After this assurance, I went away, resolved in my own mind not to outlive the disgrace to which I had doomed myself.

I passed the day in the deepest melancholy. A little before midnight, I contrived to dismiss my attendants, and, arrayed in my bridal apparel, which was covered with the

richest jewels, I went towards the garden. I had not proceeded many yards, when I was met by a thief, who, seizing me, said, 'Let me strip you, madam, of these unnecessary ornaments: if you make the least noise, instant death awaits you.' In my state of mind, such threats frightened me little. I wished to die; but I wished, before I died, to fulfil my vow. I told my story to the thief, beseeching him to let me pass, and pledging my word to return, that he might not be disappointed of his booty. After some hesitation, he allowed me to proceed.

"I had not gone many steps, when I encountered a furious lion, which had broken loose from my father's menagerie. Knowing the merciful nature of this animal towards the weak and defenceless, I dropped on my knees, repeated my story, and assured him, if he would let me fulfil my vow, I would come back to him as ready to be destroyed as he could be to make me his prey. The lion stepped aside, and I went into the garden.

"I found the old gardener all impatience for my arrival. He flew to meet me, exclaiming I was an angel. I told him I was resigned to my engagement, but had not long to live. He started, and asked what I meant. I gave him an account of my meeting with the thief and the lion. 'Wretch that I am!' cried the gardener; 'how much misery have I caused! But, bad as I am, I am not worse than a thief or a beast of prey; which I should be, did I not absolve you from your vow, and assure you the only way in which you can now make me happy, is by forgiving my wicked presumption.'

"I was completely relieved by these words, and granted the forgiveness desired; but having determined, in spite of the gardener's remonstrances, to keep my promises to the thief and the lion, I refused to accept his protection. On leaving the garden, the lion met me. 'Noble lion,' I said, 'I am come, as I promised you.' I then related to him how the gardener had absolved me from my vow; and

I expressed a hope that the king of beasts would not belie his renown for generosity. The lion again stepped aside, and I proceeded to the thief, who was still standing where I left him. I told him I was now in his power, but that, before he stripped me, I must relate to him what had happened since our last meeting. Having heard me, he turned away, saying, 'I am not meaner than a poor gardener, nor more cruel than a hungry lion: I will not injure what they have respected.'

"Delighted with my escapes, I returned to my father's palace, where I was united to my cousin, with whom I lived happily to his death; persuaded, however, that the power of human beings to do good is very limited, and that, when they leave the narrow path marked out for them by their Maker, they not only lose their object, but often wander far into error and guilt, by attempting more than it is possible to perform."

The princess paused, and was glad to see her guests so enchanted with her story, that it had banished every other thought from their minds. After a few moments, she turned to one of them, and asked, "Now, which, think you, showed the greatest virtue in his forbearance—the gardener, the thief, or the lion?"

"The gardener, assuredly," was his answer; "to abandon so lovely a prize, when so nearly his own."

"And what is your opinion?" said the princess to his neighbor.

"I think the lion was the most generous: he must have been very hungry; and, in such a state, it was great forbearance to abstain from devouring so delicate a morsel."

"You both seem to me quite wrong," said the third, impatiently; "the thief had by far the most merit. Gracious heavens! to have within his grasp such wealth, and to refrain from taking it! I could not have believed it possible, unless the princess herself had assured us of the fact."

The princess, now, assuming an air of dignity, said to the first who spoke, "You, I perceive, are an admirer of the ladies;" to the second, "You are an epicure;" and then, turning to the third, who was already pale with fright, "You, my friend, have the emerald in your possession. You have betrayed yourself, and nothing but an immediate confession can save your life."

The guilty man's countenance removed all doubt; and when the princess renewed her assurances of safety, he threw himself at her feet, acknowledged his offence, and gave her the emerald, which he carried concealed about him. The princess rose, went to her husband, and said, "There, Ahmed, what do you think of the success of my calculations?" She then related the whole circumstance, and bade him carry the jewel to her father, adding, "I trust he will feel a greater admiration than ever for my husband, the wonderful astrologer!"

Ahmed took the emerald in silent astonishment, and went with it to the king, of whom he requested a private audience. On its being granted, he presented the emerald. The king, dazzled by its brilliancy and size, loaded his son-in-law with the most extravagant praises, extolling him as superior to any astrologer who had ever been seen in the world. Poor Ahmed, conscious how little he deserved such praise, threw himself at the king's feet, and begged that he might be allowed to speak the truth, as he was readier to die than to continue imposing on his majesty's goodness. "You impose on me!" said the king; "that is impossible. Did you not recover my treasure? Have you not brought me this emerald?"

"True, O king!" said Ahmed; "I have done so, but without possessing that science for which I have gained a reputation." He then told his history from first to last with perfect sincerity. The king showed great displeasure while listening to his earlier adventures; but when Ahmed related the story of the emerald, intermingling his

tale with fervent expressions of admiration for the wonderful wisdom and virtue of the princess, he heard him with delight. After he had finished, the king summoned his vizier and chief counsellors, and desired that his daughter also might attend; and when they were all assembled, he spake as follows: "Daughter, I have learnt the history of thy husband from his own lips. I have also heard much in confirmation of the belief I have long entertained, that thy knowledge and goodness are even greater than thy beauty. They prove that thou wert born to rule; and I only obey the will of Heaven, and consult the happiness of my people, when I resign my power into thy hands, being resolved to seek that repose which my declining years require. As to thy husband, thou wilt dispose of him as it pleases thee. His birth, I always knew, was low; but I thought that his wisdom and learning raised him to a level with the highest rank: these, it now appears, he does not possess. If thou deemest his alliance a disgrace, divorce him. If, on the other hand, thou art willing to keep him as thy husband, do so, and give him such share as thou thinkest fit in the authority which I now commit to thee."

The princess knelt to kiss her father's hand, and answered, "May my father's life and reign be prolonged for his daughter's happiness, and for that of his subjects! I am a weak woman, altogether unequal to the task which his too fond love would impose on me. If my humble counsel is listened to, my father will continue to govern his people, whose gratitude and veneration will make obedience light, and rule easy. As to Ahmed, I love and esteem him: he is sensible, sincere, and pious; and I deem myself fortunate in having for my husband a man so peculiarly favored and protected by Heaven. What, my dear father, are high rank or brilliant talents without religion and virtue? They are as plants which bear gaudy blossoms, but yield no fruit."

The king was delighted with his daughter's wisdom and affection. "Your advice," he said, "my beloved daughter, shall be followed. I will continue to govern my kingdom, while you and Ahmed shall assist me with your counsels."

The good cobbler was soon afterwards nominated vizier; and the same virtue and piety which had obtained him respect in the humblest sphere of life, caused him to be loved and esteemed in the high station to which he was elevated.

The designs of Sittara were discovered, but her guilt was pardoned. She was left with a mere subsistence, a prey to disappointment; for she continued to the last to sigh for that splendor she had seen displayed by the chief astrologer's wife at the Hemmam; thereby affording a salutary lesson to those who admit envy into their bosoms, and endeavor to attain their ends by unreasonable and unjustifiable means.

SIR J. MALCOLM'S SKETCHES OF PERSIA.

ROUGE ET NOIR.

——— "Could I forget
 What I have been, I might the better bear
 What I am destined to. I'm not the first
 That have been wretched—but to think how much
 I have been happier!"——— SOUTHERN.

NEVER shall I forget that accursed 27th of September: it is burnt in upon the tablet of my memory; graven in letters of blood upon my heart. I look back to it with a strangely-compounded feeling of horror and delight; of horror at the black series of wretched days and sleepless nights of which it was the fatal precursor; of delight at that previous career of tranquillity and self-respect which it was destined to terminate—alas, forever!

On that day, I had been about a fortnight in Paris, and, in passing through the garden of the Palais Royal, had stopped to admire the beautiful *jet d'eau* in its centre, on which the sun-beams were falling so as to produce a small rainbow, when I was accosted by my old friend, major E——, of the fusileers. After the first surprises and salutations, as he found that the business of procuring apartments and settling my family had prevented my seeing many of the Parisian *lions*, he offered himself as my Cicerone, proposing that we should begin by making the circuit of the building that surrounded us. With its history, and the remarkable events of which it had been the scene, I was already conversant; but of its detail and appropriation, which, as he assured me, constituted its sole interest in the eyes of the Parisians, I was completely ignorant.

After taking a cursory view of most of the sights above ground in this multifarious pile, I was conducted to some of its subterraneous wonders,—to the Cafe du Sauvage, where a man is hired, for six francs a night, to personate that character, by beating a great drum, with all the grinning, ranting, and raving of a madman;—to the Cafe des Aveugles, whose numerous orchestra is entirely composed of blind men and women;—and to the Cafe des Varietes, whose small theatre, as well as its saloons and labyrinths, are haunted by a set of sirens not less dangerous than the nymphs who assailed Ulysses. Emerging from these haunts, we found that a heavy shower was falling; and while we paraded once more the stone gallery, my friend suddenly exclaimed, as his eye fell upon the numbers of the houses—“One hundred and fifty-four!—positively we are going away without visiting one of the ——” gaming-houses was the meaning of the term he employed, though he expressed it by a word that the fashionable preacher never mentioned to “ears polite.”—“I have never yet entered,” said I, “a Pandæmonium of this sort, and I

never will:—I refrain from it upon principle;—‘Principiis obsta.’ I am of Dr. Johnson’s temperament; I can practise abstinence, but not temperance; and every body knows that prevention is better than cure.” “Do you remember,” replied E——, “what the same Dr. Johnson said to Boswell—‘My dear sir, clear your mind of cant.’ I do not ask you to play; but you must have often read, when you were a good little boy, that ‘vice, to be hated, needs but to be seen,’ and cannot have forgotten that the Spartans sometimes made their slaves drunk, and showed them to their children to inculcate sobriety. Love of virtue is best secured by a hatred of its opposite: to hate it, you must see it: besides, a man of the world should see every thing.” “But it is so disreputable,” I rejoined. —“How completely John-Bullish!” exclaimed E——. “Disreputable! why, I am going to take you to an establishment recognized, regulated, and taxed by the government, the upholders of religion and social order, who annually derive six millions of francs from this source of revenue; and as to the company, I promise you that you shall encounter men of the first respectability, of all sects and parties; for, in France, every one gambles at these salons,—except the devotees, and they play at home.”—He took my arm, and I walked up stairs with him, merely ejaculating, as we reached the door, “Mind, I don’t play.”

Entering an ante-room, we were received by two or three servants, who took our sticks and hats, for which we received tickets; and by the number suspended around, I perceived that there was a tolerably numerous attendance within. *Roulette* was the game to which the first chamber was dedicated. In the middle of a long green table was a circular excavation, resembling a large gilt basin, in whose centre was a rotatory apparatus turning an ivory ball in a groove, which, after sundry gyrations, descended to the bottom of the basin, where there was a round of little numbered compartments or pigeon-holes, into one of

which it finally settled, when the number was proclaimed aloud. Beside this apparatus, there was painted on the green baize a table of various successive numbers, with divisions for odd and even, &c., on which the players deposited their various stakes. He who was in the compartment of the proclaimed number was a winner; and if he had singled out that individual one, which of course was of very rare occurrence, his deposit was doubled I know not how many times. The odd or even declared their own fate: they were lost or doubled. This altar of chance had but few votaries; and, merely stopping a moment to admire the handsome decorations of the room, we passed on into the next.

“This,” whispered my companion,—for there was a dead silence in the apartment, although the long table was entirely surrounded by people playing,—“this is only the silver room; you may deposit here as low as a five franc piece: let us pass on to the next, where none play but those who will risk bank-notes or gold.” Casting a passing glance at these comparatively humble gamesters, who were, however, all too deeply absorbed to move their eyes from the cards, I followed my conductor into the sanctuary of the gilded Mammon.

Here was a *rouge et noir* table, exactly like the one I had just quitted. In its centre was a profuse display of gold in bowls and rouleaus, with thick piles of bank-notes, on either side of which sat a partner of the bank and an assistant, the dragon guards of this Hesperian fruit. An oblong square, painted on each end of the green table, exhibited three divisions, one for rouge, another for noir, and the centre was for the stakes of those who speculated upon the color of the first and last card, with other ramifications of the art, which it would be tedious to describe. Not one of the chairs around the table was unoccupied, and I observed that each banker and assistant was provided with a *rateau*, or rake, somewhat resembling a garden

hoe, several of which were also dispersed about, that the respective winners might withdraw the gold without the objectionable intervention of fingers. When the stakes are all deposited, the dealer, one of the bankers in the centre, cries out, "Le jeu est fait," after which nothing can be added or withdrawn; and then, taking a packet of cards from a basket full before him, he proceeds to deal. *Thirty-one* is the number of the game: the color of the first card determines whether the first row be black or red: the dealer turns up till the numbers on the cards exceed *thirty-one*, when he lays down a second row in the same manner; and whichever is nearest to that amount is the winning row. If both come to the same, he cries "Apres," and recommences with fresh cards; but if each division should turn up *thirty-one*, the bank takes half of the whole money deposited, as a forfeit from the players. In this consists their certain profit, which has been estimated at ten per cent. upon the total stakes. If the red loses, the banker on that side rakes all the deposits into his treasury; if it wins, he throws down the number of Napoleons or notes necessary to cover the lodgments made by the players, each one of whom rakes off his prize, or leaves it for a fresh venture. E—— explained to me the functions of the different members of the establishment—the inspector, the croupier, the tailleur, the messieurs de la chambre, &c., and also the meaning of the ruled card and pins which every one held before him, consulting it with the greatest intensesness, and occasionally calling to the people in attendance for a fresh supply. This horoscope was divided by perpendicular lines into columns, headed with an alternate R and N, for Rouge and Noir; and the pin is employed to perforate the card as each color wins, as a groundwork for establishing some calculation in that elaborate delusion termed the doctrine of chances. Some, having several of these records before them, closely pierced all over, were summing up the results upon paper, as

if determined to play a game of chance without leaving any thing to hazard; and none seemed willing to adventure without having some species of sanction from these Sibylline leaves.

An involuntary sickness and loathing of heart came over me as I contemplated this scene, and observed the sofas in an adjoining room, which the Parisians, who turn every thing into a joke, have christened "the hospital for the wounded." There, thought I to myself, many a wretch has thrown himself down in anguish and despair of soul, cursing himself and the world with fearful imprecations, or blaspheming in that silent bitterness of spirit which is more terrific than words. I contrasted the gaudy decorations and paneled mirrors that surrounded me with the smoky and blackened ceiling—sad evidence of the nocturnal lamps lighted up at the shrine of this Baal, and of the unhallowed worship prosecuted through the livelong night. Turning to the window, I beheld the sun shining from the bright blue sky: the rain was over, the birds were singing in the trees, and the leaves fluttering in the wind; the external gayety giving the character of an appalling antithesis to the painful silence, immovable attitudes, and spell-bound looks of the care-worn figures within. One man, a German, was contending against a run of ill-luck with a dogged obstinacy that was obviously making deep inroads upon his purse and his peace; for, though his face was invisible from being bent over his perforated card, the drops of perspiration standing upon his forehead betrayed the inward agitation. All the losers were struggling to suppress emotions which still revealed themselves by the working of some disobedient muscle, the compression of the lips, the sardonic grin, or the glaring wrath of the eye; while the winners belied their assumed indifference by flushed cheeks and an expression of anxious triumph. Two or three forlorn operators, who had been *cleaned out*, as the phrase is, and condemned to idleness, were eyeing

their more fortunate neighbors with a leer of malignant envy ; while the bankers and their assistants, in the certainty of their profitable trade, exhibited a calm and watchful cunning, though their features, pale and sodden, betrayed the effect of confinement, heated rooms, and midnight vigils. E—— informed me that the frequenters of these houses were authorized to call for refreshments of any description, but no one availed himself of the privilege ; the “ *auri sacra fames*,” the pervading appetite of the place, had swallowed up every other. The very thought revolted me. What ! eat and drink in this arena of the hateful passions ! in this fatal room, from which many a suicide has rushed out to grasp the self-destroying pistol, or plunge into the darkness of the wave ! in this room, which is denounced to Heaven by the widow’s tears and the orphan’s maledictions ! Revolving these thoughts in my mind, I surveyed once more the faces before me, and could not help exclaiming, “ What a hideous study of human nature ! ”

“ As we have employed so much time,” said E——, “ in taking the latitude, or rather the longitude, of these various phizes, we shall be expected to venture something : I will throw down a Napoleon, as a sop to Cerberus, and will then convoy you home.” “ Nay,” replied I, “ it was for my instruction we came hither : the lesson I have received is well worth the money ; so put down this piece of gold, and let us begone.” “ Let us at least wait till we have lost it,” he resumed ; “ and in the mean time we will take our places at the table.” I felt that I blushed as I sat down, and was about to deposit my offering hap hazard, when my companion stopped my hand, and, borrowing a perforated card, bade me remark, that the red and black had zig-zagged, or won alternately for fourteen times ; and that there had subsequently been a long run upon the black, which would now probably cross over to the other color ; from all which premises he deduced

that I should venture upon the red ; which I accordingly did. Sir Balaam's devil, who "now tempts by making rich, not making poor," was, I verily believe, hovering over my devoted head at that instant ; my deposit was doubled, and I was preparing to decamp with my two Naps, when my adviser insisted upon my not balking my luck, as there would probably be a run upon the red ; and I suffered my stake to remain, and go on doubling until I had won ten or twelve times in succession. "Now," cried E——, "I should advise you to pocket the affront, and be satisfied." Adopting his counsel, I could hardly believe his assertion, or my own eyes, when he handed me over bank-notes to the amount of twenty thousand francs, observing that I had made a tolerably successful *debut*.

Returning home in some perturbation and astonishment of mind, I resolved to prepare a little surprise for my wife ; and, spreading the bank-notes upon the table with as much display as possible, I told her, upon her entering the room, how I had won them ; and, inquiring whether Aladdin, with his wonderful lamp, could have spent two or three hours more profitably, I stated my intention of appropriating a portion of it to her use in the purchase of a handsome birth-day present. In a moment, the blood rushed to her face, and as quickly receded, leaving it of an ashy paleness, when she spurned the notes from her, exclaiming, with a solemn terror, "I would as soon touch the thirty pieces of silver for which Judas betrayed his Master." Her penetrating mind instantly saw the danger to which I had exposed myself, and her fond heart as quickly gave the alarm to her feelings ; but in a few seconds, she threw her arms around me, and ejaculated, as the tears ran down her cheek, "Forgive me, my dear Charles ; pardon my vehemence, my ingratitude ; I *have* a present to ask, a boon to implore—promise that you will grant it me." "Most willingly," I rejoined, "if it be in

my power." "Give me, then, your pledge, never to play again." "Cheerfully," continued I, for I had already formed that resolution. She kissed me with many affectionate thanks, adding that I had made her completely happy. I believe it, for at that moment I felt so myself.

Many men, who are candid and upright in arguing with others, are the most faithless and jesuitical of casuists in chopping logic with themselves. Let no one trust his head in a contest with the heart: the former, suppressing or perverting whatever is disagreeable to the latter, will assume a demure and sincere conviction, while it has all along been playing booty, and furnishing weapons to its adversary. The will must be honest, if we wish the judgment to be so. A tormenting itch for following up my good luck, as I termed it, set me upon devising excuses for violating my pledge to my wife; and no shuffling or quibbling was too contemptible for my purpose. I had promised never to play again—"at that house;" or, if I had not actually said so, I meant to say so: there could be no forfeiture of my word, therefore, if I went to another. Miserable sophistry! yet, wretched as it was, it satisfied my conscience for the moment; so easily is a weak man deluded into criminal indulgence. Fortified with such valid arguments, I made my *debut* at the Salon des Etrangers, and, after a two hours' sitting, had the singular good luck to return home a winner of nearly as much as I had gained on the first day. Success, for once, made me moderate: in the humility of my prosperous play, I resolved only to continue till I had won ten thousand pounds, when I would communicate my adventures to my wife, with a solemn abjuration of the pursuit in future; and, as I considered myself in possession of the certain secret of winning whatever I pleased, I took credit to myself for my extreme moderation. From Frascati, the scene of my third attempt, by a lucky, or rather unlucky fatality, which my subsequent experience only renders the

more wonderful, I retired with a sum exceeding the whole of my previous profits; when, like the tiger who is rendered insatiate by the taste of blood, I instantly became ravenous for larger riches; and, already repenting the paltry limitation of the day before, determined on proceeding until I had doubled its amount. Another day's luck, and even this would have been spurned; for neither Johnson's Sir Epicure Mammon, nor Massinger's Luke, nor Pope's Sir Balaam, underwent a more rapid developement of latent ambition. Indistinct visions of grandeur floated before my eyes; my senses already seemed to be steeped in a vague magnificence; and, after hesitating, in a sort of waking dream, between Wanstead House and Font-hill,—one of which I held to be too near, and the other too distant from London,—I dwelt complacently on the idea of building a mansion at some intermediate station, which should surpass the splendor of both. Sleep presenting to me the same images through a magnifying glass, I went forth next morning to the accomplishment of my destiny with an exaltation of mind little short of delirium.

Weak and wicked reveries!—A single turn of Fortune's wheel reduced me, not to reason, but to an opposite extreme of mortification and despondence. A run of ill luck swept away, in one hour, more than half my gains; and, unfortunately, losing my temper still faster than my money, I kept doubling my stakes in the blindness of my rage, and quitted the table at night, not only lightened of all my suddenly-acquired wealth, but loser of a considerable sum besides. I could now judge by experience of the bitterness of soul that I had lately inflicted upon those who had lost what I had won, and inwardly cursed the pursuit whose gratifications could only spring from the miseries of others; but so far from abandoning this inevitable see-saw of wretchedness, I felt as if I had been defrauded of my just property, and burned with the desire of taking my revenge. The heart-sickening detail of my

infirmity, my reverses, and my misery, need not be followed up. Suffice it to say, that a passion, a fury, an actual phrensy of play, absorbed every faculty of my soul : mine was worse than a Promethean fate ; I was gnawed and devoured by an inward fire which nothing could allay. Alas ! not even poverty and the want of materials could quench it. In my career of prosperity, I felt not the fraud I was practising upon my wife, for I meant to make my peace with ten or twenty thousand pounds in my hand, and a sincere renunciation of gaming in my heart ; but, now that I was bringing ruin upon her and my children, the sense of my falsehood and treachery imbittering the anguish of my losses, plunged me into unutterable remorse and agony of soul. Still, I wanted courage to make the fatal revelation, and at last only imparted it to her in the cowardice of impending disgrace.

Madame Deshoulieres says very truly, that gamesters begin by being dupes, and end by being knaves ; and I am about to confirm it by an avowal to which nothing should have impelled me but the hope of deterring others by an exposure of my own delinquency. A female relation had remitted me seven hundred pounds to purchase into the French funds ; with which sum in my pocket I unfortunately called at the *Salon des Etrangers*, in my way to the stock-broker's ; and, my evil genius suggesting to me that there was a glorious opportunity of recovering my heavy losses, I snatched the notes from my pocket, threw them on the table just before the dealer began—and lost ! Stunned by the blow, I went home in a state of calm despair, communicated the whole to my wife in as few words as possible, and ended by declaring that she was a beggar, and her husband disgraced forever. “ Not yet, my dear Charles,” replied the generous woman, her eyes beaming with an affectionate forgiveness,—“ not yet ; we may still exclaim with the French king after the battle of Pavia, ‘ We have lost every thing but our honor ; and, while we

retain *that*, our losses are but as a grain of sand.' We may be depressed by fortune, but we can only be disgraced by ourselves. As to this seven hundred pounds—take my jewels—they will sell for more than is required; and if our present misfortunes induce you to fly from Paris, and abandon this fatal pursuit, they will assuredly become the greatest blessings of our life."

No reproach ever passed her lips, or lingered in her eye; nor did I fail to observe the delicacy which, mingling up her own fate with mine, strove to soothe my feelings, by disguising my individual guilt under the cloak of a joint misfortune. Noble-minded woman! Mezentius himself could not have devised a more cruel fate than to tie thee to a soul so dead to shame, and so defunct in gratitude as mine.

Will not the reader loathe and detest me, even worse than I do myself, when I inform him, that, in return for all this magnanimity, I had the detestable baseness to linger in Paris, to haunt the gaming-table, to venture the wretched drainings of my purse in the *silver* room, to become an habitual borrower of paltry sums under pledges of repayment which I knew I had not the means of redeeming, and to submit tamely to the indignity of palpable cuts from my acquaintance in the public streets? From frequently encountering at the salons, I had formed a slight friendship with Lord T——, Lord F——, Sir G—— W——, Colonel T——, and particularly with poor S——t, before he had consummated the ruin of his fine fortune, and debilitated his frame by paralysis, brought on by anxiety; and I was upon terms of intimacy with others of my countrymen, who, with various success, but much more ample means than myself, were making offerings to the demon of *Rouge et Noir*. Should this brief memoir fall beneath the eye of any of my quondam friends, they may not impossibly derive benefit from its perusal: at all events, they may be pleased to know that I have not forgotten

their kindnesses. I am aware that I abused their assistance, and wore out their patience; but I never anticipated the horror to which the exhaustion of my own means, and the inability to extort more from others, would reduce me. The anguish of my losses, the misery of my degradation, the agony of mind with which I reflected upon my impoverished wife and family, were nothing, absolutely nothing, compared to the racking torment of being compelled to refrain from gambling. It sounds incredible, but it is strictly true. To sit at the table with empty pockets, and to see others playing, was absolutely insupportable. I envied even the heaviest losers: could I have found an antagonist, I would have gambled for an eye, an arm, a leg, for life itself. A thousand demons seemed to be gnawing at my heart: I believed I was mad: I even hope I was.

Yes; I have tasked myself to detail my moral degradation and utter prostration of character, with a fidelity worthy of Rousseau himself; and I feel it a duty not to shrink from my complete exposure. After a night passed in the state of mind I have been describing, in one of those haunts which I was justly entitled to denominate a hell, I wandered out at day-break towards the Pont de Jena, as if I could cool my parched lips and burning brain by the heavy shower that was then falling. As the dripping rustics passed me on their market-horses, singing and whistling, their happiness, seeming to be a mockery of my wretchedness, filled me with a malignant rage. By the time I had reached the bridge, the rain had ceased: the rising sun, glancing upon the river, threw a bloom over the woods in the direction of Sevres and St. Cloud, and the birds were piping in the air. Ever a passionate admirer of Nature, her charms stole me for a moment from myself; but, presently, my thoughts reverting from the heaven without to the hell within, I gnashed my teeth, and fell back into a double bitterness and despair of soul.

I have always been a believer in sudden and irresistible impulses—an idea which will not appear ridiculous to those who are conversant with the records of crime. A portrait of Sarah Malcolm, the murderess, which I had seen many years ago in the possession of Lord Mulgrave, leading me to the perusal of her trial and execution, in the Newgate Calendar, induced me to give perfect credit to the avowal, that the idea of the crime came suddenly into her head without the least solicitation, and that she felt driven forward to its accomplishment by some invisible power. Similar declarations from many other offenders offer abundant confirmation of the same fact; and it will be in the recollection of many, that the murderer of Mr. and Mrs. Bonar at Chiselhurst, repeatedly declared that he had never dreamt of the enormity ten minutes before its commission, but that the thought suddenly rushed into his mind, and pushed him forward to the bloody deed. Many people cannot look over a precipice without feeling tempted to throw themselves down. I know a most affectionate father, who never approaches a window with his infant child, without being haunted by solicitations to cast it into the street; and a gentleman of unimpeachable honor, who, if he happens, in walking the highway, to see a note-case or handkerchief emerging from a passenger's pocket, is obliged to stop short or cross over the way, so vehemently does he feel impelled to withdraw them. These "toys of desperation," generated in the giddiness of the mind at the bare imagination of any horror, drive it to commit the reality as a relief from the fearful vision, upon the same principle that delinquents voluntarily deliver themselves up to justice, because death itself is less intolerable than the fear of it. Let it not be imagined that I am seeking to screen any of these unhappy men from the consequences of their hallucination; I am merely asserting a singular property of the mind, of which I myself am about to record a frightful confirmation.

Standing on the bridge, and turning away my looks from the landscape in that despair of heart which I have described, my downcast eyes fell upon the waters gliding placidly beneath me. They seemed to invite me to quench the burning fire with which I was consumed: the river whispered to me, with a distinct utterance, that peace and oblivion were to be found in its Lethean bed: every muscle of my body was animated by an instant and insuperable impulse; and within half a minute from its first maddening sensation, I had climbed over the parapet, and plunged headlong into the water. The gushing of waves in my ears, and the rapid flashing of innumerable lights before my eyes, are the last impressions I recollect. Into the circumstances of my preservation I never had the heart to inquire: when consciousness revisited me, I found myself lying upon my own bed, with my wife weeping beside me, though she instantly assumed a cheerful look, and told me that I had met with a dreadful accident, having fallen into the river, when leaning over to examine some object beneath. That she knows the whole truth, I am perfectly convinced; but we scrupulously avoid the subject, by an understood, though unexpressed compact. It is added in her mind to the long catalogue of my offences, never to be alluded to, and, alas! never to be forgotten. She left my bedside for a moment, to return with my children, who rushed up to me with a cry of joy; and as they contended for the first kiss, and inquired after my health with glistening eyes, the cruelty, the atrocity of my cowardly attempt struck with a withering remorse upon my heart.

SMITH.

THE HEIRESS.

How much of human hostility depends on that circumstance—distance! If the most bitter enemies were to come into contact, how much their ideas of each other would be chastened and corrected! They would mutually amend their erroneous impressions; see much to admire, and much to imitate in each other; and half the animosity that sheds its baneful influence on society would fade away and be forgotten.

It was one day when I was about seven years old, after an unusual bustle in the family mansion, and my being arrayed in a black frock, much to my inconvenience, in the hot month of August, that I was told, my asthmatic old uncle had gone off like a lamb, and that I was heiress of ten thousand per annum. This information, given with an air of infinite importance, made no very great impression upon me at the time; and, in spite of the circumstance being regularly dwelt on, by my French governess at Camden House, after every heinous misdemeanor, I had thought little or nothing on the subject, till, at the age of eighteen, I was called on to bid adieu to Levizac and pirouettes, and hear uncle's will read by my guardian.

It appeared that my father and uncle, though brothers, had wrangled and jangled through life, and that the only subject on which they ever agreed, was, supporting the dignity of the Vavasour family; that, in a moment of unprecedented unison, they had determined, that, as the title fell to my cousin Edgar, and the estates to me, to keep both united in the family, we should marry. And it seemed, whichever party violated these precious conditions was actually dependent on the other for bread and butter. When I first heard of this arrangement, I blessed myself, and Sir Edgar cursed himself. A passionate, overbearing,

dissolute young man, thought I, for a husband,—for the husband of an orphan,—of a girl who has not a nearer relation than himself in the world,—who has no father to advise her, no mother to support her;—a professed rake, too, who will merely view me as an encumbrance on his estate; who will think no love, no confidence, no respect, due to me; who will insult my feelings, deride my sentiments, and wither with unkindness the best affections of my nature. No! I concluded, as my constitutional levity returned, I have the greatest possible respect for guardians, revere their office, and tremble at their authority; but to make myself wretched merely to please them—No! no! I positively cannot think of it.”

Well, time, who is no respecter of persons, went on. The gentleman was within a few months of being twenty-one; and, on the day of his attaining age, he was to say whether it was his pleasure to fulfil the engagement. My opinion, I found, was not to be asked. A titled husband was procured for me, and I was to take him and be thankful. I was musing on my singular situation, when a thought struck me—Can I not see him, and judge of his character, unsuspected by himself. This is the season when he pays an annual visit to my god-mother; why not persuade her to let me visit her *incog*? The idea, strange as it was, was instantly acted on; and a week saw me at Vale Royal, without carriages, without horses, without servants; to all appearance a girl of no pretensions or expectations, and avowedly dependent on a distant relation.

To this hour, I remember my heart beating audibly, as I descended to the dining-room, where I was to see, for the first time, the future arbiter of my fate; and I shall never forget my surprise, when a pale, gentlemanly, and rather reserved young man, in apparent ill health, was introduced to me for the noisy, dissolute, distracting and distracted baronet. Preciously have I been hoaxed, thought I, as, after a long and rather interesting conversa-

tion with Sir Edgar, I, with the other ladies, left the room. Days rolled on in succession. Chance continually brought us together, and prudence began to whisper, You had better return home. Still I lingered; till, one evening, towards the close of a long *tete-a-tete* conversation, on my saying that I never considered money and happiness as synonymous terms, and thought it very possible to live on five hundred a year, he replied, "One admission more—could you live on it with me? You are doubtless acquainted," he continued, with increasing emotion, "with my unhappy situation, but not perhaps aware, that, revolting from a union with Miss Vavasour, I have resolved on taking orders, and accepting a living from a friend. If, foregoing more brilliant prospects, you would condescend to share my retirement—" His manner, the moment, the lovely scene which surrounded us, all combined against me; and Heaven only knows what answer I might have been hurried into, had I not got out, with a gayety foreign to my heart—"I can say nothing to you till you have, in person, explained your sentiments to Miss Vavasour. Nothing—positively nothing." "But why? Can seeing her again and again," he returned, "ever reconcile me to her manners, habits, and sentiments,—or any estates induce me to place at the head of my table, a hump-backed *bas bleu*, in green spectacles?"

"Hump-backed?" "Yes, from her cradle. But you color. Do you know her?" "Intimately. She's my most particular friend." "I sincerely beg your pardon. What an unlucky dog I am! I hope you're not offended?" "Offended! offended! offended! O no—not offended. Hump-backed! good heavens! Not the least offended. Hump-backed! of all things in the world!" and I involuntarily gave a glance at the glass. "I had no conception," he resumed, as soon as he could collect himself, "that there was any acquaintance." "The most intimate," I replied; "and I can assure you that you have been represented to her as the most dissolute, passionate, awkward,

ill-disposed young man breathing. See your cousin. You will find yourself mistaken. With her answer you shall have mine." And with a ludicrous attempt to smile, when I was monstrously inclined to cry, I contrived to make my escape. We did not meet again; for, the next morning, in no very enviable frame of mind, I returned home.

A few weeks afterwards, Sir Edgar came of age. The bells were ringing blithely in the breeze—the tenants were carousing on the lawn—when he drove up to the door. My cue was taken. With a large pair of green spectacles on my nose, in a darkened room, I prepared for this tremendous interview. After hems and hahs innumerable, and with confusion the most distressing to himself, and the most amusing to me, he gave me to understand he could not fulfil the engagement made for him, and regretted it had ever been contemplated. "No! no!" said I, in a voice that made him start, taking off my green spectacles with a profound courtesy—"No! no! it is preposterous to suppose that Sir Edgar Vavasour would ever connect himself with an ill-bred, awkward, hump-backed girl." Exclamations and explanations, laughter and raileries, intermixed with more serious feelings, followed; but the result of all was—that—that—that we were married.

BLANK BOOK OF A SMALL COLLEGER.

THE BITTER WEDDING, A SWISS LEGEND.

ONE fine summer morning, many hundred years ago, young Berthold set out with a very heavy heart from his alpine hut, with a view of reaching, in the evening, the beautiful valley of Siebenthal, where stood his native village, and where he designed to be an unknown and silent guest at the dancing and festivity of certain merry-makers.

“Ah!” sighed he, “it will be a *bitter* wedding. Had I died last spring, it were better with me now.”

“Fiddle faddle!” exclaimed a snarling voice from the road-side. “Fiddle faddle! Where Master Almerich touches his fiddle, there it goes merrily: there is the hurly burly, dirling the bottoms out of the tubs and pitchers! Good morning, my child! Come, cheer up, my hearty, and let us trudge on together in good fellowship.”

The young herdsman had stopped when he first heard the croaking voice; and now he could not speak for laughing. An odd-looking, dwarfish figure, mounted upon one leg and a half, and propped upon a crutch, with a nose as long as one’s thumb, made half a dozen wry faces as he hobbled up, quite out of breath, from a foot-path on the left side of the road. Behind the dwarf trailed an enormous fiddle, on which lay a large wallet—appurtenances which seemed to be attached to the little odd figure by way of ballast, lest the rush of the wind down the valley should sweep it away.

“Good morning!” Berthold at last roared out; “you are a merry fellow, master fiddler, and shall be a comfort to me to-day. In spite of my misfortunes, I could not help laughing at the sight of you and your hugeous fiddle. Take it not amiss; a laugh has been a rare thing with me for many a day.”

“Has it, indeed?” rejoined the dwarf; “and yet so young! Perhaps you are heart-sick, my son?”

“Yes, if you will call it so,” replied the herdsman. “Here, in our mountains and valleys, a great many fellows run about fancying themselves in love, while they are all the time eating, drinking, and sleeping, as sound as any marmot, and in one year’s time will easily pass from Margaret to Rosamond. That is all a mockery. I would much rather die than forget Siegelind; though with me all rest and joy are forever gone.”

“Ay, ay,” replied Master Almerich, “I thought you

were going to the dance, my hearty. I heard you crying out of a bitter wedding, and I thought to myself, 'Aha, he does not get the right one.' "

"Ah, that's true enough," replied Berthold; "*he* does not get the right one—that Hildebrand. I will tell you the whole matter, Master Almerich, as you seem to be going the same way, if I understood you aright."

"Ah, yes!" sighed the dwarf; "surely, surely, if I had only got a pair of stout legs. Look you here, my dear child; what a miserable stump is this for crawling down the mountain! I am asthmatic too, and my throat has been enlarging these last fifty years; and that wallet has galled my back sore all yesterday in climbing over the rough hills. Heaven knows when I shall get to the wedding. There was such a talking of that feast on the other side of the mountain, that, thought I to myself, I will go thither also, and make some money; so I took my fiddle, and began to crawl up the ascent; yesterday I became quite exhausted, and now I must lay me down here by the side of the road, and submit to fate. Tell me all about the wedding when you return, my hearty, —if the wolves have not swallowed or hunger killed me before that time."

With these words, the dwarf, apparently exhausted, sunk down, with a deep and melancholy sigh, on the nearest stone, threw his bundle on the grass, and stretched out his bony hand, as if to take a last farewell of young Berthold, who in silence leaned upon his staff, gazing on the fiddler, and quite unable to comprehend what ailed him.

"Master," began the herdsman, "how you sink! You have left all your gay spirits at home. Although it is a weary journey for me as well as you, I will yet endeavor to carry your wallet and fiddle, so I may enjoy your company on the road. You must really hear what presses upon my soul,—perhaps I may obtain some relief in speak-

ing it out, and you will have some pithy word of comfort for me."

The dwarf thanked him heartily for his kind offer, and quickly transferred his wallet and fiddle to the stout shoulders of the herdsman; then took his crutch, whistled a merry tune, and trudged gayly on by the side of Berthold.

"It is a long story, this wedding," began the herdsman; "but I will be as brief as possible, for it still grieves me to the heart when I think about it; and whoever can understand it at all, understands it soon: my sufferings will never be at an end, though I should talk the whole day about it.

"In the village there, below us, old Bernhard has a pretty, sweet girl of a daughter, Siegelind: he has lived for many years in a nice little cottage, and his wife Gertrude with him, close by the stream, where the road strikes off into the wood. Their employment is to make wooden spoons for the herdsmen, by which, and the help of a goat and a couple of sheep, they gain a scanty livelihood.

"Last winter, having gone thither and got some ashen spoons and cups nicely cut, I thought with myself, 'That will do exactly: my father is already old, and sends me, with the cattle, to the mountain in spring; and if I only behave there as becomes a herdsman, I descend in autumn, and marry Siegelind, and find myself a right free, happy man.'

"Ah, Master Almerich, my words do poor justice to my heart: my feelings always get the start of them, and reason comes limping after.

"I beheld Siegelind, you see, moving actively about,—wearing a cheerful countenance late and early,—all goodness and discretion from top to toe, and pretty too,—overflowing with gay spirits, and merry songs without number; all that my eye, my ear, and my heart, drank in smoothly: she was satisfied, and the old people too: so in summer

I was to go to the mountain, and at harvest-home to the wedding; and she gave me this waistcoat to wear on the hills in remembrance of her.

"Meanwhile the spring came, and old Bernhard traversed the forest, selecting the finest stems for his carving work, and exerting all his skill to provide us with fine furniture against the wedding.

"So, one morning, he was ascending the mountain merrily, through those ravines where there are some marvelously fine trees, when a little man, in an odd sort of dress, hastened to meet him, screaming violently, and beckoning and calling him so earnestly that he could not but go with him. They soon reached a barn, where he found the wife of the little dwarfish stranger lying sick and in extremity. Her he relieved and cured; but for me—bride, peace, and happiness were lost from that hour."

"Ah, good heavens!" exclaimed Almerich; "you are talking bravely, whilst I am almost starving;—hop, hop, hop;—we are trudging incessantly on, and my stomach is as empty as a bagpipe; yesterday evening—nothing; this morning—nothing; O that brave wedding-dance; the fiddle runs off, and Master Almerich is starving here!"

"Now, now, the deuce!" bawled the herdsman; "what have you got here in this cursed wallet? Here am I toiling on with this plagued bag, rubbing the very skin off my shoulder. I thought there were at least ham, and cheese, and fresh bread, in it: if not, why should I be smothered under such a bundle of rags?"

"Softly, softly, my son," replied the fiddler; "there are treasures in it; an old barret-cap of Siegefried, and an old sword-belt of Dieterich, and a couple of old leathern soles of Ylsan, child! These are no every-day concerns, my hearty! They are all sacred relics to him who understands the thing. They are worth a whole mountain of sweet wine, and seven acres of thick golden wheat, to him who knows their value."

"It may be so," said the herdsman; "I only wish we had a few cups of milk in the place of your treasures; but if it is so with your stomach, my good master, look you here; I have a mouthful of meagre goat-milk cheese, which I meant to serve me for the night; but never mind, I am little disposed to eat."

Berthold now produced his provisions, and Almerich devoured them as greedily as if he meant to swallow the herdsman after them by way of dessert. The bread was quickly devoured, and honest Berthold saw his supper devoured beforehand; then the fiddler wiped his mouth, leaped briskly up, was again in good spirits, and stumped away before the herdsman as freshly as if nothing had ailed him. All this, however, seemed very odd to Berthold; and when he again felt the annoyance of the wallet, he drew a sigh so deep, that it echoed back from the neighboring rocks.

"Lack-a-day!" said Almerich again, "the poor lad has lost his bride and his peace of heart. I have been so concerned about him that I could not eat a bit."

"That fellow could devour the Stockhorn,"* thought Berthold, somewhat angrily; "the club-foot is not in his right senses, I believe.

"It was really too bad," began he, at last, aloud; "the dwarf in the barn returned a profusion of thanks to old Bernhard, and said, 'I am a foreign miner, and have lost the road, with my good wife; so I have nothing to reward you with for your kind services, save a little bit of cheese and a few draughts of wine. So take that, and remember the poor fellow who gave you what he could, and will pray that Heaven may reward you further.'

"To old Bernhard, the crumb of cheese and the few spoonfuls of wine seemed poor enough; and he accepted

* The Stockhorn, a well-known rock behind Erlenbach, in the Siebenthal.

the little bottle and piece of cheese only to get rid of the importunity of the dwarf, who would take no refusal.

“Towards noon, Bernhard was proceeding to his village: the road was long, and, feeling fatigued, he lay down in the shade of a tree, took out the gift of the dwarf, and began to eat and to drink. Meanwhile my evil stars bring young Hildebrand, the most miserly fellow in the village, in his way:—‘God bless you, Father Bernhard!’—‘Thank you, my son.’ Thus the conversation proceeded. The niggard sees the old man comfortably enjoying his repast; so he sets himself down beside him, and takes a share. There they eat and eat for about an hour: the wine never gets less, and the cheese is never done; and both behold the miracle till their hair stands on end.

“All was now over, master fiddler, and poor Berthold was undone.

“Hildebrand chose words as polished as marble: they went down with Bernhard as smoothly as honey: my dear, sweet Siegelind was pledged to the rich miser, with the marvellous cheese for her dowry. The old man was quite beside himself; the young man talked finely; they were to outdo the whole village, and keep their secret to themselves; I was called a miserable wretch, and the spirit of mischief just brought me into their way in time to hear the whole sad story.”

“Ah, good heavens!” again exclaimed Almerich; “I am undone with cold; it is turning a cold, rainy day, and my bones are too naked! Hew, hew! how the storm blows into my very soul. This day will be my death; I thought so before. Go, my son; I give you the fiddle as a present: leave me the wallet here; I will stretch myself out to die upon it.”

“The mischief’s in it!” grumbled Berthold; “if matters are to go on this way, we shall be a year and a day hence still travelling this cursed road. Hark ye, old boy; you are an odd fellow; with crutches, without meat and

drink, and without a worsted coat, wandering through our rough country, with a fiddle as large as a ton, and a wallet as heavy as seven three-stone cheeses! That may indeed be called a tempting of Providence! Why the deuce do you drag after you that ass's burden of old rubbish, and have not the convenience of a cloak in your bundle?"

"It is all very true," said Almerich; "I am not yet accustomed to be the lame, feeble man you see me. Thirty years ago, I skipped like a leveret over hills and dales; but now, farewell to friend Almerich; I shall never leave this place; however, it is all one,—perish here or die there, a dying bed is ever a hard one, even though it should be of down and silk."

"Now really," replied Berthold, "you are too whimsical, fiddler! The cold blast never hurts a tough fellow who is accustomed to run about the mountains. There, slip into my coat, and walk smartly on, for a shower is approaching, and that rascally wallet is weighing me down."

"Patience, child, patience!" said Almerich, "that coat is quite warm from your shoulders,—I feel very comfortable in it,—slowly, gently; your story of the marvellous cheese and wine has quite restored me to warmth—how did the matter go on?"

"You rogue and rascal," thought Berthold to himself, and then continued his lamentable tale.

"How did it go on!—Gertrude sang to the same tune as her husband; Siegelind grew sad, and lost her color and strength; the old boy urged the matter, and Hildebrand too. Bernhard was anxious to get the rich and proud son-in-law, and was in great fear lest the enchanted wine should soon dry up. The young fellow had money in his eye, and wished to turn the bewitched cheese to usury. Thus the wedding was determined on, and I was left in sadness upon my mountain. I tried to forget it; I thought Siegelind could not have borne me in her heart, otherwise she would not, to escape death and martyrdom, have mar-

ried the red-haired Hildebrand. Last night I could find neither rest nor sleep upon my straw. I must go and see her with my own eyes take that miser for her husband. Near the village I will wrap up my head, and dye my hands and cheeks with berries, so that nobody will know me; and in the bustle of the wedding, when every thing is turning topsy-turvy, not a living soul will care for poor Berthold. When all is over, I will, so it please Heaven, become wise again; or, if not, my head will turn altogether, and that will be a blessing too."

"My good child," said the dwarf, "all that will pass over. Now, I perceive well that it is a hard journey and a bitter wedding too for you: it is, however, good luck, my child, that you have me for a companion. I will fiddle till your heart leaps again: your sorrow grieves me as much as if it were my own."

Whilst talking thus, a few drops of rain fell, which proved the prelude to a heavy shower; and, although the travellers had already gone a considerable way, they were still far from the end of their journey, and, gush after gush, the rain poured upon their heads, till the water ran down from their hats as from a spout.

Berthold trudged silently on, sighing frequently and heavily under his burden: he could have sworn that it increased a pound's weight every step; nevertheless it was impossible for his good nature to think of giving it back to the poor cripple in such a tempest. The moisture began to trickle through his waistcoat, and run in a cold stream down his back; he wished himself, the dwarf, and the wedding, all far enough, but stalked sullenly on through the mud as if he had been wading through the highest alpine grass.

The fiddler limped close behind him, croaking, occasionally, through his raven throat, an old spring song, which told of sunshine, and singing birds, and pleasure, and love. He then drew himself snugly together, and expa-

tiated on the excellence of the herdsman's coat, which, he said, was quite water-proof; next he called to Berthold to step leisurely, to pay particular attention to the wallet and fiddle, and not to overheat himself.

The herdsman would have lost all patience and courage a thousand times over, in dragging his hundred weight of a load, and playing the fool to the crazy fiddler, if he had not been ashamed to throw away the burden which he had volunteered to carry, and to forsake the person whose company he had himself invited. But in his heart he vowed deeply and solemnly never again to lend his coat to a fiddler, nor give away his cheese, nor carry a fiddle and wallet,—and after all be mocked and laughed at by such an odd quiz of a fellow! “If,” thought he at last, “the upshot of all this is a fever in the evening, which carries me quickly off, be it so,—it remains a bitter wedding.”

After a few hours of rain, the two companions reached the valley, where a swollen and rapid torrent rushed across their path, which had swept away every vestige of the little bridge that led to the village, with the exception of a single small plank; the herdsman heeded not the narrow footing, and was stepping boldly across, when the fiddler began to roar out lustily about the dangers of the path—“For my life and soul, I will not move from this spot. Neither cat nor rat could pass over there. I should be a dead man if I ventured on that cursed plank. Let them fiddle yonder who can swim. I wish I was in a down bed, with my fiddle for a pillow.”

“Don't make such a noise about it,” cried Berthold; “if our journey has led us as far as this, we shall surely get on a little farther; if I have brought the fiddler this length to the bitter dance, I will also bring him to the wedding-house. Though I am a fool, I am, nevertheless, a good-natured one.”

With these words, the herdsman took off the fiddle and wallet from his back, and supplied their place with the

dwarf, whom he carried over as easily as a bundle of straw. Then he fetched the fiddle, wallet, and crutch, which lay as heavy as so many stones upon his shoulders.

"Well, the best of it now is," said he, "that we shall soon reach the village: either my head is turned, or that wallet is filled with flesh and blood, and Master Almerich's body is stuffed with chaff."

"Nonsense!" replied the fiddler with a broad grin. "You have behaved well, child: it would be a great pity if the bride yonder should not get you: you have the genuine patience of the lamb in you; yet I perceive you have also strength enough, with your heart in the right place, and as much wisdom as there is any need of in the country. Come, let us paint your cheeks, and take out the old cap you will find in my wallet, and the green waistcoat, and get that belt about you; then take up the rest of the things and follow me: to-day you shall be the fiddler's boy, and not a living creature know you."

The fiddler opened his wallet, and threw out the disguise to Berthold; shut it hastily again; painted his face with cranberries, and his beard and eyebrows with a bit of coal; and then they walked gayly on, the last quarter of an hour, towards the village.

Evening was just coming on, and the sun broke out all at once from under the clouds; the birds began to sing cheerfully; the flowers opened their leaves as if to listen, and Berthold felt his clothes sooner dry than if he had been sitting close to a large fire.

In a few minutes, our wanderers mingled with the merry wedding guests; noise and merriment were echoing all around; and no one looked sad but Siegelind, who kept her tearful eyes fixed upon the ground. The old fiddler was welcomed with shouts of applause; the rain had prevented the arrival of the band of fiddlers and pipers who had been invited on the occasion, and every body pro-

nounced it a piece of marvellous good luck for the wedding, that Master Almerich should have got through.

"Now, children," exclaimed the old boy, "fetch us something to drink, and some cheese and bread; and do not forget that youth who has dragged myself as well as my fiddle here to-day."

The guests ran about to execute the old fiddler's commands; and even Gertrude and Bernhard seemed well-pleased, and brought whatever was on the table. Poor Berthold's heart was bleeding: he kept, however, eating and drinking, that he might not be obliged to speak. Meanwhile the old fiddler put dry strings on his instrument, and began to tune it so stoutly that it thrilled through marrow and bone, and quickly drew the attention of all upon the musician.

"Bless me!" whispered Bernhard to Gertrude; "upon my faith, it is the very dwarf who gave me the bewitched wine and cheese! Be gentle to him, wife, and say not a single word."

All at once the fiddler struck up so stoutly and briskly upon his fiddle, that the very house shook: blow upon blow, he commenced such a furious strain, that the whole company leaped up from their benches, and began dancing as if they were mad. "Heigh! heigh!" shouted the people, "*there* is a fiddle;" and every one capered and whirled through the wedding-chamber as if they danced for a wager. The young people led out the dance, and the old ones hobbled as fast after them as they could: nobody remained in her place but Siegelind, who wished herself ten thousand miles away from the merriment, and Berthold, who looked steadfastly and sorrowfully upon his beloved.

In the midst of his fiddling, Master Almerich beckoned to the beautiful bride to step near to him—"There stands a little bottle yonder, where your bridegroom has been seated, and some old cheese with it. I dare say it will

not be the worst in the house. I would taste a little of it. This playing makes me a little nice in the palate."

The good-natured bride was little interested in the preservation of the precious articles. She brought them, and placed them upon a chair beside him, thinking the old man might take as much as he could eat.

The dwarf quickly laid his fiddle aside, raised the bewitched bottle in his right hand, and the cheese in his left, and exclaimed, with a loud voice, "Well, my good people, well, here's the health of that beautiful bride there and her sweetheart: may she live long and joyfully."

"Long and joyfully," resounded through the room, while fifty bonnets and hats were tossed up into the air.

But horror-struck and deadly pale did Hildebrand, and Bernhard, and Gertrude, become, when they saw the wondrous wine and enchanted cheese in Almerich's uplifted fist. "Dares he—can he—will he?" darted through their hearts; but, wo and alas! in one turn of his hand, the glutton, with his large ox mouth, had swallowed the bewitched draught and marvellous cheese without leaving a morsel.

A roar of passion from the red-haired Hildebrand, and a gush of tears from Gertrude, now terrified the people; while old Bernhard stood like one petrified. A cheerful smile flew over the countenance of Siegelind, and Berthold rose boldly from his bench, and stood ready to use his fists upon Hildebrand if he should dare to touch the fiddler.

"You rogue! you beggar!" at last exclaimed Hildebrand, "who told you to give that old fool of a fiddler that gift of Heaven? You may now give your house, and your bride, too, to the rabble. I do not care a straw more for you and all that remains to you."

With words of venom and execration, Hildebrand rushed out of the room, while, silent and terrified, the outraged Bernhard and his crowd of guests looked after him. "I



“A beautiful child lay on the ground.”—Page 85.

am a dead man!" at last exclaimed Bernhard; "my child and we are all ruined; the wedding feast and the adornments are all unpaid! O cursed, horrid miser! Bring me a knife—a knife!"

"A fig for a knife!" exclaimed the fiddler. "There the bridegroom has just come, and has brought with him a whole wallet full of gold; and the bride loves him with all her heart; and the guests are still together; and my fiddle is in glorious tune."

With these words, Almerich crippled forward to the half-bewildered and yet joyful Berthold, and drew him into the circle. He wiped his face with the skirt of his coat, and showed to the delighted bride and the astonished guests their well-known neighbor, who was dear and welcome to all. The wallet was hastily dragged forward; and, Almerich having quickly opened the lock, behold! pure red gold, in coins and chains, tumbled out from it, dazzling the eyes of all with their splendor. Old Bernhard and Gertrude embraced by turns the lovely Siegelind and the ugly dwarf. Almerich took his fiddle, and struck up a tune, which bewitched them all; and they danced till midnight in joy and glory. The musician then escaped, and left a whole house full of merry-makers around the two happy lovers, who, till their last day, a thousand times, blessed the bitter wedding, in which they had been so wonderfully united by the benevolent lame dwarf.

J. R. WYSS.

THE RUSTIC WREATH.

I HAD taken refuge in a harvest field belonging to my good neighbor, Farmer Creswell. A beautiful child lay on the ground, at some little distance, whilst a young girl, resting from the labor of reaping, was twisting a rustic

wreath—enamelled corn-flowers, brilliant poppies, snow-white lily-bines, and light, fragile hare-bells, mingled with tufts of the richest wheat-ears—around its hat.

There was something in the tender youthfulness of these two innocent creatures, in the pretty, though somewhat fantastic, occupation of the girl, the fresh wild flowers, the ripe and swelling corn, that harmonized with the season and the hour, and conjured up memories of “Dis and Proserpine,” and of all that is gorgeous and graceful in old mythology; of the lovely Lavinia of our own poet, and of the subject of that finest pastoral in the world, the far lovelier Ruth. But these fanciful associations soon vanished before the real sympathy excited by the actors of the scene, both of whom were known to me, and both objects of a sincere and lively interest.

The young girl, Dora Creswell, was the orphan niece of one of the wealthiest yeomen in our part of the world,—the only child of his only brother,—and, having lost both her parents whilst still an infant, had been reared by her widowed uncle, as fondly and carefully as his own son, Walter. He said, that he loved her quite as well, perhaps he loved her better; for, although it were impossible for a father not to be proud of the bold, handsome youth, who at eighteen had a man’s strength, and a man’s stature, was the best ringer, the best cricketer, and the best shot in the county, yet the fair Dora, who, nearly ten years younger, was at once his handmaid, his housekeeper, his plaything, and his companion, was evidently the very apple of his eye. Our good farmer vaunted her accomplishments as men of his class are wont to boast of a high-bred horse or a favorite greyhound. She could make a shirt and a pudding, darn stockings, rear poultry, keep accounts, and read the newspaper; was as famous for gooseberry wine as Mrs. Primrose, and could compound a syllabub with any dairy-woman in the county. There was not such a handy little creature any where; so thoughtful and trusty

about the house, and yet, out of doors, as gay as a lark, and as wild as the wind: nobody was like his Dora. So said and so thought Farmer Creswell; and, before Dora was ten years old, he had resolved that, in due time, she should marry his son Walter, and had informed both parties of his intention.

Now, Farmer Creswell's intentions were well known to be as unchangeable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. He was a fair specimen of an English yeoman, a tall, square-built, muscular man, stout and active, with a resolute countenance, a keen eye, and an intelligent smile: his temper was boisterous and irascible, generous and kind to those whom he loved, but quick to take offence, and slow to pardon, expecting and exacting implicit obedience from all about him. With all Dora's good gifts, the sweet and yielding nature of the gentle and submissive little girl was, undoubtedly, the chief cause of her uncle's partiality. Above all, he was obstinate in the very highest degree, had never been known to yield a point or change a resolution; and the fault was the more inveterate, because he called it firmness, and accounted it a virtue. For the rest, he was a person of excellent principle and perfect integrity; clear-headed, prudent, and sagacious; fond of agricultural experiments, and pursuing them cautiously and successfully; a good farmer, and a good man.

His son Walter, who was, in person, a handsome likeness of his father, resembled him, also, in many points of character; was equally obstinate, and far more fiery, hot, and bold. He loved his pretty cousin much as he would have loved a favorite sister, and might, very possibly, if let alone, have become attached to her as his father wished: but to be dictated to, to be chained down to a distant engagement; to hold himself bound to a mere child,—the very idea was absurd; and restraining, with difficulty, an abrupt denial, he walked down into the village, predisposed, out of sheer contradiction, to fall in love with the

first young woman who should come in his way ; and he did fall in love accordingly.

Mary Hay, the object of his ill-fated passion, was the daughter of the respectable mistress of a small endowed school at the other side of the parish. She was a delicate, interesting creature, with a slight, drooping figure, and a fair, downcast face, like a snow-drop, forming such a contrast with her gay and gallant wooer, as Love, in his vagaries, is often pleased to bring together. The courtship was secret and tedious, and prolonged from months to years ; for Mary shrank from the painful contest which she knew that an avowal of their attachment would occasion. At length her mother died ; and, deprived of a home and maintenance, she reluctantly consented to a private marriage. An immediate discovery ensued, and was followed by all the evils, and more than all, that her worst fears had anticipated. Her husband was turned from the house of his father ; and, in less than three months, his death, by an inflammatory fever, left her a desolate and pennyless widow ; unowned and unassisted by the stern parent, on whose unrelenting temper neither the death of his son, nor the birth of his grandson, seemed to make the slightest impression. But for the general sympathy excited by the deplorable situation and blameless deportment of the widowed bride, she and her infant must have taken refuge in the workhouse. The whole neighborhood was zealous to relieve and to serve them ; but their most liberal benefactress, their most devoted friend, was poor Dora. Considering her uncle's partiality to herself as the primary cause of all this misery, she felt like a guilty creature ; and casting off, at once, her native timidity and habitual submission, she had repeatedly braved his anger, by the most earnest supplications for mercy and for pardon ; and, when this proved unavailing, she tried to mitigate their distresses by all the assistance that her small means would admit. Every shilling of her pocket-money

she expended on her dear cousins; worked for them, begged for them, and transferred to them every present that was made to herself, from the silk frock to a penny tartlet. Every thing that was her own she gave, but nothing of her uncle's; for, though sorely tempted to transfer some of the plenty around her to those whose claim seemed so just, and whose need was so urgent, Dora felt that she was trusted, and that she must prove herself trustworthy.

Such was the posture of affairs at the time of my encounter with Dora and little Walter in the harvest field: the rest will be best told in the course of our dialogue:—

“And so, madam, I cannot bear to see my dear cousin Mary so sick and so melancholy; and the dear, dear child, that a king might be proud of—only look at him!” exclaimed Dora, interrupting herself, as the beautiful child, sitting on the ground, in all the placid dignity of infancy, looked up at me, and smiled in my face. “Only look at him!” continued she, “and think of that dear boy, and his dear mother, living on charity, and they my uncle’s lawful heirs, whilst I, that have no right whatsoever, no claim, none at all—I that, compared to them, am but a far-off kinswoman, the mere creature of his bounty, should revel in comfort and in plenty, and they starving! I cannot bear it, and I will not. And then the wrong that he is doing himself; he, that is really so good and kind, to be called a hard-hearted tyrant by the whole country side. And he is unhappy himself, too; I know that he is. So tired as he comes home, he will walk about his room half the night; and often, at meal times, he will drop his knife and fork, and sigh so heavily! He may turn me out of doors, as he threatened; or, what is worse, call me ungrateful or undutiful, but he shall see this boy.”

“He never has seen him, then? and that is why you are tricking him out so prettily?”

“Yes, ma’am. Mind what I told you, Walter; and hold up your hat, and say what I bid you.”

"Gan-papa's fowers!" stammered the pretty boy, in his sweet, childish voice, the first words that I had ever heard him speak.

"Grand-papa's flowers!" said his zealous preceptress.

"Gan-papa's fowers!" echoed the boy.

"Shall you take the child to the house, Dora?" asked I.

"No, ma'am. I look for my uncle here every minute; and this is the best place to ask a favor in, for the very sight of the great crop puts him in good humor; not so much on account of the profits, but because the land never bore half so much before, and it's all owing to his management in dressing and drilling. I came reaping here to-day on purpose to please him; for though he says he does not wish me to work in the fields, I know he likes it; and here he shall see little Walter. Do you think he can resist him, ma'am?" continued Dora, leaning over her infant cousin, with the grace and fondness of a young Madonna; "do you think he can resist him, poor child, so helpless, so harmless; his own blood too, and so like his father? No heart could be hard enough to hold out; and I am sure that his will not. Only," pursued Dora, relapsing into her girlish tone and attitude, as a cold fear crossed her enthusiastic hope—"only I'm half afraid that Walter will cry. It's strange, when one wants any thing to be- have particularly well, how sure it is to be naughty; my pets, especially. I remember when my lady countess came on purpose to see our white peacock, that we got in a present from India, the obstinate bird ran away behind a bean-stack, and would not spread his train, to show the dead white spots on his glossy white feathers, all we could do. Her ladyship was quite angry. And my red and yellow marvel of Peru, which used to blow at four in the afternoon, as regular as the clock struck, was not open at five, the other day, when dear Miss Julia came to paint it, though the sun was shining as bright as it does now. If Walter should scream and cry! for my uncle does some-

times look so stern; and then it's Saturday, and he has such a beard! If the child should be frightened! Be sure, Walter, that you don't cry," said Dora, in great alarm.

"Gan-papa's fowers!" replied the smiling boy, holding up his hat; and his young protectress was comforted.

At this moment, the farmer was heard whistling to his dog, in a neighboring field; and, fearful that my presence might injure the cause, I departed, my thoughts full of the noble little girl and her generous purpose.

I had promised to call the next afternoon, to learn her success; and, passing the harvest field in my way, found a group assembled there which instantly dissipated my anxiety. On the very spot where we had parted, I saw the good farmer himself, in his Sunday clothes, tossing little Walter in the air; the child laughing and screaming with delight, and his grandfather apparently quite as much delighted as himself. A pale, slender young woman, in deep mourning, stood looking at their gambols, with an air of intense thankfulness; and Dora, the cause and the sharer of all this happiness, was loitering behind, playing with the flowers in Walter's hat, which she was holding in her hand. Catching my eye, the sweet girl came to me instantly.

"I see how it is, my dear Dora; and I give you joy, from the bottom of my heart. Little Walter behaved well, then?"

"O, he behaved like an angel!"

"Did he say 'Gan-papa's fowers'?"

"Nobody spoke a word. The moment the child took off his hat and looked up, the truth seemed to flash on my uncle, and to melt his heart at once; the boy is so like his father. He knew him instantly, and caught him up in his arms, and hugged him, just as he is hugging him now."

"And the beard, Dora?"

"Why, that seemed to take the child's fancy: he put

up his little hands and stroked it, and laughed in his grandfather's face, and flung his chubby arms round his neck, and held out his sweet mouth to be kissed; and O how my uncle did kiss him! I thought he would never have done; and then he sat down on a wheat-sheaf, and cried; and I cried, too. Very strange, that one should cry for happiness!" added Dora, as some large drops fell on the rustic wreath which she was adjusting round Walter's hat. "Very strange," repeated she, looking up, with a bright smile, and brushing away the tears from her rosy cheeks, with a bunch of corn-flowers—"very strange, that I should cry, when I am the happiest creature alive; for Mary and Walter are to live with us; and my dear uncle, instead of being angry with me, says that he loves me better than ever. How very strange it is," said Dora, as the tears poured down, faster and faster, "that I should be so foolish as to cry!"

MISS MITFORD.

THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER.

ALVAREZ DE RAMEIRO was the son of a Portuguese marquis, by an English lady of great beauty and considerable fortune. The match was particularly obnoxious to the family of the nobleman; and Alvarez, at the death of his mother, found himself heir to her English estates, and to the cordial dislike of his Portuguese relations; but he was of a light heart and free spirit, and found an antidote to their coldness and neglect in his contempt for their opinion. It naturally followed, however, that he was often, as much "upon compulsion" as from choice, left to the society of his own reflections, which, as he possessed a tolerably well-stored mind and a clear conscience, were very endurable company.

In one of the solitary rambles, in which it was his wont to indulge, he found himself in the vicinity of the pleasure-grounds attached to a villa within a league of Lisbon, the country residence of a British merchant. As he approached the garden, which was separated from the road by a deep moat, he perceived, walking on a slight elevation or terrace, a young lady, whose form and countenance were so entirely to his taste, that his eyes followed her with an earnestness, which, had she observed it, might not have impressed her with a very favorable notion of his good manners. Whether he was desirous of quenching the incipient flame in his bosom, by rushing into the opposite element, or of arriving at his object by the shortest possible cut (overlooking in his haste the parenthesis of the ditch), it is neither possible nor essential for me to state; but certain it is, that the lady was roused from her meditations by the noise of a sudden plunge in the water; and, on turning round, she saw a portion of a mantle floating on the moat, and, immediately afterwards, the hapless owner floundering about, either ignorant of the art of swimming, or incapacitated for efficient exertion by his cloak and appended finery.

The lady did not shriek out, for she knew that the gardener was deaf, and that her cries would not reach the mansion: she did not tear her hair, for, unless she could have made a rope of it, there had been little wisdom in that; but she did better; she seized a rake, and, approaching as near to the moat as she could, literally hooked him into shallow water, whence he was enabled to gain the terrace, where he stood before her dripping like a river-god, and sputtering thanks and duck-weed in great profusion. Never did human being present a more equivocal appearance than did Alvarez on this occasion, covered, as he was, with mud and weeds. The damsel, at the sight of him, scrambling up the bank, was almost induced to exclaim, with Trinculo, "What have we here?—a man

or a fish?" And, indeed, until "the creature found a tongue," it would have been no easy task for Linnæus himself to determine the class of animals to which he belonged. No meeting between fair lady and gallant knight could, by possibility, be more unromantic; nay, 'twas the most common-place thing conceivable: whatever may have been the cavalier's sensations, she did not fall in love with him; for her first impulse, on seeing him safely landed, was to laugh most incontinently; and love, as my friend the corporal hath it, is "the most serious thing in life."

"I pray you, senora," said Alvarez, as soon as he recovered himself, "to accept my humblest apologies for intruding upon you so extraordinary an apparition."

"Apparition!—nay, senor, you are encumbered, somewhat too pertinaciously, methinks, with the impurities of earth to be mistaken for any thing of the kind; unless you lay claim to the spiritual character on the score of your *intangibility*, which I have not the slightest inclination to dispute; and as for your apologies, you had better render them to those unoffending fishes whose peaceful retreat you have so unceremoniously invaded; for you have raised a tempest where, to my certain knowledge, there has not been a ripple for these twelve months."

"Indeed, fair lady, I owe them no apologies, since but for you I had been their food. Yon moat, although not wide enough to swim in, possesses marvellous facilities for drowning."

At this instant, the merchant himself entered the grounds, and approached the scene of the interview. His daughter immediately introduced her unbidden guest. "Allow me, my dear papa, to present to you a gentleman who brings with him the latest intelligence from the bottom of the moat. Behold him dripping with his credentials, and the bearer of a specimen of the soil, and a few aquatic plants peculiar to the region he has explored, and

of which, having landed on your territories, he politely requests you to relieve him."

"You are a saucy jade," said the merchant; "and, but that I know your freaks ever stop short of actual mischief, I could almost suspect you of having pushed him in."

"Nay, papa, that could not be; we were on opposite sides of the moat."

"You forget, lady," rejoined the cavalier, who began to recover his spirits, "that attraction is often as powerful an agent as repulsion, and that therefore your father's conjecture as to the cause of my misfortune may not be altogether groundless."

"I beseech you, senor," said the daughter, "to reserve your compliments for your next visit to the naiads of the moat, to whom they are more justly due, and cannot fail to be acceptable from a gentleman of your amphibious propensities. I hope our domestics will be careful in divesting you of that plaster of mud:—I should like the cast amazingly."

During this colloquy the party were approaching the mansion, where Alvarez was accommodated with a temporary change of attire; and it is certain that, if the damsel was not captivated by his first appearance, her heart was still less in danger when she beheld him encased in her father's habiliments—"a world too wide" for him—the merchant being somewhat of the stoutest, while the fair proportions of his guest were not encumbered with any exuberance of flesh.

Thus originated the acquaintance of Mr. Wentworth and his fair daughter with the most gallant of all Portuguese cavaliers, Alvarez de Rameiro—an acquaintance which, as their amiable qualities mutually developed themselves, ripened into friendship. Alvarez exhibited a frankness of manner which never bordered upon rudeness, and was equally remote from assurance; while the liberality of his opinions indicated an elevation of mind that the

bigotry amid which he had been educated had not been able to overthrow. These qualities well accorded with the straight-forward disposition of the Englishman, who probably found them scarce in Lisbon, and rendered the society of the young foreigner more than ordinarily agreeable to him.

It happened, one afternoon in the summer, that the merchant and Alvarez were enjoying their glass of wine and cigar, while Mary Wentworth was attending to some plants in a grass-plot before the window. Mr. Wentworth had told his last story, which was rather of the longest; but, as his notions of hospitality, in furnishing his table, included conversation as well as refection, he made a point of keeping it up; and, with this general object, rather than any particular one,—for he had great simplicity of heart,—he filled his glass, and, passing the decanter to his guest, resumed the conversation. “It has occurred to me, Alvarez, that your attentions to my Mary have been somewhat pointed of late. Fill your glass, man, and don’t keep your hand on the bottle: it heats the wine.”

“Then, sir, my conduct has not belied my feelings; for I certainly do experience much gratification in Miss Wentworth’s society, and her father is the last person from whom I should desire to conceal it.”

“Then have the kindness to push the cigar-dish a little nearer, for mine is out.”

“I hope, sir, that my attentions to your daughter have not been offensive to her.”

“I am sure I don’t know, for I never asked her.”

“Nor to yourself, I trust.”

“No, or you would not have had so many opportunities of paying them.”

“They have occasioned you no anxiety or uneasiness, then, sir?”

“Nay, your own honor is my warrant against that; and I have the collateral security of her prudence.”

"May I, ther., without offence, inquire whither your observations tend, and why you have introduced the subject?"

"In the first instance, simply for want of something else to talk about; but, now we are upon the subject, it may be as well to know your views in paying the attentions to which I have referred."

"When I tell you honestly that I love your daughter, you will not, with the confidence you are pleased to place in my honor, have any difficulty in guessing them."

"Guessing is not my forte, and therefore I ever hated riddles: they puzzle the understanding without improving it. Speak out."

"Why, sir, with your sanction, to make her my wife."

"Then you will do a very foolish thing; that is, always supposing that my daughter has no objection to your scheme; and we, both of us, appear to have left her pretty much out of the argument. Pray, is she aware at all of the preference with which you are pleased to honor her?"

"I have never told her, because I know not how she would receive the declaration; and I prize your daughter's good opinion too dearly to desire to look like a simpleton before her."

"Well, there's some sense in that. By the way, Alvarez, without any particular reference to the subject we are discussing, let me exhort you, whenever you make a declaration of your love to a woman, never do it upon your knees."

"Why not, sir?"

"Because it is the most inconvenient position possible for marching off the field; and, in the event of a repulse, the sooner a man quits it the better."

"But, sir, I maintain, and I speak it under favor, and with all deference to the sex, that the man who exposes himself to the humiliation of a refusal richly merits it."

"As how?"

"Because he must be blind, if he cannot, within a reasonable period, find out whether his suit be acceptable or not, and a fool if he declares himself before."

"You think so, do you? Then be so good as to push over that plate of olives; and, as I said before, in reference to your matrimonial project, I think it a very foolish one."

"In what respect, sir, may I ask?"

"In the first place, it is the custom in England for a man and his wife to go to church together; and you were born a Catholic."

"Only half a one, sir: my mother was a Protestant."

"And a heretic."

"No, sir: my sainted mother was a Christian."

"You do not mean to call yourself a Protestant?"

"I do, indeed, sir."

"Then let me tell you, that your religion is the most unfashionable in all Lisbon, and somewhat dangerous withal."

"Have you found it so?"

"Nay; I am of a country which is given to resent as a nation an injury done to an individual member of it; and as a British fleet in the bay of Lisbon would not be the most agreeable sight to the good folk of this Catholic city, I presume I may profess what religion I please, without incurring any personal risk: but you have no such safeguard; and, although my daughter might have no great objection to your goodly person as it is, she might not relish it served up as a grill, according to the approved method, in this most orthodox country, of freeing the spirit from its earthly impurities."

"You talk very coolly, my dear sir, upon a rather warm subject; but I assure you I am under no apprehensions on that score."

"Well, admitting that you are justified in considering yourself safe, do you think that an alliance with the

daughter of a merchant, and a foreigner, would be otherwise than obnoxious to your family?"

"Why, as to that, my affectionate brothers-in-law, not reckoning upon the pleasure of my society in the next world, have not been at much pains to cultivate it in this; and therefore I apprehend I am not bound to consult their wishes in the matter."

The conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of Miss Wentworth; and the subject was of course changed.

The explanation which had taken place between the merchant and Alvarez was followed by an equally good understanding between the latter and the young lady; and it was finally arranged among them that Mr. Wentworth, who had been eminently successful in his commercial pursuits in Lisbon, should only remain to close his accounts, and convert his large property into bills and specie, for the purpose of remitting it to London, when the whole party, Alvarez himself having no ties to bind him to his own country, should embark for England, where the union of the young people was to take place.

But, alas! "the course of true love never did run smooth;" and scarcely had the preliminary arrangements been completed, when the merchant was seized with an inflammatory fever, which terminated in his death, leaving his daughter, who loved him to a degree of enthusiasm which such a parent might well inspire, overwhelmed by sorrow, a stranger in a foreign land, and without a friend in the world but Alvarez, whose ability to protect her fell infinitely short of his zeal and devotion to her service. Still, however, he could comfort and advise with her; and she looked up to him with all that confiding affection which the noble qualities of his heart, and the honorable tenor of his conduct, could not fail to create. But even he, her only stay, was shortly taken from her. The holy office, having gained information of their intention of quitting Lisbon with the property of the deceased merchant, avail-

ed itself of the pretext afforded by the religious profession of Alvarez to apprehend and confine him, as the most effectual means of delaying the embarkation, relying on ulterior measures for obtaining possession of the wealth of their victims.

Mary Wentworth's was not a mind to sink supinely under misfortune, for she had much energy of character; but this last blow was enough to paralyze it all. She had no difficulty to guess at the object of the holy office; and she knew that if any measure could avail her in this emergency, it must be speedily adopted. But the power of the inquisition was a fearful one to contend with. There was but one man in Lisbon who could aid her, and to him she was a stranger; yet to him she determined to appeal.

The name of Sebastian Joseph de Carvalho, marquis of Pombal, will be familiar, to those who are conversant with the history of Portugal, as that of the prime minister of King Joseph; to which elevation he appears to have risen from circumstances of extreme indigence and the humble rank of a corporal. He is represented to have been a man of enlarged mind, uncommon personal courage, and great decision of character. On the other hand, he is said to have exhibited a haughty, overbearing spirit, to have executed justice with extreme severity, and evinced a cruel and ferocious disposition. It is, nevertheless, universally admitted, that, in the majority of his political acts, he had the good of his country at heart, which is evidenced by the wisdom with which he met, and the success with which he alleviated, the public calamities consequent upon the earthquake at Lisbon in 1755; by the salutary restraints which he imposed upon an arrogant aristocracy, as well as upon the tyranny of the inquisition; and by the decided measures by which he contributed to overthrow the power of the Jesuits. In person, he was of gigantic stature; and his countenance was so singularly marked and imposing, that a nobleman, who had opened his carriage door with the intention of assassinating

him, was deterred from his purpose by its awful and terrible expression.

To this man, whom the boldest could not approach without awe, Mary Wentworth resolved to appeal. It was night when she presented herself at his palace, where she was refused admittance. While, however, she was parleying with the sentinel, Carvalho's steward, who had accompanied his master on his embassy to the court of London, approached the gate, and, being interested by her English accent, caused her to be admitted. He inquired the nature of her business with the minister, which she briefly explained to him.

"Alas, my daughter," said the old man, "I fear your errand to Carvalho will prove a fruitless one. I may not safely procure you an interview; but your countrymen, while I sojourned among them, were kind to me, and I would peril something to do you this service. Follow me."

He preceded her up a flight of stairs, and, pointing to a door partly open, at the end of a long passage, he said, "There, in that room is he whom you seek: may God prosper your errand." With these words, he disappeared by a side-door, and Mary approached the apartment which he had pointed out as that of Carvalho. The door was sufficiently open to admit her; and, entering, she found herself in a spacious and lofty room, from the ceiling of which depended a lamp immediately over the head of the man at whose frown all Lisbon trembled; and when she beheld his gigantic form and ferocious countenance, she felt that nothing short of the stake which depended on the interview could induce her to persevere in seeking it.

His head rested on his hand; his brow was strongly knit; and his eyes were intently fixed upon some papers. The rustling of her dress, as she drew near the table, attracted his attention. He did not start, but, raising his eyes, looked coldly and sternly upon her, and, without

uttering a word, appeared to wait for an explanation of so extraordinary an intrusion.

Mary possessed shrewdness and discrimination enough to perceive that, with a man of Carvalho's strength and decision of character, nothing was more likely to prejudice her cause than circumlocution. She therefore entered at once upon her story, and told it in the fewest possible words, concluding with an appeal rather to his justice than to his feelings: and in this she did wisely. He listened without interrupting her, or betraying in his countenance the slightest indication of the effect of her appeal. When she had ended, he waited a few moments, as if to ascertain if she had any thing more to say. His reply was—"Senora, were I to try my strength with the holy office upon every occasion of its oppression and injustice, I should have constant occupation, and gain little by the contest. I am not omnipotent: I have checked the power of the inquisition, but I cannot crush it, or, credit me, not one stone of that hated edifice should stand upon another. Your case is hard, and I compassionate it; but I fear I can do nothing to aid you in obtaining redress. You say your father was a British merchant: what was his name?"

"Wentworth, senor."

"Wentworth! I have good cause to recollect him. Of all my political opponents, that man, if not the most powerful, was the most persevering and unbending. I adopted certain measures which he considered to militate against the commerce of his country, and he combated them with all his might; but he did it like a man, boldly and open-handed. In the very heat of this controversy, when the feelings of both parties were at the height of their excitement, I was walking, unattended, in the streets of Lisbon, when a mob collected upon my path, and dark looks and threatening gestures were gathering around me. I am not a man to fly from a rabble: I frowned defiance upon my assailants, who continued to press upon me; and

some of them unsheathed their daggers. On a sudden, and from behind me, I was seized by a powerful hand, dragged into a house, the door of which was instantly closed, and found myself in the presence of your father. 'Carvalho,' said he, 'you are my enemy and my country's; but you shall not die a dog's death while I can protect you.' He kept his word in defiance of the threats and imprecations of the rabble, declaring that they should pull his house upon his head ere they violated its sanctuary. A party of military at last arrived and dispersed the rioters. Your father, at parting, said with a smile, 'Now, Carvalho, we are foes again.'—And is he dead?—Then have I lost an enemy whom to bring back to earth I would freely surrender all who now call themselves my friends. Marvel not, lady, that I am somewhat rough and stern: ingratitude hath made me so. This city was once a ruin: gaunt famine was even in her palaces, and the cry of desolation in her streets. I gave bread to her famishing people, raised her from the dust, and made her what you see; but I sowed blessings, and curses were the harvest that I reaped. I have labored day and night for the good of this priest-ridden people; and, because I have consulted their welfare rather than their prejudices, there is not a man in Lisbon who would not plunge his dagger into my heart, if he had courage for the deed. A sense of gratitude to any human being is new to me, and, trust me, I will indulge it. The debt I owe your father, and which his proud spirit would not permit me to acknowledge as I purposed, I will endeavor to repay to his child. Yet how to aid you in this matter I know not. I have to combat the most powerful engine of the church, which, on this occasion, will have the prejudices of the people on its side."

The minister paced the room, for a few minutes, thoughtfully and perplexed: at length he resumed—"The holy brotherhood are not wont to do their work by halves, and you will be their next victim. I know of but one way to

save you, and him for whom you intercede : it is replete with peril, but it shall be dared. Go home to your dwelling ; tell no one that you have seen me ; and, happen what may, I will be with you in the hour of danger, if it be to perish by your side."

Alvarez had been a prisoner three days, during which his treatment was in no respect rigorous, when he was summoned before the inquisitor. The hall of audience, as it was termed, was a spacious chamber, in the centre of which, upon an elevation or platform, about three inches from the floor, was a long table, covered with crimson cloth : around it were placed chairs decorated with crosses : at one end of it sat the inquisitor, and at the other the notary of the holy office. At the extremity of the chamber was a figure of the Saviour on the cross, which nearly reached the ceiling ; and immediately opposite was a bench appropriated to the prisoners during their examination. The inquisitor wore a kind of cap with a square crown : the notary and the prisoner were, of course, uncovered. Alvarez was first commanded to lay his hand on a Missal which was on the table, and swear that he would truly answer the interrogatories which might be put to him. He was then desired to sit down upon the bench which was at the left hand of the inquisitor, who, after a pause, said—" Senor Alvarez, you are doubtless aware of the accusation upon which you have been summoned before this tribunal."

" Conscious of no offence which should have subjected me to the loss of my liberty, I hesitate not to pronounce the accusation false, be it what it may."

" You speak rashly, senor : the holy office is not wont to proceed upon slight grounds. I pray you, therefore, to examine your conscience, and see if—not recently, perhaps, but in the course of your life—you have never committed any offence of which it is the peculiar province of the inquisition to take cognizance."

"I can only repeat what I have already said ; and if any man have aught against me, let him stand forth."

"The holy office, for wise reasons, does not confront the accuser and accused, as is the custom in ordinary courts ; neither is it our wont to declare the nature of the charge, which we rather refer to the conscience of the delinquent : but, willing that you should meet, with as little delay as may be, the accusation which has been brought against you, I will read it. It recites that, having been born of an English mother, you have embraced the tenets of the falsely-called reformed religion, to the danger of your own soul and the scandal of the true faith ; that you have of late been in habits of close intercourse with a pestilent heretic of the same country, since dead, and that you are on the point of marriage with his daughter, also a heretic, contrary to the canons of our holy church. This, Senor Alvarez, is the charge : what have you to urge against its truth ?"

"God forbid that, in hesitating to confess what I believe to be the true faith, I should deny its divine Author. You have reproached me with my English parentage ; and if the religion of Cranmer, of Ridley, and of Latimer, be heresy, then am I a heretic ; and, if the cup which was presented to their lips may not pass from mine, may God give me grace to drink it as they did, holding fast by the faith to which I have linked my hopes of Heaven's mercy !"

"Nay, Senor Alvarez, the holy office is not willing that any should perish, but rather rejoiceth in the exercise of that mercy which is in its discretion ; and, although the offence of which you have confessed yourself guilty, hath incurred the penalty of a death of ignominy and torture, we have power, by deferring the execution of the sentence, to give you time to repent ; so that, upon a renunciation of your errors, you may finally be pardoned, and received into the bosom of the church. By a law, where-

by the goods of heretics are confiscated, those of the deceased merchant, Wentworth, become the property of the church; and as, from your connection with him and his daughter, you cannot but be informed of the nature and disposition of his wealth, I call upon you, as you would propitiate the holy office by assisting in securing its rights, to put it in possession of all you know upon the subject."

"Behold," said Alvarez, with a burst of indignation which startled the inquisitor, "the cloven foot of the evil one. Now listen to me. The robber of the mountains hath kept faith, and the lion of the desert hath spared his prey; but with the minions of the inquisition there is neither faith nor mercy. I know that he upon whom your dungeons have once closed, stands upon the brink of the grave, and that his life is beyond human ransom. Were I to answer the question you have so insidiously proposed, I should not only betray the trust reposed in me by a dying father, and make his child a beggar, but I should strengthen the hands of an institution which, if its power were equal to its will, would make this beauteous world a howling wilderness. I will neither betray my trust nor deny my faith: by God's grace, the last act of my life shall not involve the double guilt of treachery and apostasy."

During this speech, the countenance of the inquisitor was gradually losing that hypocritical expression of mildness, under which those holy functionaries were accustomed to mask the most cruel and vindictive feelings: his face became flushed with rage, and he exclaimed, when Alvarez had finished, "You vaunt it bravely, *senor*. We will now try that persuasive power which is wont to make our guests marvellously communicative."

"You may wring the blood-drops from my heart, but you will not rob it of its secret."

"Away with him to the torture," roared the inquisitor,

and immediately quitted the apartment, while Alvarez was conducted by another door, and through a long passage, into a spacious chamber, from which the light of day was entirely excluded. The lamp, which was suspended from the centre of the ceiling, was just sufficient to render distinct the tribunal of the inquisitor, the instruments of torture, and the familiars who were appointed to apply them, and whose grim, pale features and frightful habiliments imparted additional horror to the scene. The remoter parts of the room were involved in darkness. Alvarez looked towards the tribunal, and immediately recognized the inquisitor by whom he had been previously examined, and who now addressed him with a taunting smile, and said, "Well, Senor Alvarez, we have met again: have you brought your boasted courage with you?"

"He who hath laid this trial upon me, and for whose truth I suffer, will give me strength to bear it."

"You will need it all, senor, when your turn shall come; but we do all things in order: we have one here before you, by whose example you may profit. Bring forward the other prisoner!"

Alvarez turned his eyes in the direction in which the inquisitor looked as he spoke, and, with feelings of agony and horror which no language can adequately describe, he beheld in the intended victim his own Mary. A shriek proclaimed that her feelings at the mutual recognition were not less acute than his; and she fell back, apparently lifeless, into the arms of her terrific attendants.

Alvarez turned to the inquisitor, and addressed him, for the first time, in the tone of supplication. "If," said he, "there be one instrument of torture more dreadful than another, let me be its victim: tear me piecemeal, limb from limb: but, for the sake of Him whose all-seeing eye is upon you, spare, O spare this beauteous work of his hands. Oh, if you have a human heart, you cannot look upon such loveliness and mar it. Oh, if yon image of

the blessed Jesus be not set up in bitter mockery of his meekness and his mercy, I beseech you harm her not."

"Nay, senor," replied the inquisitor, with a laugh of irony, "you drew so captivating a portrait of our mercy in the hall of audience, that it were gross injustice in us to prove it false. Let the torture be applied to the female prisoner."

The preparations to obey the mandate aroused Mary Wentworth from her swoon; and a faint, and, of course, ineffectual struggle was all she could oppose to the application of the first instrument of torture intended to be used, namely, the thumb-screw. It was, therefore, soon fixed, and the attendants waited the word from the inquisitor to draw the cords. This he was in the act of giving, when, from the gloom in which the extremity of the room was involved, a voice of thunder exclaimed, "Forbear!" and immediately the speaker advanced to the front of the tribunal, his arm, however, enveloped in the folds of his mantle, concealing his face to the eyes.

The inquisitor angrily inquired who it was that presumed to interrupt the proceedings of the court, and directed the attendants to seize him. The stranger spoke not a word, but, slowly dropping his arm, discovered the stern and haughty countenance of Carvalho. The inquisitor started as if a spectre had risen up before him, but immediately recovered himself.

"Senor Carvalho," said he, "this visit is an honor for which we were not prepared: may I beg to be informed of its object?"

"Simply the liberation of these prisoners."

"Upon what authority do you demand it?"

"My own will."

"Much as we respect that, senor, it were scarcely sufficient warrant to us for their surrender. The circumstances under which they were arrested are such as utterly to preclude us from according to you the courtesy you ask."

"As for your respect, I know well the standard by which to measure it. The circumstances attending their arrest have been reported to me, and leave me at no loss to account for your reluctance to give them up; and as for your courtesy, I pray you keep it until it be asked. I did not come to sue for their liberty, but to demand it."

"It may not be, senor; the prisoners must pass to their trial, where they will have justice."

"Oh, doubtless!" said Carvalho, with a bitter smile, "such justice as the wolf metes out to the lamb, and the vulture to the dove."

"I pray you, senor, to reflect upon the unseasonableness of a jest upon an occasion like this."

"In good sooth, jocularity is not my wont, or a jest within the torture-room of the holy office, from any other than an inquisitor, would possess too much of the charm of novelty to be forborne. But, credit me, I was never more in earnest than I am now. Be this the proof. Before I ventured to obtrude myself into your reverend presence, I left instructions with the commandant of artillery, in obedience to which, if I be not with him in half an hour, he will open a fire upon your walls. Now I depart not alone; and you, who best know how the light of day will accord with the secrets of your dungeons, will make your election between surrendering the prisoners or seeing this edifice a smoking ruin."

"Senor Carvalho," said the inquisitor, who had witnessed too many awful instances of the minister's veracity, as well as of his power, to doubt, for a moment, that his threat, if disregarded, would be fulfilled with a terrible punctuality, "in yielding to this extraordinary exercise of power, I feel it my duty, in the name of the holy office, solemnly to protest against this interference with its privileges; and you will not be surprised, if, in our own justification, we find it expedient to appeal to the pope."

"So did the Jesuits; and in order that their memorial

might not miscarry, I sent the appellants after it by ship loads, until his holiness heartily wished the appeal and the locusts that followed it in the Red Sea. You will do wisely to profit by the warning which their example should convey to you."

Having said this, he turned towards Alvarez and Mary Wentworth, and, passing an arm of each through his own, led them unmolested through the several gates of the prison. Mary glanced at his countenance, and perceived that the sardonic smile, which had marked it while in the presence of the inquisitor, had passed away, leaving in its place his wonted sternness, softened, she thought, by somewhat more of solemnity than she had hitherto observed him to assume. He walked on between them in silence until they arrived within a few paces of the principal street in Lisbon, when he stopped, and said—"Here we part: I have risked my power, and, it may be, my life, to save you. But be that my care: all I ask of you is, get you out of this city, for it is no abiding place for either of you. There is an English vessel in the bay; this officer," beckoning to him a person in uniform, whom, for the first time, they observed standing within a few yards of them, "will assist you in getting your effects on board: follow them with all despatch: for twenty-four hours you are safe: beyond that time I will not answer for your lives. Let me hear of your arrival in England. May God bless and keep you! Farewell!" He pressed the hand of each, and they saw him no more.

It is scarcely necessary to add that the advice was followed: before half of the allotted time had expired, they were on their voyage, which proved safe and prosperous.

W. H. HARRISON.

LORELEY, A RHINE LEGEND.

FROM yon rock's topmost height,
Where sleeps the fair moonshine,
Looks down a lady bright,
On the dark-flowing Rhine.

She looketh down and over ;
She looketh far and wide,
Where'er the white sails hover :—
Youth, turn thine eyes aside !

Fair though her smiles be to thee,
Beware the spell she flings ;
She smiles but to undo thee ;
With siren heart she sings.

She looketh on the river
As if she looked on thee :
Heed not the false deceiver
Be deaf, be blind, and flee.

For thus she looks on strangers all
With witching eyes and bright,
While her streaming locks around her fall
In a dance of golden light.

The light it doth resemble
The deep wave's deadly gleam—
As deep and icy. Tremble
To trust the treacherous stream.

AN aged huntsman sat on a mossy stone, by the cave of Goar, close to the banks of the Rhine, and sung these verses to the gentle murmur of the river, whose waves bore a small boat, in which a youth was seated. The frail bark had nearly reached the Bank, a dangerous whirlpool in that part of the river, which calls forth all the art of the helmsman to avoid being carried down in it ; but the

beautiful youth, heedless, or unconscious of his danger, kept his eyes steadily fixed on the summit of a high rock, whence a lovely female form looked down, and seemed to smile sweetly upon him.

The old huntsman raised his voice when he beheld the young man's peril; but he heard not the warning: his lute, his oar, and his cross-bow, had all dropped unnoticed into the stream, and nought remained to the entranced youth but his cap and swan plume, which was fastened by a ribbon to his neck, while the increasing rush and roar of the waters rendered his situation more perilous, and the voice of the huntsman less audible. It was the lovely maiden, who sat on the top of the rock, that engrossed the youth's whole thought and sense. She seemed to gather glittering pebbles from the rock, and ever and anon to cast them merrily down into the water, where they vanished in the shining foam. The youth thought that the beautiful maiden was smiling upon him; and he sat motionless, with his arms stretched out towards her, gazing upon her as on a star, till his little skiff was borne upon the sharp rocks, and the whirlpool threw its gigantic arms around the youth, and drew him to its breast. But the lovely Loreley only looked down upon the scene as if it pleased her, and, smiling like a child from under her beautiful long hair, threw down fresh pebbles into the boiling whirlpool.

The huntsman raised his bugle-horn, and blew so wildly on it, that his hounds began to howl around him, and some fishermen, who were occupied at a distance catching salmon, rowed towards him; but the youth was sunk beyond recovery, deep, deep in the whirlpool. Then the huntsman said to the fishers, "Did you see how the witch up yonder rejoiced over the destruction of this poor youth? how she bent her ear and listened to the roar of the waves whilst they sucked him in, and hissed over him, as if they mocked his silly love?" But a young fisherman answered, "Is the maiden who sits up there on the

ley* to blame if an imprudent boy should gaze on her with those eyes which he never should have turned away from the waters? She did not send the whirlpool to meet him: he himself rushed into his own grave." Then the fishermen told the huntsman how sometimes, in the still evenings, the beautiful fairy had appeared to them, sitting quite close on the banks of the river; and how she had beckoned them with friendly smiles to go hither and thither with their nets; and how they always drew their nets up abundantly filled with fishes, when they followed her directions. "But if you venture to approach her," said they,— "and who would not desire to do so? she is so beautiful,— she gets angry, and vanishes like a mist. Whether she rises up into the air, or plunges down into the deep, nobody can tell; and nobody knows who and what she is."

Shaking his head, the old huntsman went away, in the darkling evening, to the other side, towards Bacharach. Close to this town stood Stahleek, a castle where the *pfalzgraf*† resided. Many tales had been told at the castle of the marvellous lady, who sometimes, in the twilight, or when the moon shone, would appear on the rock; but none of the *pfalzgraf*'s household had ever seen her; and he often warned them not to let themselves be led away by vain curiosity, remarking that he whom God preserved from all intercourse with such phantoms of hell, should rejoice in his mercy, and entertain no wish that it were otherwise.

But the son of the *pfalzgraf*, a beautiful youth, whom it seemed as if the spring had chosen for its harbinger, and who changed all into spring wherever he looked and smiled, had often turned his eyes wistfully towards the place from which came the wonderful tales of Loreley. Yet he dared not go thither; for his father and mother had become aware of his feelings, having been told by his

* On the Rhine, a slate rock is called a *ley*.

† A judge.

playfellows what a picture he had drawn of the fairy, and how all his thoughts and wishes were directed towards her. Whatever came to his knowledge regarding her, was never forgotten again, but stood forever in transparent beauty before his imagination, which would sometimes picture her seated high upon the rock, surrounded by party-colored snakes, and green lizards, which crept about among the glittering stones; and ants, which came in long troops, as if they were carrying gifts to her; while the full moon showered down red gold into her lap. Sometimes, when all around the banks and the river was veiled in twilight, he thought he saw Loreley standing there in the rosy solitude, singing her monotonous song, while beneath her the Rhine flowed on with lonely murmurings, and the timid birds, awaking from time to time, flew up into the air, and the late evening glow still hovered above the tops of the mountains.

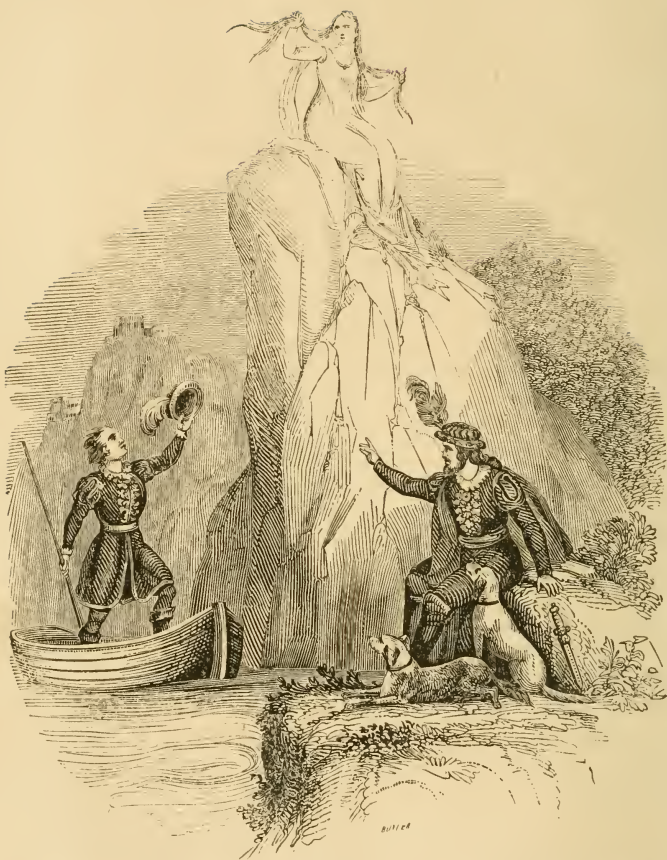
The same evening on which the huntsman came to Stahleek, Hagbert—for such was the name of the son of the pfalzgraf—was seated, with his sister, Wana, on the declivity of the neighboring Kühlberg, opposite the Voightsberg, upon whose sunny sides the costly vine prospers. They saw the boats passing over the water, and many beautiful spots reflected on the river like the looks of love and of longing. Many a tale they had told to one another; and now the brother and sister sat holding each other's hand in silence. Wana was Hagbert's confidant, and she knew wherefore he sighed, and breathed so ardently towards the distant vapor, under whose golden and blue veil the mountains seemed to heave like a bosom, in which many a sweet and many a painful secret is concealed. All around was silent: the trees moved as if they were lulling one another to sleep; the odorous pinks and violets near the rock shut their eyes; the little brooks alone continued to beat and murmur like the veins of life in a dream: behind the darkling trees and bushes, the tops of the gilded

forest shot up, and a shower of red sparkles seemed to fall upon the grass, and to inflame it. Suddenly the moon rose behind the mountains, and all at once every thing seemed to burn in clear and enchanted light. "There is Loreley," said Hagbert. "She smiles to us. Do you hear how she calls?" It was only a bird screaming through the red moonlight night. But Wana drew her brother up from his seat, and said, trembling, "It is time, my brother, that you bring me home to my mother. Let us not again be seated here so late and alone on the declivity; for the charm draws you down, down, and I tremble for you and for myself."

At the castle they were talking of what had lately been said of the beautiful Loreley, when Wana, in the hand of her brother, and a little afraid of the reproof of her mother, entered the hall, where her parents were seated together, as was their custom at night time. The youth listened in silence to every word which was spoken. "If she is a witch, this wild Loreley," exclaimed Ruthard, a knight of the palatine, "she must be thrown into the fire, were she even as beautiful as the evening star yonder." Then Hagbert sighed, and, leaning on his father's chair, bent over his neck, and said, "Let me catch her, father. I do not fear. If she is a witch, I will bring her to you; but if there can be found no guilt in her, and if she does not willingly do harm to any one, you will give her to me, and she shall be my own love." Hereat all who were present laughed aloud; but the pfalzgraf answered, "People say Loreley is a cunning fisher: she spreads out a glittering, wily net; but as for you, my son, you are a young inexperienced little fish, and had better keep at a distance from her. Curiosity and the forbidden fruit often excite youth to wish for a thing which they throw away as soon as it is in their possession. If even the ghostly lady should be no monster, she is most probably a mermaid; and a man shall hold no communion with such creatures.

God has placed them in another house of nature, and their enmity visibly appears as soon as man approaches that which nature has designed should remain at a distance from him." "There are plenty of tales told," replied Ruthard, "from which it seems that such intercourse has brought harm and perdition over both; and it seems to me no guilt to kill such a creature, who tries to insnare men with siren love." "One may quietly pass by," said the countess; "for the water-nymph is said to be a creature without reason; but man ought not to follow blind instinct, if he does not wish to do so." "I shall not lend you my cross-bow, Ruthard," exclaimed Hagbert, "if your speeches are meant for the poor fair Loreley." "We have talked enough," interrupted the palatine, desiring the priest to say the evening prayers. But Hagbert slept uneasily the whole night. It seemed certain to him, that they would attack Loreley; and he fancied he saw the arrow in her breast, and her blood flowing like a coral string down the dark rock into the deep Rhine.

One of the following days, several strangers came to visit the castle; and Hagbert and his hunting companions conducted the merry sportsmen through ravines covered with vines into the green foliage of the forest of beeches; but the pfalzgraf had secretly ordered Ruthard to pay attention to Hagbert, lest his curiosity should lead him after more witching game. Nevertheless, it so happened that Hagbert got out of sight of his companion, and suddenly disappeared. He yet heard the bugle-horns calling him back; but the sounds came from a great distance, and Hagbert's heart beat violently, like the young eagle's, when he no longer hears the wings of the old one around him. Without thinking of what he intended to do, he hastened on as quickly as he could. Sometimes it seemed to him as if he truly intended to catch the mermaid, and thus accomplish the will of his father; and sometimes he fancied himself called upon to protect her, as if he had



"There stood the maiden, gleaming all silver white in the light of the moon."—Page 117.

long ago seen her and loved her. He now stepped down a ravine. It was at the bending of the river, where it turns into the silent rocky solitude; the turrets of Oberwesel and the watch-towers of Schönberg glittered behind him; the last light of day, like a dying flame, played around their tops; whilst over the mountains the first rosy beams of moonlight appeared like as on that evening when Hagbert and Wana looked down from the Kühlberg.

But from beyond, a wonderful sound was heard, incessantly repeated, which those who deeply listened to did not perceive was always the same note, and sweet tunes seemed to float in the air around him, like the distant and enchanting call of love. Hagbert looked around; and, when he saw nothing, he thought how that bird could be called which sings sweeter than a nightingale. Some young people from Oberwesel were now close by him: the water sparkled beneath their oars around the boat, and Hagbert heard them say, "That is Loreley." He then cried to them, "I am the son of the pfalzgraf, and would like to be rowed a little in the light of the moon. Will you ferry me over?" With these words, he sprung into the boat with his bow and his arrow, his locks streaming loosely in the wind around his temples and his neck. "Now, row me over to the rock, where Loreley sings," exclaimed he; "pull off; show me the fair Loreley."

The young men rowed on, and soon showed him the rock whence the sweet voice resounded. There stood the maiden, gleaming all silver white in the light of the moon, and twining in her golden hair a wreath of water-flowers and reeds, which she had gathered in the Rhine, while, ever as her hands moved, she kept singing, "Loreley—Loreley—Loreley!"

"Row me thither, row me thither!" exclaimed Hagbert; but the helmsman kept at a distance, and said, "It would be the death of you." Then Hagbert replied, "Well, be thou my death, or I catch thee alive, my lovely maiden; and never shall I part with thee again, nor thou with me!

What! do you delay?" called he again to the young man. "Do you not know my father has sent me to catch the mermaid? Therefore I came with my bow and arrows." The rowers bent to their oars, and the old steep rock soon threw its shadow over the boat; but again the boatmen paused, and warned the rash youth of his danger.

The fair Loreley had opened her bright eyes: her long, luxuriant ringlets fell undulating down her shoulders, as if longing to leap with her into the waters to entangle the youth: she remained standing at the edge, her song was silenced, and she looked as if partially revealed from a dim mist. The young men now called on Hagbert to place his arrow on the string, as the witch was just standing fair for a mark; but he took off his weapons, and threw them into the Rhine, calling out, "Be not afraid, lovely maid; no harm shall be done to you; but mine you must be, and I am yours forever!" At these words, those who held the oars shuddered, and began to be afraid lest they also should lose their senses, like the son of the pfalzgraf, and so all of them find their death on the spot. Therefore they held off the rock as much as they could, and bent their oars stoutly against the waters. But Hagbert, endeavoring to spring over to the edge of the rock, missed his step, and sunk down into the waters, and after him, with a sweet and mournful scream, plunged the siren into the flood, as if a silvery beam from the rock had suddenly glittered over the stream. But the young men fled away, and only thought of saving their own lives. "What shall we do?" they exclaimed; "shall we tell the palatine that his son found his death in the Rhine? And if we conceal it, a still worse suspicion falls upon us; for it cannot remain secret: so let us just say that he hired and forced us to bring him hither, pretending that his father had sent him to kill the mermaid; and that she bewitched him when he was taking up his weapon,—which is all the truth."

When Hagbert opened his eyes, it seemed to him as if

he had awoke in the midst of winter, and as if blue and green pieces of ice stood like giants around him; but a gentle spring breeze blew through the crevice of the rock, and sweetly fanned his cold cheeks. What the boy thought was cold ice, was quartz and transparent crystal; and the breeze was Loreley's breath, which played around him like the sighing wave. Forests of rushes and other aquatic plants rustled around the cave; and through the crystal walls resounded, incessantly, sweet sounds, as if the waves were sighing their love to one another.

In this deep world Hagbert found himself alone with the beautiful mermaid; but he could not feel comforted here in the midst of those frightful wonders; and soon he longed, almost more impatiently than he had formerly done, to throw himself into the water, to see again the light of the day, as if it was only there that he could rejoice in the sight of the beautiful fairy, and exchange love for love. He said to her, when she threw around him her silver-white arms, and when her ringlets floated around him like the waves of the stream, "Only where the sun of heaven shines upon us can I rejoice in your sight!" So she took his hand, and led him along a narrow rocky path. It grew darker and darker around him, and waving flowers seemed to shoot down from an immeasurable height into the lonely depth. "The hills and vales are still slumbering," said Loreley, "but the sky does not shut his eyes for so long a time: do you see how they glance down upon us?" And again the wild floods rushed around Hagbert. "Let not your foot glide," said Loreley; "come, sit down here, close by my side, till the sun rises."

A white cliff glittered in pale light before Hagbert; but it seemed to be assailed by agitated waters, which heaved to and fro among huge mountain-like forms, and threatened also the spot where he stood in the silent night. "Where are we?" inquired Hagbert, and felt, not without a shudder, Loreley's arms surrounding him. "We

are in the midst of the Rhine," said the maid. "These are the ancient children of the giants, the mountains: we are seated on the toe of one of them: and it is so long that he stretches it out like an angle for the ships which so merrily go up and down the Rhine. He draws them down at the stone yonder; and yonder where I look to, up the river, the wrecks appear again; but no living being ever re-appears there: they have all been swallowed—swallowed."

At the opposite side a small light now appeared: it was a lamp before an altar in the church of St. Clement, on the opposite shore. The feeble glimmer glided slowly through the country, throwing here and there a beam; and Hagbert thought he could discern the Mauserthurm quite near; and before and behind him, upon the heights, he saw some well-known castles. "Do you know," said Loreley, as if she had perceived his distrusting fears, "I have been leading you up the stream: the waters were carrying you down: there my kinsmen would never have let you out again from the crystal castle; but you shall remain mine; for you I left the beautiful castle: all my longing was for you." "Loreley," exclaimed Hagbert,—and, as he glanced on her countenance, her flowing ringlets in the night breeze looked again so beautiful, with the light from beyond the river falling upon them,—“they say you rejoice there above, upon yon rock, when your wild river draws a man down.”

Loreley sighed, and said, "It may be so, dear youth: I did not know better; I thought it must give pleasure to all to sport with us, and to get fresh and cool in our resounding transparent world." "They also say," replied Hagbert, "that you allure the children of men with your sweet song." "I do not care at all for the children of men," said Loreley, peevishly; "for my pleasure I sang; for my pleasure I gazed. I called none, and looked for none. If any one thought that I called for him, it some-

times amused me, and I had my sport with them without thinking of it. But now, alas! all is changed: no sport will any more rejoice me. It is you I have chosen; it is you whom I will draw down into the deep—you, whom I will follow through the world; for I am yours, and you are mine. When you approached with bow and arrow, I felt as if I wished to be a roe, and to have your arrow in my heart, and to fly before you till I had drawn you to the highest top of the rock, where you should have been alone with me."

From near and far now flamed up the first morning light over the white rocks: their tops glittered in the first dawning of the morning, whilst below them the two lovers were still seated. Hagbert held the beautiful maid in his arms: she leaned her head upon his breast; but, when the cocks began to crow at the shore, she started up, and said, "I must go. There, where you have found me, you will find me again at evening-time. Do not forget." She then threw a stone into the water, which became troubled, boiled, and gushed up, and a small boat appeared working its way to the surface. "Leap into it," exclaimed Loreley: "one of the boards was broken in sinking: take it up, and make use of it for an oar, and row to the shore. Farewell, Hagbert!" With these words she plunged down; and Hagbert, now in the boat, saw her no longer. But below him there sounded a murmuring voice—"Loreley, Loreley!" till it seemed as if tears at last stifled the longing sound.

The frail boat carried Hagbert with as much security over the dangerous spot as if a careless, playful child had been intrusted to its care; and he reached the shore to the right, where castle Ehrenfels glittered in the morning glow over the merry vines. In the morning beam, Hagbert awoke gradually from the dreams of the night: he was astonished, and knew not how he felt; doubt and sweet mystery, desire and horror, struggled in him; Lor-

eley's countenance appeared before him, such as it had smiled upon him in the light of the lamp from the church; and it seemed to him as if he should have placed her in the full glare of that light, and all fear would have fled: then he thought again how the crowing of the cock had frightened her away; and he felt as if a ghost had been seated near him in the horrors of the night, and wondered that his adventure had not cost him his life.

He went to the nearest cottage of a vine-dresser, and begged for a warm drink. His clothes were damp, and he left them in the cottage, and put on the jacket of one of the boys. He knew not whether, if he should return to Stahleek, he might hope, as his life had been miraculously preserved, that the anger of his father would be softened; and then he hoped to obtain the interest of his mother and sister for the fair Loreley, and that they might intercede for her with his father. Again, midst his secret shuddering, the wish awoke in him to fly to the maid of the rock, and to live for her alone; and again fear overcame his longings. Thus he spent a part of the morning musing upon the shore, till at last he bethought himself it would be best to go straight to Stahleek; otherwise the maid might come into danger before he could prevent it. He felt more and more anxious, the nearer he approached the castle of his father. He mounted the steps in the rock, which led a nearer way to a small gate; but, in seizing the knocker, he perceived he had lost a little ring which he always wore on his left hand; and he thought the mermaid might have taken it secretly from his finger, to bind him forever to her.

Night came on. The pfalzgraf, informed of the death of his son, sent Ruthard with a troop of soldiers to catch Loreley, dead or alive. Ruthard had begged hard to be intrusted with this commission. Loreley stood on the top of the rock, when the fierce-looking men came down the dark flood. She gazed up the river, wondering that

Hagbert did not come, and called aloud, as she was wont, "Loreley, Loreley!" Then Ruthard cried mockingly to her, "We bring to thee the greetings of your love Hagbert: he sends by us a kiss to his bride, with which he weds thee: come down to us to get it, or tell us how to come up to thee without flying. O, thou fair and wild Loreley, here is new booty for thee. Dost thou not choose to catch it as thou hast caught Hagbert?"

Loreley lifted her snow-white hand: she pointed with her finger here and there, and showed them how they might climb up the rock; for she thought that they came in peace, and that they surely brought to her Hagbert's greetings. Many of them warned the rash Ruthard, but he laughed at their fears; and two of his savage menials climbed up the rock with him. "Bind her!" called he out, when they had gained the rock. "What do you intend?" exclaimed Loreley. "Thou must die: down with thee to the Rhine, thou witch!" said Ruthard. "Thou must die, siren that thou art, who hast killed the beautiful Hagbert."

"Hagbert!" exclaimed Loreley in a melting voice. "Come hither, Hagbert. I am no witch. I am Hagbert's love; his true love." "Phantom!" cried Ruthard, "Hagbert lies in the river." "He is at Stahleek," said Loreley, wringing her snow-white hands, and embracing Ruthard's knee. "O, let me not die! Hagbert, Hagbert, come hither!"

The hearts of all those who had remained below were moved by her beauty and her accents, so that one cried to the savage knight, "Have patience, Ruthard; I will ride to Stahleek, and see whether the mermaid has spoken the truth: if the son of the pfalzgraf is at the castle—if she has saved his life—she shall be free." But Ruthard laughed in mockery, and said, "Will you not also bring a priest that he may convert the witch? Although Hagbert were yet living, Loreley must die for having seduced him."

But Loreley looked with new courage upon the man as he flew away in full speed upon his foaming horse, and said, "Do you wish to throw me into the Rhine? That I can do better myself. Here, before your eyes, I will leap into it." But Ruthard got her fettered, and a heavy stone was brought, whilst the cruel knight shook his glittering sword above her swan-white neck.

A swift boat now came through the waves bearing to the edge of the rock the friendly soldier who had ridden to Stahleek. "Loreley," called he up to her, "give back the little ring you have taken from the palatine's son, and your life shall be saved:—thus the palatine spoke." "I have no ring of his," said Loreley, lamenting; "he had none on his hand to give me. Hagbert, alas! Hagbert, why dost thou not come? Drag me to him in chains, and he will loose them."

"Do you see? she will not yield up the ring," replied Ruthard, spitefully. Then Loreley wept, like the imploring deer, when the harsh, savage huntsman stands before it; and many of those who stood below wept with her, for Ruthard had no mercy; he granted her no respite; he hung the heavy stone at her neck, and the murderers approached; but Loreley looked on them, and said, "My love has betrayed me: no one shall ever see me more." Once more she glanced up the river, and leaned over, as if she wished to see castle Stahleek: she then stepped to the edge of the rock, and leaped down.

As if changed into stone, Ruthard and his two blood-thirsty companions gazed after her. They could not find the way down again; and thus they died a miserable death. But Hagbert was inconsolable when he heard the news of Loreley.

The following day, a man from Oberwesel brought a net of large, fine fish to the castle; and when they were about to prepare them in the kitchen, they found under the tongue of one of them the ring which the youth had lost, and

which, doubtless, had fallen from his finger when the flood drew him down.

Hagbert often rowed up and down the Rhine; but Loreley's lovely form, and her fair countenance, he never saw again. Yet her voice was often heard: she sang no longer, but she answered when called to; and then it seemed as if she wept, and sighed deeply, and would have said, had she spoken, "Why do you throw away your words upon me, and invite me to play as I formerly did? It is no longer Hagbert's voice. I have lost him, lost."

When Hagbert called to her, she answered his words like an echo; but he could not bear the sound. Once he pressed his sister Wana to his breast, who mournfully stood beside him; threw the ring into the Rhine; and listened through the sound of the oars towards the rock; but his sister kept him back, when he longed to fling himself down into the wild river.

From the day on which he threw the rich ring into the Rhine, near the rock which still bears the name of the Mermaid, Hagbert declined in health, as if something was gnawing at his heart; and like the sound of the bugle-horn at the Loreley, his young life died away in the longings of love.

DREAM-CHILDREN; A REVERIE.

CHILDREN love to listen to stories about their elders, when *they* were children; to stretch their imagination to the conception of a traditionary great-uncle, or grandame, whom they never saw. It was in this spirit that my little ones crept about me, the other evening, to hear about their great-grandmother Field, who lived in a great house in

Norfolk (a hundred times bigger than that in which they and papa lived), which had been the scene—so, at least, it was generally believed in that part of the country—of the tragic incidents which they had lately become familiar with, from the ballad of the Children in the Wood. Certain it is, that the whole story of the children and their cruel uncle was to be seen fairly carved out in the wood upon the chimney-piece of the great hall; the whole story down to the robin red-breasts—till a foolish rich person pulled it down to set up a marble one of modern invention in its stead, with no story upon it. Here Alice put out one of her dear mother's looks, too tender to be called upbraiding. Then I went on to say, how religious and how good their great-grandmother Field was, how beloved and respected by every body, though she was not, indeed, the mistress of this great house, but had only the charge of it (and yet, in some respects, she might be said to be the mistress of it too) committed to her by the owner, who preferred living in a newer and more fashionable mansion, which he had purchased somewhere in the adjoining county;—but still she lived in it, in a manner as if it had been her own, and kept up the dignity of the great house, in a sort, while she lived, which afterwards came to decay, and was nearly pulled down, and all its old ornaments stripped and carried away to the owner's other house, where they were set up, and looked as awkward as if some one were to carry away the old tombs they had seen lately at the abbey, and stick them up in Lady C.'s tawdry gilt drawing-room. Here John smiled, as much as to say, "That would be foolish indeed." And then I told how, when she came to die, her funeral was attended by a concourse of all the poor, and some of the gentry, too, of the neighborhood, for many miles round, to show their respect for her memory, because she had been such a good and religious woman; so good, indeed, that she knew all the Psalter by heart; ay, and a great part of the Testament be-

sides. Here little Alice spread her hands. Then I told what a tall, upright, graceful person their great-grandmother Field once was; and how, in her youth, she was esteemed the best dancer—here Alice's little right foot played an involuntary movement, till, upon my looking grave, it desisted—the best dancer, I was saying, in the county, till a cruel disease, called a cancer, came, and bowed her down with pain; but it could never bend her good spirits, or make them stoop; but they were still upright, because she was so good and religious. Then I told how she was used to sleep by herself in a lone chamber of the great lone house; and how she believed that an apparition of two infants was to be seen at midnight, gliding up and down the great staircase near where she slept; but she said, “those innocents would do her no harm;” and how frightened I used to be, though in those days I had my maid to sleep with me, because I was never half so good or religious as she—and yet I never saw the infants. Here John expanded all his eye-brows, and tried to look courageous. Then I told how good she was to all her grandchildren, having us to the great house in the holidays, where I, in particular, used to spend many hours by myself, in gazing upon the old busts of the twelve Cæsars, that had been emperors of Rome, till the old marble heads would seem to live again, or I to be turned into marble with them; how I never could be tired with roaming about that huge mansion, with its vast empty rooms, with their worn-out hangings, fluttering tapestry, and carved oaken panels, with the gilding almost rubbed out; sometimes in the spacious old-fashioned gardens, which I had almost to myself, unless when, now and then, a solitary gardening man would cross me; and how the nectarines and peaches hung upon the walls, without my ever offering to pluck them, because they were forbidden fruit, unless now and then—and because I had more pleasure in strolling about among the old melancholy-looking yew-trees, or the firs, and picking

up the red berries, and the fir-apples, which were good for nothing but to look at—or in lying about upon the fresh grass, with all the fine garden smells around me—or basking in the orangery, till I could almost fancy myself ripening too, along with the oranges and the limes, in that grateful warmth—or in watching the dace, that darted to and fro in the fish-pond, at the bottom of the garden, with here and there a great sulky pike, hanging midway down the water in silent state, as if it mocked at their impertinent friskings;—I had more pleasure in these busy-idle diversions than in all the sweet flavors of peaches, nectarines, oranges, and such like common baits of children. Here John slily deposited back upon the plate a bunch of grapes, which, not unobserved by Alice, he had meditated dividing with her; and both seemed willing to relinquish them for the present as irrelevant. Then, in somewhat a more heightened tone, I told how, though their great-grandmother Field loved all her grandchildren, yet, in an especial manner, she might be said to love their uncle, John L——, because he was so handsome and spirited a youth, and a king to the rest of us; and, instead of moping about in solitary corners, like some of us, he would mount the most mettlesome horse he could get, when but an imp no bigger than themselves, and make it carry him half over the county in a morning, and join the hunters when there were any out; and yet he loved the old great house and gardens too, but had too much spirit to be always pent up within their boundaries;—and how their uncle grew up to man's estate as brave as he was handsome, to the admiration of every body, but of their great-grandmother Field most especially; and how he used to carry me upon his back, when I was a lame-footed boy,—for he was a good bit older than I,—many a mile, when I could not walk for pain; and how, in after life, he became lame-footed too, and I did not always (I fear) make allowances enough for him when he was impatient, and in pain,

nor remember sufficiently how considerate he had been to me when I was lame-footed; and how, when he died, though he had not been dead an hour, it seemed as if he had died a great while ago (such a distance there is betwixt life and death); and how I bore his death, as I thought, pretty well at first; but afterwards it haunted and haunted me; and though I did not cry or take it to heart as some do, and as I think he would have done if I had died, yet I missed him all day long, and I knew not till then how much I had loved him. I missed his kindness, and I missed his crossness, and wished him to be alive again, to be quarrelling with him (for we quarrelled sometimes), rather than not have him again; and was as uneasy without him, as he, their poor uncle, must have been when the doctor took off his limb. Here the children fell a-crying, and asked if their little mourning which they had on was not for uncle John; and they looked up, and prayed me not to go on about their uncle, but to tell them some stories about their pretty dead mother. Then I told how, for seven long years, in hope sometimes, sometimes in despair, yet persisting ever, I courted the fair Alice W—n; and, as much as children could understand, I explained to them what coyness, and difficulty, and denial, meant in maidens; when suddenly, turning to Alice, the soul of the first Alice looked out at her eyes, with such a reality of representment, that I became in doubt which of them stood there before me, or whose that bright hair was; and while I stood gazing, both the children gradually grew fainter to my view, receding, and still receding, till nothing at last but two mournful features were seen in the uttermost distance, which, without speech, strangely impressed upon me the effects of speech: “We are not of Alice, nor of thee, nor are we children at all. The children of Alice call Bartrum father. We are nothing; less than nothing, and dreams. We are only what might have been, and must wait upon the tedious shores of

Lethe millions of ages, before we have existence and a name." And immediately awaking, I found myself quietly seated in my bachelor arm-chair, where I had fallen asleep, with the faithful Bridget unchanged by my side.

CHARLES LAMB.

JOHN BROWN.

JOHN BROWN, the Ayr, or, as he was more commonly designated by the neighbors, the religious carrier, had been absent, during the month of January, 1685, from his home, in the neighborhood of Muirkirk, for several days. The weather, in the meantime, had become extremely stormy, and a very considerable fall of snow had taken place. His only daughter, a girl of about eleven years of age, had frequently, during the afternoon of Saturday, looked out from the cottage door into the drift, in order to report to her mother, who was occupied with the nursing of an infant brother, the anxious occurrences of the evening. "Help," too, the domestic cur, had not remained an uninterested spectator of the general anxiety, but, by several fruitless and silent excursions into the night, had given indisputable testimony that the object of his search had not yet neared the solitary shieling. It was a long and a wild road, lying over an almost trackless muir, along which John Brown had to come; and the cart-track, which, even in better weather, and with the advantage of more day-light, might easily be mistaken, had, undoubtedly, ere this, become invisible. Besides, John had long been a marked bird, having rendered himself obnoxious to the "powers that were" by his adherence to the Sanquhar declaration; his attending field-preachings, or, as they were termed, "conventicles;" his harboring of persecuted

ministers; and, above all, by a moral, a sober, and a proverbially devout and religious conduct. In an age when immorality was held to be synonymous with loyalty, and irreligion with non-resistance and passive obedience, it was exceedingly dangerous to wear such a character; and, accordingly, there had not been wanting information to the prejudice of this quiet and godly man. Clavers, who, ever since the affair of Drumclog, had discovered more of the merciless and revengeful despot than of the veteran or hero, had marked his name, according to report, in his black list; and when once Clavers had taken his resolution and his measures, the Lord have mercy upon those against whom these were pointed. He seldom hesitated in carrying his plans into effect, although his path lay over the trampled and lacerated feelings of humanity. Omens, too, of an unfriendly and evil-boding import, had not been a-wanting in the cottage of John Brown to increase the alarm. The cat had mewed suspiciously, had appeared restless, and had continued to glare, in hideous indication, from beneath the kitchen bed. The death-watch, which had not been noticed since the decease of the gudeman's mother, was again, in the breathless pause of listening suspense, heard to click distinctly; and the cock, instead of crowing, as on ordinary occasions, immediately before day-dawn, had originated a sudden and an alarming flap of his wings, succeeded by a fearful scream, long before the usual bed-time. It was a gloomy crisis; and, after a considerable time spent in dark and despairing reflection, the evening lamp was at last trimmed, and the peat-fire repaired into something approaching to a cheerful flame. But all would not do; for, whilst the soul within is disquieted and in suspense, all external means and appliances are inadequate to procure comfort, or impart even an air of cheerfulness. At last, "Help" suddenly lifted his head from the hearth, shook his ears, sprung to his feet, and, with something betwixt a growl

and a bark, rushed towards the door, at which the "yird drift" was now entering copiously. It was, however, a false alarm. The cow had moved beyond the "hallan,"* or the mice had come into sudden contact, and squeaked behind the rafters. John, too, it was reasoned betwixt mother and daughter, was always so regular and pointed in his arrivals, and this being Saturday night, it was not a little or an insignificant obstruction which could have prevented him from being home, in due time, at least, for family worship. His cart, in fact, had usually been pitched up, with the trams supported against the peat-stack, by two o'clock of the afternoon; and the evening of his arrival from his weekly excursion to Ayr, was always an occasion of affectionate intercourse and more than ordinary interest. Whilst his disconsolate wife, therefore, turned her eyes towards her husband's chair, and to the family Bible, which lay in a "bole"† within reach of his hand, and, at the same time, listened to the howling and intermitting gusts of the storm, she could not avoid—it was not in nature that she should—contrasting her present with her former situation; thus imparting even to objects of the most kindly and comforting association all the livid and darkening hues of her disconsolate mind. But there is a depth and a reach in true and genuine piety which the plummet of sorrow may never measure. True religion sinks into the heart as the refreshing dew does into the chinks and the crevices of the dry and parched soil; and the very fissures of affliction, the cleavings of the soul, present a more ready and inviting, as well as efficient access to the softening influence of piety.

This poor woman began gradually to think less of danger, and more of God; to consider, as a set-off against all

* A partition in a cottage.

† A locker in the wall of a cottage, for books, &c.

her fruitless uneasiness, the vigilance and benevolence of that powerful Being, to whom, and to whose will, the elements, in all their combinations and relations, are subservient; and, having quieted her younger child in the cradle, and intimated her intention by a signal to her daughter, she proceeded to take down the family Bible, and to read out, in a soft and subdued, but most devout and impressive voice, the following lines:—

“ I waited for the Lord my God,
And patiently did bear:
At length to me he did incline,
My voice and cry to hear.”

These two solitary worshippers of Him whose eyes are on the just, and whose ear is open to their cry, had proceeded to the beginning of the fourth verse of this psalm, and were actually employed in singing, with an increased and increasing degree of fervor and devotion, the following trustful and consolatory expressions—

“ Oh, blessed is the man whose trust
Upon the Lord relies,”—

when the symphony of another and a well-known voice was felt to be present; and they became at once assured that the beloved object of their solicitude had joined them, unseen and unperceived, in the worship. This was felt by all to be as it ought to have been; nor did the natural and instinctive desire to accommodate the weary and snow-covered traveller with such conveniences and appliances as his present condition manifestly demanded, prevent the psalm-singing from going on, and the service from being finished with all suitable decency. Having thus, in the first instance, rendered thanks unto God, and blessed and magnified that mercy which pervades, and directs, and overrules, every agent in nature, no time was lost in

attending to the secondary objects of inquiry and manifestation; and the kind heart overflowed, whilst the tongue and the hand were busied in "answer meet," and "in accommodation suitable."

In all the wide range of Scotland's muirs* and mountains, straths† and glens,‡ there was not to be found, this evening, a happier family than that over which John Brown, the religious carrier, now presided. The affectionate inquiries and solicitous attentions of his wife, of his partner trusty and tried, not only under the cares and duties of life, but in the faith, in the bonds of the Covenant, and in all that similarity of sentiment and apprehension upon religious subjects, without which no matrimonial union can possibly ensure happiness,—were deeply felt and fully appreciated. They two had sat together in the "Torwood," listening to the free and fearless accents of excommunication, as they rolled in dire and in blasting destiny from the half-inspired lips of the learned and intrepid Mr. Donald Cargil. They had, at the risk of their lives, harbored for a season, and enjoyed the comfortable communion and fellowship of, Mr. Richard Cameron, immediately previous to his death in the unfortunate encounter at "Airmoss." They had followed into and out, through the shire of Ayr, the zealous and eloquent Mr. John King, and that even in spite of the interdict of council, and after that a price had been set upon the preacher's head. Their oldest child had been baptized by a Presbyterian and ejected minister under night, and in the midst of a wreath§ of snow; and the youngest was still awaiting the arrival of an approved servant of God, to receive the same sanctified ordinance. And if, at times, a darker thought passed suddenly across the disk of their

* Moors, land overgrown with heath.

† Valleys through which a river runs.

‡ Glen, a deep valley.

§ Wreath, a drift.

sunny hearts, and if the cause of a poor, persecuted remnant, the interests of a reformed, and suffering, and bleeding church, supervened in cloud upon the general quietude and acquiescence of their souls, this was instantly relieved and dispersed by a deeper, and more sanctified, and more trustful tone of feeling; whilst amidst the twilight beams of prophecy, and the invigorating exercise of faith, the heart was disciplined to hope, and reliance, and assurance. And if at times the halloo, and the yells, and the clatter of persecution, were heard upon the hill-side, or up the glen, where the Covenanters' cave was discovered, and five honest men were butchered under a sunny morning, and in cold blood; and if the voice of Clavers, or of his immediate deputy in the work of bloody oppression, "Red Rob," came occasionally, in the accents of vindictive exclamation, upon the breeze of evening; yet hitherto the humble "COTTAGE IN THE MUIR" had escaped notice, and the tread and tramp of man and horse had passed mercifully, and almost miraculously by. The general current of events closed in upon such occasional sources of agitation and alarm, leaving the house in the muir in possession of all that domestic happiness, and even quietude, which its retirement and its inmates were calculated to ensure and to participate.

Early next morning, the cottage of John Brown was surrounded by a troop of dragoons, with Clavers at their head. John, who had probably a presentiment of what might happen, urged his wife and daughter to remain within doors, insisting that, as the soldiers were, in all likelihood, in search of some other individual, he should soon be able to dismiss them. By this time, the noise occasioned by the trampling and neighing of horses, commingled with the hoarse and husky laugh and vociferations of the dragoons, had brought John, half-dressed and in his night-cap, to the door. Clavers immediately accosted him by name; and, in a manner peculiar to himself,

intended for something betwixt the expression of fun and irony, he proceeded to make inquiries respecting one "Samuel Aitkin, a godly man, and a minister of the word, one outrageously addicted to prayer, and occasionally found with the sword of the flesh in one hand, and that of the Spirit in the other, disseminating sedition, and propagating disloyalty amongst his majesty's lieges." John admitted, at once, that the worthy person referred to was not unknown to him, asserting, however, at the same time, that of his present residence, or place of hiding, he was not free to speak. "No doubt, no doubt," rejoined the questioner; "you, to be sure, know nothing! How should you, all innocence and ignorance as you are! But here is a little chip of the old block, which may probably recollect better, and save us the trouble of blowing out her father's brains, just by way of making him remember a little more accurately." "You, my little farthing rush-light," said "Red Rob,"* alighting from his horse, and seizing the girl rudely, and with prodigious force, by the wrists, "you remember an old man, with a long beard, and a bald head, who was here a few days ago, baptizing your sister, and giving many good advices to father and mother, and who is now within a few miles of this house, just up in a nice snug cave in the glen there, to which you can readily and instantly conduct us, you know?" The girl looked first at her mother, who had now advanced into the door-way, then at her father, and at last drooped her head, and continued to preserve a complete silence. "And so," continued the questioner, "you are dumb; you cannot speak; your tongue is a little obstinate or so; and you must

* "Red Rob," the "Bothwell," probably, of "Old Mortality," was, in fact, the right-hand man of Clavers on all occasions, and has caused himself long to be remembered amidst the peasantry of the west of Scotland, not only by the dragoon's red cloak which he wore, but still more by his hands, crimsoned in the blood of his countrymen.

not tell family secrets. But what think you, my little chick, of speaking with your fingers, of having a pat, and a proper, and a pertinent answer just ready, my love, at your finger ends, as one may say. As the Lord lives, and as my soul lives, but this will make a dainty nosegay" (displaying a thumbkin or finger-screw) "for my sweet little Covenanter; and then" (applying the instrument of torture, meanwhile, and adjusting it to the thumb) "you will have no manner of trouble whatever in recollecting yourself: it will just come to you like the lug of a stoup: * and—don't knit your brows so" (for the pain had become insufferable)—"then we shall have you quite chatty and amusing, I warrant." The mother, who could stand this no longer, rushed upon the brutal executioner, and, with expostulations, threats, and the most impassioned entreaties, endeavored to relax the questioner's twist. "Can *you*, mistress, recollect any thing of this man we are in quest of?" resumed Clavers, haughtily. "It may save us *both* some trouble, and your daughter a continuance and increase of her present suffering, if you will just have the politeness to make us acquainted with what you happen to know upon the subject." The poor woman seemed for an instant to hesitate; and her daughter looked most piteously and distractedly into her countenance, as if expectant and desirous of respite through her mother's compliance. "Woman!" exclaimed the husband, in a tone of indignant surprise, "hast thou so soon forgot thy God? and shall the fear of any thing which man can do induce thee to betray innocent blood?" He said no more; but he had said enough; for from that instant the whole tone of his wife's feelings was changed, and her soul was wound up, as if by the hand of Omnipotence, into resolution and daring. "Bravo!" exclaimed the arch-persecutor, "bravo! old Canticles; thou word'st it well; and so you three pretty innocents have laid your

* Handle of a jug.

holy heads together ; and you have resolved to die, should it so please God and us, with a secret in your breast, and a lie in your mouth, like the rest of your psalm-singing, hypocritical, canting sect, rather than discover guid Mr. Aitkin!—pious Mr. Aitkin!—worthy Mr. Aitkin! But we shall try what light this little telescope of mine will afford upon the subject,” pointing at the same time to a carabine or holster pistol, which hung suspended from the saddle of his horse. “This cold, frosty morning requires that one,” continued Clavers, “should be employed, were it for no other purpose than just to gain heat by the exercise. And so, old Pragmatical, in order that you may not catch cold by so early an exposure to the keen air, we will take the liberty” (hereupon the whole troop gathered round, and presented muskets), “for the benefit of society, and for the honor and safety of the king,—never to speak of the glory of God and the good of souls,—simply and uncereemoniously, and in the neatest and most expeditious manner imaginable, to *blow out your brains*.” John Brown dropped down instantly, and as it were instinctively, upon his knees, whilst his wife stood by in seeming composure; and his daughter had happily become insensible to all external objects and transactions whatever. “What!” exclaimed Clavers; “and so you must pray too, to be sure; and we shall have a last speech and a dying testimony lifted up in the presence of peat stacks, and clay walls, and snow wreaths; but as these are pretty stanch and confirmed loyalists, I do not care though we intrust you with five minutes of devotional exercise, provided you steer clear of king, council, and Richard Cameron. So proceed, good John, but be short and pithy. My lambs are not accustomed to long prayers, nor will they readily soften under the pathetic whining of your devotions.” But in this last surmise Clavers was for once mistaken; for the prayer of this poor and uneducated man ascended, that morning, in expressions at once so earnest, so devout, and

so overpoweringly pathetic, that deep silence succeeded at last to oaths and ribaldry; and as the following concluding sentences were pronounced, there were evident marks of better and relenting feelings. "And now, guid Lord," continued this death-doomed and truly Christian sufferer, "since thou hast nae mair use for thy servant in this world, and since it is thy good and rightful pleasure that I should serve thee better and love thee more elsewhere, I leave this puir widow woman, with the helpless and fatherless children, upon thy hands. We have been happy in each other here; and now that we are to part for a while, we maun* e'en look forward to a more perfect and enduring happiness hereafter. And as for the puir blindfolded and infatuated creatures, the present ministers of thy will, Lord, reclaim them from the error and the evil of their courses ere it be too late; and may they who have sat in judgment and in oppression in this lonely place, and on this blessed morning, and upon a puir, weak, defenceless fellow-creature, find that mercy at last from thee which they have this day refused to thy unworthy but faithful servant. — Now, Isbel," continued this defenceless and amiable martyr, "the time is come at last, of which, you know, I told you on that day, when first I proposed to unite hand and heart with yours; and are you willing, for the love of God and his rightful authority, to part with me thus?" To which the poor woman replied, with perfect composure, "The Lord gave, and he taketh away. I have had a sweet loan of you, my dear John; and I can part with you for his sake, as freely as ever I parted with a mouthful of meat to the hungry, or a night's lodging to the weary and benighted traveller." So saying, she approached her still kneeling and blindfolded husband, clasped him round the neck, kissed and embraced him closely, and then, lifting up her person into an attitude of

* Must.

determined endurance, and eyeing from head to foot every soldier who stood with his carabine levelled, she retired slowly and firmly to the spot which she had formerly occupied. "Come, come; let's have no more of this whining work," interrupted Clavers, suddenly. "Soldiers, do your duty." But the words fell upon a circle of statues; and, though they all stood with their muskets presented, there was not a finger which had power to draw the fatal trigger. There ensued an awful pause, through which a "God Almighty bless your tender hearts!" was heard coming from the lips of the *now* agitated and almost distracted wife. But Clavers was not in the habit of giving his orders twice, or of expostulating with disobedience. So, extracting a pistol from the holster of his saddle, he primed and cocked it, and then, walking firmly and slowly up through the circle close to the ear of his victim,

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There was a momentary murmur of discontent and of disapprobation amongst the men, as they looked upon the change which a single awful instant had effected; and even "Red Rob," though a Covenanting slug still stuck smartingly in his shoulder, had the hardihood to mutter, loud enough to be heard, "This is too bad!" The widow of John Brown gave one, and but one, shriek of horror as the fatal engine exploded; and then, addressing herself leisurely, as if to the discharge of some ordinary domestic duty, she began to unfold a napkin from her neck. "What think ye, good woman, of your bonny man now?" vociferated Clavers, returning, at the same time, the pistol, with a plunge, into the holster from which it had been extracted. "I had always good reason," replied the woman, firmly and deliberately, "to think weel of him; and I think mair o' him now than ever. But how will Graham of Claverhouse account to God and man for this morning's work?" continued the respondent, firmly. "To man," answered the ruffian, "I can be answerable;

and as to God, I will take him in my own hands." He then marched off, and left her with the corpse. She spread the napkin leisurely upon the snow, gathered up the scattered fragments of her husband's head, covered his body with a plaid, and, sitting down with her youngest and yet unbaptized infant, wept bitterly.

The cottage, and the kail-yard, and the peat-stack, and the whole little establishment of John Brown, the religious carrier, have long disappeared from the heath and the muir; but the little spot, within one of the windings of the burn, where the "House in the Muir" stood, is still green, amidst surrounding heath; and in the very centre of that spot, there lies a slab, or flat stone, now almost covered over with grass, upon which, with a little clearing away of the moss from the faded characters, the following rude, but expressive lines may still be read:—

"Clavers might murder godly Brown,
But could not rob him of his crown;
Here in this place from earth he took departure;
Now he has got the garland of the martyr."

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

LITTLE RACHEL.

IN one of the wild nooks of heath land, which are set so prettily amidst our richly-timbered valleys, stands the cottage of Robert Ford, an industrious and substantial blacksmith. There is a striking appearance of dingy comfort about the whole demesne, forming, as it does, a sort of detached and isolated territory in the midst of the unenclosed common by which it is surrounded. The ample garden, whose thick, dusty, quickset hedge runs along the high road; the snug cottage, whose gable end abuts on

the causeway ; the neat court, which parts the house from the long, low-browed shop and forge ; and the stable, cartshed, and piggeries, behind,—have all an air of rustic opulence : even the clear, irregular pond, that adjoins, half-covered with ducks and geese, and the old pollard oak, with a milestone leaning against it, that overhangs the dwelling, seem in accordance with its consequence and character, and give finish and harmony to the picture.

The inhabitants were, also, in excellent keeping. Robert Ford, a stout, hearty, middle-aged man, sooty and grim as a collier, paced backward and forward between the house and the forge with the step of a man of substance—his very leather apron had an air of importance : his wife, Dinah, a merry, comely woman, sat at the open door, in an amplitude of cap, and gown, and handkerchief, darning an eternal worsted stocking, and hailed the passers-by with the cheerful freedom of one well to do in the world ; and their three sons, well-grown lads, from sixteen to twenty, were the pride of the village for industry and good humor—to say nothing of their hereditary love of cricket. On a Sunday, when they had on their best clothes, and cleanest faces, they were the handsomest youths in the parish. Robert Ford was proud of his boys, as well he might be, and Dinah was still prouder.

Altogether, it was a happy family, and a pretty scene ; especially of an evening, when the forge was at work, and when the bright firelight shone through the large, unglazed window, illumining, with its strange, red, unearthly light, the group that stood round the anvil ; showers of sparks flying from the heated iron, and the loud strokes of the sledge-hammer resounding over all the talking and laughing of the workmen, reinforced by three or four idlers, who were lounging about the shop. It formed a picture, which, in a summer evening, we could seldom pass without stopping to contemplate : beside, I had a roadside acquaintance with Mrs. Ford, had taken shelter in her cottage

from thunder-storms and snow-storms, and, even by daylight, could not walk by without a friendly "How d'ye do?"

Late in last autumn, we observed an addition to the family, in the person of a pretty, little, shy lass, of some eight years old, a fair, slim, small-boned child, with delicate features, large blue eyes, a soft color, light, shining hair, and a remarkable neatness in her whole appearance. She seemed constantly busy, either sitting on a low stool by Dinah's side, at needle-work, or gliding about the kitchen, engaged in some household employment; for the wide-open door generally favored the passengers with a full view of the interior, from the fully-stored bacon-rack to the nicely-swept hearth; and the little girl, if she perceived herself to be looked at, would slip behind the clock-case, or creep under the dresser, to avoid notice. Mrs. Ford, when questioned as to her new inmate, said that she was her husband's niece, the daughter of a younger brother, who had worked somewhere London-way, and had died lately, leaving a widow, with eleven children, in distressed circumstances. She added, that, having no girl of their own, they had taken little Rachel for good and all, and vaunted much of her handiness, her sempstressship, and her scholarship; how she could read a chapter with the parish clerk, or make a shirt with the schoolmistress. Hereupon she called her to display her work,—which was indeed extraordinary for so young a needle-woman,—and would fain have had her exhibit her other accomplishment of reading; but the poor little maid hung down her head, and blushed up to her white temples, and almost cried, and, though too frightened to run away, shrank back, till she was fairly hidden behind her portly aunt; so that that performance was perforce pretermitted. Mrs. Ford was rather scandalized at this shyness, and expostulated, coaxed, and scolded, after the customary fashion on such occasions. "Shame-facedness was," she said, "Rachel's only fault; and she believed the child could not

help it. Her uncle and cousins were as fond of her as fond could be; but she was afraid of them all, and had never entered the shop since there she had been. Rachel," she added, "was singular in all her ways, and never spent a farthing on apples or gingerbread, though she had a bran new sixpence, which her uncle had given her for hemming his cravats: she believed that she was saving it to send home."

A month passed away, during which time, from the mere habit of seeing us frequently, Rachel became so far tamed as to behold me and my usual walking companion without much dismay; would drop her little courtesy without coloring so very deeply, and was even won to accept a bunn from that dear companion's pocket, and to answer yes or no to his questions.

At the end of that period, as we were returning home, in the twilight, from a round of morning visits, we perceived a sort of confusion in the forge, and heard loud sounds of scolding from within the shop, mixed with bitter lamentations from without. On a nearer approach, we discovered that the object in distress was an old acquaintance, a young Italian boy, such a wanderer from the Lake of Como as he whom Wordsworth has addressed so beautifully:—

——"Or on thy head to poise a show
Of plaster craft in seemly row;
The graceful form of milk-white steed,
Or bird that soared with Ganymede;
Or through our hamlets thou wilt bear
The sightless Milton, with his hair
Around his placid temples curled;
And Shakspeare at his side—a freight,
If clay could think, and mind were weight,
For him who bore the world!"

He passed us almost every day, carrying his tray full of images into every quarter of the village. We had often



"The cause of his grief was visible."—Page 145.

wondered how he could find vent for his commodities; but our farmers' wives patronize that branch of art; and Stefano, with his light, firm step, his upright carriage, his dancing eyes, and his broken English, was a universal favorite.

At present, the poor boy's keen Italian features, and bright, dark eyes, were disfigured by crying; and his loud wailings, and southern gesticulations, bore witness to the extremity of his distress. The cause of his grief was visible in the half-empty tray that rested on the window of the forge, and the green parrot which lay in fragments on the footpath. The wrath of Robert Ford required some further explanation, which the presence of his worship instantly brought forth, although the enraged blacksmith was almost too angry to speak intelligibly.

It appeared that his youngest, and favorite son, William, had been chaffering with Stefano for this identical green parrot, to present to Rachel, when a mischievous lad, running along the road, had knocked it from the window-sill, and reduced it to the state which we saw. So far was mere misfortune; and, undoubtedly, if left to himself, our good neighbor would have indemnified the little merchant; but poor Stefano, startled at the suddenness of the accident, trembling at the anger of the severe master on whose account he travelled the country, and probably, in the darkness, really mistaking the offender, unluckily accused William Ford of the overthrow; which accusation, although the assertion was instantly and humbly retracted on William's denial, so aroused the English blood of the father, a complete John Bull, that he was raving, till black in the face, against cheats and foreigners, and threatening the young Italian with whipping, and the treadmill, and justices, and stocks, when we made our appearance; and the storm, having nearly exhausted its fury, gradually abated.

By this time, however, the clamor had attracted a little crowd of lookers-on from the house and the road—amongst

the rest, Mrs Ford, and, peeping behind ner aunt, little Rachel. Stefano continued to exclaim, in his imperfect accent, "He will beat me!" and to sob, and crouch, and shiver, as if actually suffering under the impending chastisement. It was impossible not to sympathize with such a reality of distress, although we felt that an English boy, similarly situated, would have been too stout-hearted not to restrain its expression. "Sixpence!" and "My master will beat me!" intermixed with fresh bursts of crying, were all his answers to the various inquiries as to the amount of his loss, with which he was assailed; and young William Ford, "a lad of grace," was approaching his hand to his pocket, and my dear companion had just drawn forth his purse, when the good intentions of the one were arrested by the stern commands of his father, and the other was stopped by the reappearance of Rachel, who had run back to the house, and now darted through the group, holding out her own new sixpence, her hoarded sixpence, and put it into Stefano's hand!

It may be imagined that the dear child was no loser by her generosity: she was loaded with caresses by every one, which, too much excited to feel her bashfulness, she not only endured, but returned. Her uncle, thus rebuked by an infant, was touched almost to tears. He folded her in his arms, kissed her and blessed her; gave Stefano half a crown for the precious sixpence, and swore to keep it as a relic and a lesson as long as he lived.

MISS MITFORD.

EBONY AND TOPAZ;—A TALE BY VOLTAIRE.

EVERY body who lives in the province of Candahar knows the story of young Rustan. He was the only son of a mirzah of that country. *Mirzah* means the same

thing as *marquis* among the French, or *baron* among the Germans. Rustan's father, the mirzah in question, was pretty well off in the world. It was contemplated to marry young Rustan to a young lady, a mirzahess, of the same rank. Both the families wanted to bring about the match bitterly. He was to become the comfort of his relations, to make his dear wife happy, and to be happy along with her.

But, as ill luck would have it, he had seen the Princess of Cachemire at the fair of Cabul, which is the largest fair in the world, and more crowded, by all odds, than either that of Bassora or of Astracan; and this was the reason why the old Prince of Cachemire came to this fair with his daughter.

Now, he had lost the two most precious things in his treasury. The one was a diamond, as big as your thumb, on which his daughter's likeness was engraved, by an art which those Indians had in those days, and which has been lost since. The other was a dart, which went, of its own accord, wherever you wanted it to go—a thing no ways strange among us, though it was thought to be queer among the people at Cachemire.

One of his highness's faquirs stole these two jewels, and carried them to the princess. "Keep," said he, "these two articles very carefully. Your fate depends on them." Then he went his ways, and was never seen any more. The Duke of Cachemire, in despair, determined to go to the fair of Cabul, and to see whether, among all the merchants who came there from the four corners of the world, he could not find some one who had his trinket and his weapon. He carried his daughter with him in all his travels. She kept her diamond snugly shut up in her *corsage*. As for the dart, which she could not so well hide, she had carefully locked it up at Cachemire, in a big Chinese box.

It was, then, at Cabul, that she and Rustan met, and

fell to loving one another, with all the simplicity natural to their time of life, and all the tenderness natural to the climate of their birth. As a pledge of her regard, the princess gave him her diamond; and Rustan promised to come and see her, privately, at Cachemire.

The young mirzah had two favorite servants, who acted as his secretaries, squires, major-domos, and valet de chambres. One was named TOPAZ. He was a good-looking, well-made fellow, white as a Circassian, amiable and supple as an Armenian, and, withal, as wise as a Guebre.* The other's name was EBONY. He was a negro; handsome enough, too, and more active and busy than Topaz; and nothing troubled *his* conscience. To these gentlemen Rustan communicated his plan of travelling to Cachemire after the princess. Topaz tried to divert him from his purpose, with the discreet zeal of a servant who does not want to offend his master. He told him all the risks he would have to encounter. He would leave, alas! two interesting families in despair. He would plunge a dagger into the hearts of his parents. He staggered Rustan; but Ebony reassured him, and removed all his scruples.

The young gentleman wanted cash for such a long journey. The wise Topaz would not have found any to lend him. Ebony made the arrangements. He dexterously abstracted his master's diamond, had another made that looked just like it, which he put in its place, and pawned the true one to an Armenian for some thousands of roupees.

So soon as the marquis got his roupees, all was ready for starting. They clapped his baggage on an elephant, and himself they mounted on a horse. Topaz then said to his master, "I have taken the liberty of remonstrating with you on your undertaking; but, having entered my

* The Guebres are a sect of Persians who worship fire.

protest, I shall do my duty. I am yours to command. I love you truly, and I will follow you to the world's end. But, as we go along on the road, let us consult the oracle, which is only two parasangs off." * Rustan consented. The oracle answered, "*If you go to the east, you will be towards the west.*" Rustan did not know what to make out of this answer. Topaz maintained that it boded no good. The eternally complaisant Ebony persuaded his master that it was very favorable indeed.

There happened to be another oracle at Cabul; so they went there also. The oracle of Cabul replied, "*If thou dost possess, thou shalt not possess; if thou art conqueror, thou shalt not conquer; if thou art Rustan, thou shalt not be such.*" This oracle seemed more unintelligible than the other. "Take care of yourself," cried Topaz. "Don't be alarmed," said Ebony. And this last officer, as you may suppose, always had his master's ear, as long as he encouraged his passion and flattered his hopes.

When they left Cabul, they travelled through a great forest. Here they sat down on the grass to eat, and let their cattle feed. They were about unloading the elephant, who carried their victuals and dining equipage, when it was observed that Messrs. Topaz and Ebony had disappeared from the little caravan. The servants looked after them in every direction, and filled the woods with their halloos, but came back without seeing any thing of them, or getting an answer. "We have only met," said they to Rustan, "with an eagle fighting with a vulture, and pulling out all his feathers." The mention of this duel excited Rustan's curiosity. He went on foot to the spot. He saw no vulture, and no eagle; but he saw his own elephant, all loaded with his own baggage, getting attacked by a great big rhinoceros. One beast butted

* Parasang, a Persian measure, equal to four or five English miles.

with his horns, the other thwacked with his proboscis. The rhinoceros *cleared out* when he saw Rustan. His elephant was brought to him; but they saw no more of the horses. "Strange things happen in forests when one is travelling," observed Rustan. The servants were thrown into consternation; and their master was dreadfully sorry to lose, at once, his horses, his dear negro, and his wise Topaz, for whom he always had a sneaking regard, though he never followed his advice.

Meanwhile, he was consoled by the thought, that he should soon be at the feet of the beautiful Princess of Cachemire; whereupon he met a great streaked ass, which a terrible strong peasant was belaboring, with most unmerciful bangs, with a club. There are no animals more beautiful, rare, and gracefully swift, than that kind of asses. This one responded to the shower of licks bestowed on him by the scoundrel peasant, with such kicks as would have upset an oak with its roots. The young mirzah, as was correct, took the ass's part; and a charming creature it was. The rustic, thereupon, took to his legs, saying to the ass, "Ill fix you one of these days." The ass thanked his deliverer, after his fashion, drew nigh him, suffered himself to be caressed, and caressed Rustan in return. After he had had his dinner, Rustan mounted on this ass, and set forth for Cachemire with his suite, some of whom followed afoot, and others on the elephant.

But he had scarcely got astride on the ass, when the beautiful animal turned towards Cabul, instead of taking the road to Cachemire. The rider sawed, and jerked, and squeezed with his knees, and pricked with his spurs, gave his charger the reins, and then pulled him in, and flogged him on both sides; but it was of no use: the obstinate beast would go to Cabul.

Rustan got into a sweat, and worry, and a passion, when a camel merchant met him, and said, "Mister,

that's an ugly ass of yours, that *will* carry you where you don't want to go. If you'll give him to me, you may pick out four of my camels." Rustan thanked Providence for such a good bargain. "Topaz was very wrong," said he, "to be telling me that my journey would prove unfortunate." He got on the prettiest camel, the other three following, rejoined his caravan, and found himself on the high road to his happiness.

He had advanced scarcely four parasangs, when he was stopped by a deep, full, impetuous torrent, rolling over rocks whitened by its foam. Two frightful precipices rose on either side, confounding his vision, and freezing his courage. There was no way of getting over, nor of turning to the right or left. "I begin to fear," said Rustan, "that Topaz was right in dissuading me from my journey, and that I was a great fool for undertaking it. If *he* was here now, he might give me some good advice. If Ebony was here, he might console me, and find out ways and means; but, as it is, I am left to shift for myself."

His embarrassment was increased by the terrors of his party. The night was black, and they spent it in lamentations. At length, fatigue and exhaustion made our amorous traveller fall asleep. He woke up just at day-break, and beheld a beautiful marble bridge thrown over the torrent, from one shore to the other.

Then there were quick exclamations and shouts of astonishment and of joy. "Is it possible? Is it a dream? What a prodigy! What enchantment! May we venture to step on it?" All the party threw themselves on their knees, got up again, went to the bridge, kissed the earth, looked up to heaven, stretched out their hands, put out their feet as if treading on eggs, went forward, returned, and got into ecstasies; and Rustan said, "For this once, Heaven assists me. Topaz did not know what he was talking about. The oracles were in my favor. Ebony was right; but why is he not here?"

Scarcely had they crossed the torrent, when, behold! the bridge tumbled into the water with a frightful noise. "So much the better! so much the better!" cried Rustan. "God be praised! Heaven be blest! It is not its will that I should ever go back to my country, where I should always have been a simple gentleman. It is destined that I should espouse her whom I love. I shall be the Prince of Cachemire, so that, by *possessing* my mistress, I shall *not possess* my little Candahar marquisate. *I shall be* Rustan, and *I shall not be*, because, forsooth, I shall become a great prince. Here is the greatest part of the oracle neatly explained in my favor; and the rest will be explained in the same way. I am too happy; but why is not Ebony here by my side? I miss him a thousand times more than Topaz."

With a joyful heart, he went on for several parasangs; but, at the close of day, a circling rampart of mountains, steep as a counterscarp, and higher than the tower of Babel would have been, had it ever been finished, barred the progress of the caravan, who were seized with trepidation.

Every one cried out, "It is the will of Heaven that we should perish here. The bridge was destroyed only to take away all hopes of our returning: the mountain has been raised to deprive us of all means of advancing. Oh, Rustan! unhappy marquis! We shall never see Cachemire. We shall never return to Candahar."

The most pungent grief, the most profound depression of spirits, succeeded in Rustan's soul, to the immoderate joy he had felt, to the inebriation of hope in which he had indulged. He was now far from interpreting the prophecies favorable to himself. "O Heaven! must I then lose my friend Topaz?"

As he pronounced these words, heaving heavy sighs and weeping abundantly, amidst his despairing followers, lo and behold! the base of the mountain opened, and there

was seen a long vaulted gallery, illuminated with a hundred thousand torches, dazzling their eyes; and Rustan began to shout, and his people to throw themselves on their knees, and to tumble backwards from astonishment, and to cry out, "A miracle!" and to exclaim, "Rustan is the favorite of Vishnou; the well-beloved of Brahma: he will be the master of the world!"—all which Rustan believed, and was beside himself, saying, "Ah, Ebony, my dear Ebony, where are you? Why cannot you behold all these wonders? Why have I lost you? Sweet Princess of Cachemire, when shall I see your beauty again?"

So he travelled on, with his servants, his elephant, and camels, under the vaulted arch in the mountain, at the extremity of which he entered a plain, enamelled with flowers and bordered by rivulets; and at the end of the field there were alleys of trees, gazing down which the sight was lost; and at the end of these alleys was a river, along which there were a thousand pleasure-houses with delicious gardens; every where were heard concerts of voices and instruments, and dancing was seen going on. Rustan made haste to cross one of the bridges thrown over the river. He asked the first man whom he met, "What beautiful country is this?"

The person addressed replied, "You are in the province of Cachemire. You see the inhabitants enjoying and sporting themselves. We are celebrating the nuptials of our beautiful princess, who is going to be married to Lord *Barbabou*, to whom her papa has promised her. May their happiness endure forever!" At these words, Rustan fell down in a swoon; and the Cachemirian gentleman supposed he was subject to epilepsy. He had him taken to his house, where he remained some time, without coming to his senses. They brought the two most skilful doctors of the province, who felt the sick man's pulse; and, when he came partially to himself, he sobbed, and rolled about his eyes, and cried out at intervals, "Topaz! Topaz! you were right, after all."

One of the doctors observed to the Cachemirian gentleman, "I see, by his accent, that he is a young man from Candahar, with whom the air of this country does not agree. We must send him back again to his home. I see by his eyes that he is crazy. Leave him to me, and I will take him to his own country, and cure him." The other doctor insisted that he was only sick with grief; that he must go to the wedding of the princess, and be made to dance. While they were in consultation, the patient recovered his strength; the two doctors were discharged, and Rustan remained in company with his host alone.

"My lord," said he to him, "I beg your pardon for fainting away in your presence, which I know is not at all polite. I pray you, of your courtesy, to accept my elephant, as a mark of my gratitude for the kindness you have shown me." Then he related to him all his adventures, carefully avoiding, however, to speak of the object of his journey. "But," said he, "in the name of Vishnou and Brahma, tell me who is this lucky *Barbabou*, that is to marry the Princess of Cachemire, and why her father has chosen him for his son-in-law, and why the princess has accepted him for her spouse?"

"My lord," said the Cachemirian to him, "the princess has *not* accepted *Barbabou*, at all. On the contrary, she is in tears, while the whole province joyously celebrates her nuptials. She is shut up in a tower of her palace, and will not witness any of the rejoicings going on upon her account." Rustan, on hearing these words, felt his spirits revive. The brilliant colors, which grief had caused to fade, reappeared on his countenance. "Tell me, I pray you," he added, "why the Prince of Cachemire is obstinately bent on giving his daughter to a *Barbabou*, when she don't want to have him."

"The case is this," replied the Cachemirian. "Do you know that our august prince lost a diamond and a dart, on which he set great store?" "O yes, I know

that very well," said Rustan. "Well, then," said the host, "our prince, in despair at getting no news of his jewels, after hunting for them a great while all over the world, promised his daughter to whoever would bring him either of them. A Lord *Barbabou* came along, who had the diamond; and, on the strength of it, he will marry the princess to-morrow."

Rustan grew pale, stammered out a parting compliment, took leave of his host, and scoured off, on his dromedary, to the capital city, where the ceremony was to be performed. He arrived at the prince's palace, stated that he had matters of importance to communicate, and demanded an audience. He was answered, that the prince was engaged in preparing for the nuptials. "That's the very reason," said he, "why I want to talk to him." His importunity was such, that he was introduced. "Sire," said he, "may Heaven crown your days with glory and magnificence. Your son-in-law is a rascal."

"How? a rascal! What is it you dare to say? Is that the way to talk to a Duke of Cachemire about the son-in-law he has chosen?" "Yes, he *is* a rascal," replied Rustan; "and, to prove it to your highness, here is your diamond, which I have brought you."

The duke, in utter consternation, compared the two diamonds, and, as he had little or no knowledge of such matters, could not tell which was genuine. "Here be two diamonds," said he, "and I have only one daughter. See, now, what a strange quandary I am in!" He caused *Barbabou* to be sent for, and asked him if he had not taken him in. *Barbabou* swore he had bought the diamond from an Armenian. Rustan did not tell how he came by *his*, but suggested an expedient, which was, that, with his highness's approbation, he would forthwith engage with his rival in single combat. "It is not enough," said he, "that your son-in-law gives you a diamond. He must also give proofs of his courage. Do you not think it proper, that whoever kills the other shall marry the

princess?" "Very proper indeed," answered the prince. "It will be a superb spectacle for my court. Fight one another directly. The conqueror shall have the arms of the vanquished, according to the custom of Cachemire; and he shall marry my daughter."

The two suitors descended directly into the court. A magpie and crow were sitting on the stairs. The crow cried, "Fight away, fight away;" the magpie, "Don't fight." This made his highness laugh. The two rivals scarce regarded it, and commenced the conflict, all the courtiers making a ring round them. The princess, keeping herself still shut up in her tower, would not attend the exhibition. She had not the least suspicion that her lover was at Cachemire, and had such a horror of *Barbabou*, that she would not see him. The combat was despatched with great expedition. *Barbabou* was killed in short order; and the people were delighted, because he was ugly, and Rustan was very handsome. This is what almost always wins the favor of the public.

The conqueror put on the coat of mail, scarf, and helmet of the vanquished, and marched, followed by all the court, with a flourish of trumpets, to present himself under the window of his mistress. All the people cried out, "Beautiful princess, come and see your beautiful husband, who has killed his rascally rival!" Her women repeated these words. The princess, unluckily, put her head in the window, and, seeing the armor of the man she detested, ran, in despair, to her Chinese cabinet, and drew forth the fatal dart, which flew to transfix her dear Rustan, in spite of his cuirass. He uttered a piercing cry; and in that cry the princess thought she recognized the voice of her unhappy lover.

She came down, all dishevelled, with death in her eyes and in her heart. Rustan had already fallen, covered with blood, into the arms of her father. She saw him. Oh, what a moment! Oh, what a sight! Oh, what a recognition, whose grief, and tenderness, and horror, none

can describe ! She threw herself upon him, and embraced him. "Receive," she cried, "the first and last kisses of thy lover and thy murderess !" She plucked the dart from the wound, plunged it into her own bosom, and died upon the lover she adored. Her father, terrified, confounded, almost as dead as herself, strove in vain to recall her to life. She was no more. He cursed the fatal dart, broke it into pieces, threw far from him the two fatal jewels, and, while they were making preparations for his daughter's funeral, instead of her marriage, directed them to carry into the palace the bleeding Rustan, who yet showed symptoms of life.

They put him to bed. On that death-bed, the first thing he saw, standing on each side, was Topaz and Ebony. His surprise brought back a little strength. "Ah, cruel men," said he, "why did you forsake me? Perhaps the princess would be yet living, if you had been near the unhappy Rustan." "I never deserted you for a single moment," said Topaz. "I have always been near you," said Ebony.

"Oh ! what is it you say ? Why thus mock me in my last moments ?" said Rustan, with a languid voice. "You may believe me," said Topaz. "You know I never approved of this fatal journey, the horrible fruits of which I foresaw. I was the eagle who fought with the vulture, and plucked out his feathers. I was the elephant who carried the baggage, in order to force you to return to your own country. I was the streaked ass, who was bearing you home to your father, in spite of yourself. It was I who sent your horses astray. I made the torrent, which stopped your passage ; I raised the mountain, which shut you out from your fatal route. I was the doctor, who prescribed your native air. I was the magpie, who cried out to you not to fight."

"And I," said Ebony, "I was the vulture whom the eagle plucked ; the rhinoceros, who gave the elephant a

hundred blows with his horns; the peasant, who flogged the streaked ass; the merchant, who gave you the camels to proceed with to your destruction. I built the bridge, over which you crossed. I dug out the cavern, through which you passed. I was the doctor, who advised your proceeding; the crow, who cried out to you to fight."

"Alas! remember the oracles," said Topaz. "*If you go to the east, you will be toward the west.*" "Yes," said Ebony, "they bury the dead here, with their faces turned toward the west. The oracle was clear enough. How came you not to understand it? *You were possessed, and did not possess*; for you had the diamond, but it was a false one; and you knew nothing about it. You are conqueror, and you are dying. You are Rustan, and you are ceasing to be so. All has been accomplished."

While he thus spoke, four white wings covered the body of Topaz, and four black wings that of Ebony. "What do I behold?" cried Rustan. Topaz and Ebony replied together, "Thou seest thy two genii." "Oh, gentlemen," said the unlucky Rustan to them, "why did you meddle with this business? Why two genii for one poor man?" "That's the law," said Topaz: "every body has his two genii. Plato said so first, and others have repeated it after him. Thou seest nothing is more true. I, who speak to thee, am thy good genius; and it was my business to watch over thee, to the last moment of thy life—a trust which I have conscientiously discharged."

"But," said the dying man, "if it was thy duty to wait on me, I am then of an order far superior to thine; and, that being the case, how darest thou tell me that thou art my good genius, when thou hast suffered me to be foiled in all my undertakings, and thou now sufferest me and my mistress to die miserably?" "Alas! it was thy destiny," said Topaz. "What, then, is a genius good for? And thou, Ebony, with thy four black wings, thou art, it seems, my evil genius?" "You have said it," answered

Ebony. "But wast thou also the evil genius of my princess?" "No; she had her own. I have helped him regularly." "Oh! cursed Ebony! since thou art so wicked, thou dost not belong to the same master with Topaz. You were severally formed by different principles, one of which is good, and the other evil, in its nature." "That does not follow of course," said Ebony; "but it is a very difficult point." "It is not possible," said the sufferer, "that a benevolent being should create so baleful a genius." "Possible or not possible," said Ebony, "the fact is as I tell thee." "Alas!" said Topaz, "my poor friend, dost thou not see that this knave has yet the malice to make thee get into an argument, to heat thy blood, and hasten the hour of thy death?" "Be-gone! I am scarcely better pleased with thee than with him," said the sorrowful Rustan. "He, at least, avows that he meant to do me mischief; and thou, who pretendest to be my guardian, thou hast been to me of no sort of service." "I am very sorry for it," said the good genius. "So am I," said the moribund man. "There is something about this that I don't understand." "Nor I either," said the poor good genius. "I shall find it out soon," said Rustan. "That is as it may be," said Topaz. Then the whole scene vanished. Rustan found himself in his father's house, whence he had never departed, and in his own bed, where he had been asleep for an hour.

He awoke with a start, perspiring all over, and quite bewildered. He handled himself, called, cried out, and rung for his valet. Topaz ran to him in his nightcap, yawning woundily. "Am I dead? Am I in the land of the living?" cried Rustan. "The beautiful Princess of Cachemire, will she recover?" "Is my lord dreaming?" coolly asked Topaz. "Ah!" said Rustan, "what has become, then, of that barbarous Ebony, with his four black wings? It was he who made me die by a death so cruel." "My lord, I left him snoring up aloft. Shall he

be told to come down ?” “The scoundrel ! it is now six months that he has been persecuting me. It was he who took me to that fatal fair at Cabul. It was he who jockeyed me out of the diamond which the princess gave me. He was the only cause of my journey, of the death of my princess, and of the wound with the dart, by which I am dying in the flower of my youth.”

“Console yourself,” said Topaz ; “you have never been to Cabul. There is no Princess of Cachemire. The prince has only two sons, who are now at college. You never had any diamond. The princess can’t be dead, because she never was born ; and you are in charming good health.”

“How ? Is it not true that you attended my death-bed in the palace of the Prince of Cachemire ? Did you not confess, that, to protect me from so many evils, you had been an eagle, elephant, streaked ass, doctor, and magpie ?” “My lord, you have dreamed all that. Our ideas are no more under our own control when asleep than when awake. It has pleased Heaven that this train of ideas should pass through your head, in order, it should seem, to give you a lesson which may be profitable.”

“Thou art jesting with me,” quoth Rustan. “How long have I been asleep ?” “My lord, you have not been asleep more than one hour.” “Why, you most abominable of logicians, how do you suppose that in an hour’s time I should have been at the fair at Cabul six months ago, have gotten back, made a journey to Cachemire, and all three of us be dead, Barbabou, the princess, and I ?” “My lord, there is nothing more easy and common ; and you might actually have made the tour of the world, and had many more adventures, in much less time. Is it not true that you can read in one hour the abridgment of the Persian history, written by Zoroaster ? Yet that abridgment comprises eight hundred thousand years. All the events it records pass before your eyes, one after the other,

in one hour. Now, you will grant me, that it is as easy for Brahma to compress them all within the compass of an hour, as to extend them over a period of eight hundred thousand years. It is an instance exactly in point. Imagine to yourself that time revolves on a wheel, whose diameter is infinite. Within this immense wheel are an innumerable multitude of wheels, one within another. That which is central is imperceptible, and makes an infinite number of revolutions, precisely in the same time that the great wheel performs one. It is obvious, that all events, from the creation of the world to its end, might happen, successively, in less time than the hundred thousandth part of a second. And we may even say that such is the fact."

"I don't understand a word of that," said Rustan.

"If you please," said Topaz, "I have a parrot, who will make you comprehend it very easily. He was born some time before the deluge, was in the ark, and has seen a great deal. For all that, he is only a year and a half old. He will tell you his story, which is very interesting."

"Go, instantly, and find your parrot," said Rustan: "he will amuse me till I can fall asleep again."

"He is with my sister, the nun," said Topaz. "I will go and find him. You will be pleased with him. His memory is faithful. He tells his story with simplicity, without trying to show his wit all the while, and without making fine sentences."

"All the better," said Rustan; "that is just the way in which I like to hear stories." The parrot was brought, who spoke to him as follows:——

[N. B. Miss Catherine Vade was never able to find the parrot's story in the portfolio of her cousin, Anthony Vade, author of this tale. It is a great pity, considering how long that parrot had lived.]

THE THREE ADVICES.

THERE once came, what of late happened so often in Ireland, a hard year. When the crops failed, there was beggary and misfortune from one end of the island to the other. At that time, a great many poor people had to quit the country, from want of employment, and through the high price of provisions. Among others, John Carson was under the necessity of going over to England, to try if he could get work, and of leaving his wife and family behind him, begging for a bite and a sup up and down, and trusting to the charity of good Christians.

John was a smart young fellow, handy at any work, from the hay-field to the stable, and willing to earn the bread he ate; and he was soon engaged by a gentleman. The English are mighty strict upon Irish servants: he was to have twelve guineas a year wages; but the money was not to be paid until the end of the year, and he was to forfeit the entire twelve guineas in the lump, if he misconducted himself, in any way, within the twelve months. John Carson was, to be sure, upon his best behavior, and conducted himself, in every particular, so well, for the whole time, there was no faulting him late or early; and the wages were fairly his.

The term of his agreement being expired, he determined on returning home, notwithstanding his master, who had a great regard for him, pressed him to remain, and asked him if he had any reason to be dissatisfied with his treatment.

“No reason in life, sir,” said John: “you’ve been a good master and a kind master to me: the Lord spare you over your family: but I left a wife with two small children of my own at home, after me in Ireland; and

your honor would never wish to keep me from them entirely—the wife and the children!”

“Well, John,” said the gentleman, “you have earned your twelve guineas; and you have been, in every respect, so good a servant, that, if you agree, I intend giving you what is worth the twelve guineas ten times over, in place of your wages. But you shall have your choice: will you take what I offer, on my word?”

John saw no reason to think that his master was jesting with him, or was insincere in making the offer, and, therefore, after slight consideration, told him that he agreed to take, as his wages, whatever he would advise, whether it was the twelve guineas or not.

“Then listen attentively to my words,” said the gentleman.

“First, I would teach you this—‘Never to take a by-road, when you have the high-way.’

“Secondly, ‘Take heed not to lodge in the house where an old man is married to a young woman.’

“And thirdly, ‘Remember that honesty is the best policy.’

“These are the three advices I would pay you with; and they are, in value, far beyond any gold: however, here is a guinea for your travelling charges, and two cakes, one of which you must give to your wife, and the other you must not eat yourself until you have done so; and I charge you to be careful of them.”

It was not without some reluctance on the part of John Carson, that he was brought to accept mere words for wages, or could be persuaded that they were more precious than golden guineas. His faith in his master was, however, so strong, that he at length became satisfied.

John set out for Ireland the next morning early; but he had not proceeded far, before he overtook two pedlers, who were travelling the same way. He entered into conversation with them, and found them a pair of merry fel-

lows, who proved excellent company on the road. Now, it happened, towards the end of their day's journey, when they were all tired with walking, that they came to a wood, through which there was a path that shortened the distance to the town they were going towards, by two miles. The pedlers advised John to go with them through the wood; but he refused to leave the highway, telling them, at the same time, he would meet them again at a certain house in the town, where travellers put up. John was willing to try the worth of the advice which his master had given him; and he arrived in safety, and took up his quarters at the appointed place. While he was eating his supper, an old man came hobbling into the kitchen, and gave orders about different matters there, and then went out again. John would have taken no particular notice of this; but, immediately after, a young woman—young enough to be the old man's daughter—came in, and gave orders exactly the contrary of what the old man had given, calling him, at the same time, a great many hard names, such as old fool, and old dotard, and so on.

When she was gone, John inquired who the old man was. "He is the landlord," said the servant; "and, Heaven help him! a dog's life he has led since he married his last wife."

"What," said John with surprise, "is that young woman the landlord's wife? I see I must not remain in this house to-night;" and, tired as he was, he got up to leave it, but went no farther than the door, before he met the two pedlers, all cut and bleeding, coming in; for they had been robbed and almost murdered in the wood. John was very sorry to see them in that condition, and advised them not to lodge in the house, telling them, with a significant nod, that all was not right there; but the poor pedlers were so weary and so bruised, that they would stop where they were, and disregarded the advice.

Rather than remain in the house, John retired to the

stable, and laid himself down upon a bundle of straw, where he slept soundly for some time. About the middle of the night, he heard two persons come into the stable, and, on listening to their conversation, discovered that it was the landlady and a man, laying a plan how to murder her husband. In the morning, John renewed his journey; but, at the next town he came to, he was told that the landlord in the town he had left had been murdered, and that two pedlers, whose clothes were found all covered with blood, had been taken up for the crime, and were going to be hanged. John, without mentioning to any person what he had overheard, determined to save the pedlers, if possible, and so returned, to attend their trial.

On going into the court, he saw the two men at the bar; and the young woman and the man, whose voices he had heard in the stable, swearing their innocent lives away. But the judge allowed him to give his evidence, and he told every particular of what had occurred. The man and the young woman instantly confessed their guilt: the poor pedlers were at once acquitted; and the judge ordered a large reward to be paid to John Carson, as, through his means, the real murderers were brought to justice.

John now proceeded towards home, fully convinced of the value of two of the advices which his master had given him. On arriving at his cabin, he found his wife and children rejoicing over a purse full of gold, which the eldest boy had picked up on the road that morning. Whilst he was away, they had endured all the miseries which the wretched families of those who go over to seek work in England are exposed to. With precarious food, without a bed to lie down on, or a roof to shelter them, they had wandered through the country, seeking food from door to door of a starving population, and, when a single potato was bestowed, showering down blessings and thanks on the giver, not in the set phrases of the mendicant, but in a burst of eloquence too fervid not to gush direct from the

heart. Those only who have seen a family of such beggars as I describe, can fancy the joy with which the poor woman welcomed her husband back, and told him of the purse full of gold.

"And where did Mick—*ma bohil**—find it?" inquired John Carson.

"It was the young squire, for certain, who dropped it," said his wife; "for he rode down the road this morning, and was leaping his horse in the very gap where Micky picked it up; but sure, John, he has money enough besides; and never the halfpenny have I to buy my poor *childer* a bit to eat this blessed night."

"Never mind that," said John; "do as I bid you, and take up the purse at once to the big house, and ask for the young squire. I have too cakes which I brought every step of the way with me from England, and they will do for the children's supper. I ought surely to remember, as good right I have, what my master told me for my twelve months' wages, seeing I never, as yet, found what he said to be wrong."

"And what did he say?" inquired his wife.

"That honesty is the best policy," answered John.

"'Tis very well, and 'tis mighty easy for them to say so, that have never been sore tempted, by distress and famine, to say otherwise; but your bidding is enough for me, John."

Straightway she went to the big house, and inquired for the young squire; but she was denied the liberty to speak to him.

"You must tell me your business, honest woman," said a servant, with a head all powdered and frizzled like a cauliflower, and who had on a coat covered with gold and silver lace, and buttons, and every thing in the world.

"If you knew but all," said she, "I am an honest

* My boy.

woman, for I've brought a purse full of gold to the young master, that my little boy picked up by the road-side; for surely it is his, as nobody else could have so much money."

"Let me see it," said the servant. "Ay, it's all right. I'll take care of it. You need not trouble yourself any more about the matter;" and so saying, he slapped the door in her face. When she returned, her husband produced the two cakes which his master gave him on parting; and, breaking one to divide between his children, how was he astonished at finding six golden guineas in it! and when he took the other and broke it, he found as many more. He then remembered the words of his generous master, who desired him to give one of the cakes to his wife, and not to eat the other himself until that time; and this was the way his master took to conceal his wages, lest he should have been robbed, or have lost the money on the road.

The following day, as John was standing near his cabin door, and turning over in his own mind what he should do with his money, the young squire came riding down the road. John pulled off his hat,—for he had not forgot his manners through the means of his travelling to foreign parts,—and then made so bold as to inquire if his honor had got the purse he lost.

"Why, it is true enough, my good fellow," said the squire, "I did lose my purse yesterday, and I hope you were lucky enough to find it; for, if that is your cabin, you seem to be very poor, and shall keep it as a reward for your honesty."

"Then the servant up at the big house never gave it to your honor last night, after taking it from Nance,—she's my wife, your honor,—and telling her it was all right?"

"O, I must look into this business," said the squire.

"Did you say your wife, my poor man, gave my purse to a servant? To what servant?"

"I can't tell his name rightly," said John, "because I don't know it; but never trust Nance's eyes again, if she can't point him out to your honor, if so your honor is desirous of knowing."

"Then do you and Nance, as you call her, come up to the hall this evening, and I'll inquire into the matter, I promise you." So saying, the squire rode off.

John and his wife went up, accordingly, in the evening, and he gave a small rap, with the big knocker, at the great door. The door was opened by a grand servant, who, without hearing what the poor people had to say, exclaimed, "O go!—go!—what business can you have here?" and shut the door.

John's wife burst out crying—"There," said she, sobbing as if her heart would break, "I knew that would be the end of it."

But John had not been in merry England merely to get his twelve guineas packed in two cakes. "No," said he, firmly, "right is right; and I'll see the end of it." So he sat himself down on the step of the door, determined not to go until he saw the young squire; and, as it happened, it was not long before he came out.

"I have been expecting you some time, John," said he; "come in, and bring your wife in;" and he made them go before him into the house. Immediately, he directed all the servants to come up stairs; and such an army of them as there was! It was a real sight to see them.

"Which of you," said the young squire, without making further words, "which of you all did this honest woman give my purse to?" But there was no answer. "Well, I suppose she must be mistaken, unless she can tell herself."

John's wife at once pointed her finger towards the head footman. "There he is," said she, "if all the world were to the fore—*clergyman*—magistrate—judge—jury and all—there he is, and I'm ready to take my Bible oath to him;—there he is who told me it was all right when he took

the purse, and slammed the door in my face, without as much as Thank ye for it."

The conscious footman turned pale.

"What is this I hear?" said his master. "If this woman gave you my purse, William, why did you not give it to me?"

The servant stammered out a denial; but his master insisted on his being searched, and the purse was found in his pocket.

"John," said the gentleman, turning round, "you shall be no loser by this affair. Here are ten guineas for you. Go home now; but I will not forget your wife's honesty."

Within a month, John Carson was settled in a nice, new-slatted house, which the squire had furnished and made ready for him. What with his wages, the reward he got from the judge, and the ten guineas for returning the purse, he was well to do in the world, and was soon able to stock a small farm, where he lived respected all his days. On his death-bed, he gave his children the very three advices which his master had given him on parting:

Never to take a by-road, when they could follow the highway;

Never to lodge in the house where an old man was married to a young woman;

And, above all, to remember that honesty is the best policy.

T. CROFTON CROKER.

THE CITY OF THE DEMONS.

IN days of yore, there lived, in the flourishing city of Cairo, a Hebrew rabbi, by name Jochonan, who was

the most learned of his nation. His fame went over the East; and the most distant people sent their young men to imbibe wisdom from his lips. He was deeply skilled in the traditions of the fathers; and his word on a disputed point was decisive. He was pious, just, temperate, and strict; but he had one vice—a love of gold had seized upon his heart, and he opened not his hand to the poor. Yet he was wealthy above most, his wisdom being to him the source of riches. The Hebrews of the city were grieved at this blemish on the wisest of their people; but, though the elders of the tribes continued to reverence him for his fame, the women and children of Cairo called him by no other name than that of Rabbi Jochonan the miser.

None knew, so well as he, the ceremonies necessary for initiation into the religion of Moses; and, consequently, the exercise of those solemn offices was to him another source of gain. One day, as he walked in the fields about Cairo, conversing with a youth on the interpretation of the law, it so happened, that the angel of death smote the young man suddenly, and he fell dead before the feet of the rabbi, even while he was yet speaking. When the rabbi found that the youth was dead, he rent his garments, and glorified the Lord. But his heart was touched, and the thoughts of death troubled him in the visions of the night. He felt uneasy when he reflected on his hardness to the poor; and he said, “Blessed be the name of the Lord! The first good thing that I am asked to do, in that holy name, will I perform.” But he sighed, for he feared that some one might ask of him a portion of his gold.

While yet he thought upon these things, there came a loud cry at his gate.

“Awake, thou sleeper!” said the voice, “awake! A child is in danger of death, and the mother hath sent me for thee, that thou mayest do thine office.”

“The night is dark and gloomy,” said the rabbi,

coming to his casement, "and mine age is great. Are there not younger men than I in Cairo?"

"For thee only, Rabbi Jochonan, whom some call the wise, but whom others call Rabbi Jochonan the miser, was I sent. Here is gold," said he, taking out a purse of sequins. "I want not thy labor for nothing. I adjure thee to come, in the name of the living God."

So the rabbi thought upon the vow he had just made; and he groaned in spirit, for the purse sounded heavy.

"As thou hast adjured me by that name, I go with thee," said he to the man; "but I hope the distance is not far. Put up thy gold."

"The place is at hand," said the stranger, who was a gallant youth, in magnificent attire. "Be speedy, for time presses."

Jochonan arose, dressed himself, and accompanied the stranger, after having carefully locked up all the doors of his house, and deposited his keys in a secret place—at which the stranger smiled.

"I never remember," said the rabbi, "so dark a night. Be thou to me as a guide, for I can hardly see the way."

"I know it well," replied the stranger with a sigh: "it is a way much frequented, and travelled hourly by many. Lean upon mine arm, and fear not."

They journeyed on; and, though the darkness was great, yet the rabbi could see, when it occasionally brightened, that he was in a place strange to him. "I thought," said he, "I knew all the country for leagues about Cairo; yet I know not where I am. I hope, young man," said he to his companion, "that thou hast not missed the way." And his heart misgave him.

"Fear not," returned the stranger. "Your journey is even now done." And, as he spoke, the feet of the rabbi slipped from under him, and he rolled down a great height. When he recovered, he found that his companion had fallen also, and stood by his side.

“Nay, young man,” said the rabbi, “if thus thou sportest with the gray hairs of age, thy days are numbered. Wo unto him who insults the hoary head!”

The stranger made an excuse, and they journeyed on some little further in silence. The darkness grew less; and the astonished rabbi, lifting up his eyes, found that they had come to the gates of a city which he had never before seen. Yet he knew all the cities of the land of Egypt, and he had walked but half an hour from his dwelling in Cairo. So he knew not what to think, but followed the man with trembling.

They soon entered the gates of the city, which was lighted up as if there were a festival in every house. The streets were full of revellers; and nothing but a sound of joy could be heard. But when Jochonan looked upon their faces, they were the faces of men pained within; and he saw, by the marks they bore, that they were Mazikin.* He was terrified in his soul; and, by the light of the torches, he looked also upon the face of his companion, and, behold! he saw upon him, too, the mark that showed him to be a demon. The rabbi feared excessively; almost to fainting; but he thought it better to be silent; and sadly he followed his guide, who brought him to a splendid house, in the most magnificent quarter of the city.

“Enter here,” said the demon to Jochonan, “for this house is mine. The lady and the child are in the upper chamber.” And, accordingly, the sorrowful rabbi ascended the stair to find them.

The lady, whose dazzling beauty was shrouded by melancholy beyond hope, lay in bed: the child, in rich raiment, slumbered on the lap of the nurse, by her side.

“I have brought to thee, light of my eyes!” said the demon, “Rebecca, beloved of my soul! I have brought

* Demons.

thee Rabbi Jochonan the wise, whom thou didst desire. Let him, then, speedily begin his office. I shall fetch all things necessary ; for he is in haste to depart."

He smiled bitterly as he said these words, looking at the rabbi, and left the room, followed by the nurse.

When Jochonan and the lady were alone, she turned in the bed towards him, and said—

"Unhappy man that thou art! knowest thou where thou hast been brought?"

"I do," said he, with a heavy groan ; "I know that I am in a city of the Mazikin."

"Know then, further," said she,—and the tears gushed from eyes brighter than the diamond,—"know then, further, that no one is ever brought here, unless he hath sinned before the Lord. What my sin hath been imports not to thee ; and I seek not to know thine. But here thou remainest forever—lost, even as I am lost." And she wept again.

The rabbi dashed his turban on the ground, and, tearing his hair, exclaimed, "Wo is me! Who art thou, woman, that speakest to me thus?"

"I am a Hebrew woman," said she, "the daughter of a doctor of the laws, in the city of Bagdad ; and, being brought hither, it matters not how, I am married to a prince among the Mazikin, even him who was sent for thee. And that child, whom thou sawest, is our first-born ; and I could not bear the thought that the soul of our innocent babe should perish. I therefore besought my husband to try to bring hither a priest, that the law of Moses (blessed be his memory!) should be done ; and thy fame, which has spread to Bagdad, and lands farther towards the rising of the sun, made me think of thee. Now, my husband, though great among the Mazikin, is more just than the other demons ; and he loves me, whom he hath ruined, with a love of despair. So he said, that the name of Jochonan the wise was familiar unto him, and

that he knew thou wouldst not be able to refuse. What thou hast done, to give him power over thee, is known to thyself."

"I swear, before Heaven," said the rabbi, "that I have ever diligently kept the law, and walked steadfastly according to the traditions of our fathers, from the day of my youth upward. I have wronged no man in word or deed; and I have daily worshipped the Lord, minutely performing all the ceremonies thereto needful."

"Nay," said the lady, "all this thou mightest have done, and more, and yet be in the power of the demons. But time passes; for I hear the foot of my husband mounting the stair. There is one chance of thine escape."

"What is that, O lady of beauty!" said the agonized rabbi.

"Eat not, drink not, nor take fee or reward while here; and as long as thou canst do thus, the Mazikin have no power over thee, dead or alive. Have courage, and persevere."

As she ceased from speaking, her husband entered the room, followed by the nurse, who bore all things requisite for the ministration of the rabbi. With a heavy heart, he performed his duty; and the child was numbered among the faithful. But when, as usual, at the conclusion of the ceremony, the wine was handed round to be tasted by the child, the mother, and the rabbi, he refused it, when it came to him, saying,

"Spare me, my lord, for I have made a vow that I fast this day; and I will eat not, neither will I drink."

"Be it as thou pleasest," said the demon: "I will not that thou shouldest break thy vow." And he laughed aloud.

So the poor rabbi was taken into a chamber, looking into a garden, where he passed the remainder of the night and the day, weeping, and praying to the Lord, that he would deliver him from the city of demons. But when

the twelfth hour came, and the sun was set, the prince of the Mazikin came again unto him, and said,

“Eat now, I pray thee, for the day of thy vow is past.” And he set meat before him.

“Pardon again thy servant, my lord,” said Jochonan, “in this thing. I have another vow for this day also. I pray thee be not angry with thy servant.”

“I am not angry,” said the demon: “be it as thou pleasest: I respect thy vow.” And he laughed louder than before.

So the rabbi sat another day in his chamber by the garden, weeping and praying. And when the sun had gone behind the hills, the prince of the Mazikin again stood before him, and said,

“Eat now, for thou must be an hungered. It was a sore vow of thine.” And he offered him daintier meats.

And Jochonan felt a strong desire to eat; but he prayed inwardly to the Lord, and the temptation passed, and he answered,

“Excuse thy servant yet a third time, my lord, that I eat not. I have renewed my vow.”

“Be it so, then,” said the other: “arise, and follow me.”

The demon took a torch in his hand, and led the rabbi through winding passages of his palace, to the door of a lofty chamber, which he opened with a key that he took from a niche in the wall. On entering the room, Jochonan saw that it was of solid silver—floor, ceiling, walls, even to the threshold and the door-posts. And the curiously carved roof and borders of the ceiling shone in the torch-light, as if they were the fanciful work of frost. In the midst were heaps of silver money, piled up in immense urns of the same metal, even over the brim.

“Thou hast done me a serviceable act, rabbi,” said the demon: “take of these what thou pleasest; ay, were it the whole.”

“I cannot, my lord,” said Jochonan. “I was adjured

by thee to come hither in the name of God; and in that name I came, not for fee or for reward."

"Follow me," said the prince of the Mazikin; and Jochonan did so, into an inner chamber.

It was of gold, as the other was of silver. Its golden roof was supported by pillars and pilasters of gold, resting upon a golden floor. The treasures of the kings of the earth would not purchase one of the four-and-twenty vessels of golden coins, which were disposed in six rows along the room. No wonder! for they were filled by the constant labors of the demons of the mine. The heart of Jochonan was moved by avarice, when he saw them shining in yellow light, like the autumnal sun, as they reflected the beams of the torch. But God enabled him to persevere.

"These are thine," said the demon: "one of the vessels which thou beholdest, would make thee richest of the sons of men; and I give thee them all."

But Jochonan refused again; and the prince of the Mazikin opened the door of a third chamber, which was called the Hall of Diamonds. When the rabbi entered, he screamed aloud, and put his hands over his eyes; for the lustre of the jewels dazzled him, as if he had looked upon the noonday sun. In vases of agate were heaped diamonds beyond numeration, the smallest of which was larger than a pigeon's egg. On alabaster tables lay amethysts, topazes, rubies, beryls, and all other precious stones, wrought by the hands of skilful artists, beyond power of computation. The room was lighted by a carbuncle, which, from the end of the hall, poured its ever-living light, brighter than the rays of noontide, but cooler than the gentle radiance of the dewy moon. This was a sore trial on the rabbi; but he was strengthened from above, and he refused again.

"Thou knowest me, then, I perceive, O Jochonan, son of Ben-David," said the prince of the Mazikin. "I am a

demon, who would tempt thee to destruction. As thou hast withstood so far, I tempt thee no more. Thou hast done a service which, though I value it not, is acceptable in the sight of her whose love is dearer to me than the light of life. Sad has been that love to thee, my Rebecca! Why should I do that which would make thy cureless grief more grievous?—You have yet another chamber to see,” said he to Jochonan, who had closed his eyes, and was praying fervently to the Lord, beating his breast.

Far different from the other chambers, the one into which the rabbi was next introduced was a mean and paltry apartment, without furniture. On its filthy walls hung innumerable bunches of rusty keys, of all sizes, disposed without order. Among them, to the astonishment of Jochonan, hung the keys of his own house, those which he had put to hide when he came on this miserable journey; and he gazed upon them intently.

“What dost thou see,” said the demon, “that makes thee look so eagerly? Can he who has refused silver, and gold, and diamonds, be moved by a paltry bunch of rusty iron?”

“They are mine own, my lord,” said the rabbi: “them will I take, if they be offered me.”

“Take them, then,” said the demon, putting them into his hand: “thou mayest depart. But, rabbi, open not thy house only, when thou returnest to Cairo, but thy heart also. That thou didst not open it before, was that which gave me power over thee. It was well that thou didst one act of charity in coming with me without reward; for it has been thy salvation. Be no more Rabbi Jochonan the miser.”

The rabbi bowed to the ground, and blessed the Lord for his escape. “But how,” said he, “am I to return? for I knew not the way.”

“Close thine eyes,” said the demon. He did so, and, in

the space of a moment, heard the voice of the prince of the Mazikin ordering him to open them again. And, behold, when he opened them, he stood in the centre of his own chamber, in his house at Cairo, with the keys in his hand.

When he recovered from his surprise, and had offered thanksgivings to God, he opened his house, and his heart also. He gave alms to the poor; he cheered the heart of the widow, and lightened the destitution of the orphan. His hospitable board was open to the stranger, and his purse was at the service of all who needed to share it. His life was a perpetual act of benevolence, and the blessings showered upon him by all were returned bountifully upon him by the hand of God.

But people wondered, and said, "Is not this the man who was called Rabbi Jochonan the miser? What hath made the change?" And it became a saying in Cairo. When it came to the ears of the rabbi, he called his friends together, and he avowed his former love of gold, and the danger to which it had exposed him, relating all which has been above told, in the hall of the new palace that he built by the side of the river, on the left hand, as thou goest down the course of the great stream. And wise men, who were scribes, wrote it down from his mouth, for the memory of mankind, that they might profit thereby. And a venerable man, with a beard of snow, who had read it in these books, and at whose feet I sat, that I might learn the wisdom of the old time, told it to me. And I write it in the tongue of England, the merry and the free, on the tenth day of the month Nisan, in the year, according to the lesser supputation, five hundred ninety and seven, that thou mayest learn good thereof; if not, the fault be upon thee.

WILLIAM MAGLAC.

BOHDO;—A GERMAN TRADITIONARY TALE.

MORE than a thousand years ago, all the country about the Hartz was inhabited by giants, who were heathens and sorcerers. They knew no joy but in murder and rapine. If all other weapons failed them, they would tear up oaks of sixty years' growth, and fight with them. Whoever came in their way fell beneath their clubs; and all the women whom they could seize were carried off.

One of these giants, called Bohdo, who was immensely huge and powerful, spread terror through all the land. Before him trembled all the giants, both among the Bohemians and Franks. But Emma, the daughter of the king of the Riesen-gebirge, the Giant-mountains, would not yield to the suit which he urged. Neither strength nor cunning availed; for she was in league with a powerful spirit. One day, Bohdo beheld his beloved hunting at a distance on the mountains. He saddled his courser, which sprang over the plains at the rate of a mile in a minute, and swore, by all the spirits of hell, to reach her this time, or perish. He rushed on, swift as the hawk flies, and had nearly overtaken her before she perceived that her enemy pursued her; when, at the distance of two miles, she knew him by the gate of a plundered town which he bore as a shield. Then spurred she swiftly her horse; and it flew from hill to hill, from rock to rock, over marshes, and through woods, till the trees of the forest cracked like stubble under its feet. Thus passed she over Thuringia, and came to the mountains of the Hartz. Often did she hear, some miles behind her, the snorting of Bohdo's steed, and goaded on her own courser to new exertions.

At length it came panting to the brink of a frightful precipice. Emma looked down in horror, and her horse trembled; for the rock stood like a tower more than a

thousand feet over the abyss below. From beneath was faintly heard the rushing of the stream in the valley, which here curled itself into a frightful whirlpool. Above it, on the opposite side, rose another shelf of rock, which seemed scarcely wide enough to receive the fore-foot of her steed. Awhile she stood, amazed and doubtful. Behind rushed the enemy, more hateful to her than death; before lay the abyss, which seemed yawning to her destruction. Again she heard the snorting of her pursuer's horse; and, in the terror of her heart, she cried to the spirits of her fathers for help, and, reckless, plunged her ell-long spurs into her courser's flank.

And it sprang! sprang over the abyss of a thousand feet, reached happily the rocky shelf, and drove its hoof deep into the hard stone, till the sparks of fire flew like lightning around. There is the footstep still! Time has not bated aught of its depth, and no rain shall wear away the track. Emma was saved! but her royal crown of gold fell, during the leap, from her head, into the abyss below. Bohdo saw only his Emma, and thought not of the precipice: he sprang after her with his war-horse, and plunged into the whirlpool, which still bears his name. There, changed into a black hound, he watches the princess's crown, that no one may draw it from the gulf.

A diver was once induced, by large promises, to make the attempt. He plunged in, found the crown, and drew it up till the assembled crowd beheld the golden points. Twice the burden escaped from his hands; and the people cried to him to renew the attack. He did so, and a stream of blood tinged the pool; but the diver came up no more.

The wanderer passes through that vale with chilly horror; for clouds and darkness hang around it, and the stillness of death broods over the abyss. No bird wings its way over; and in the dead of night the hollow bellowing of the heathen dog is often heard in the distance.

NEW MONTHLY.

THE HARP;—A TALE FROM THE GERMAN OF
THE POET KORNER.

THE secretary Sellner had begun to taste the first spring of happiness with his youthful bride. Their union was not founded on that vague and evanescent passion which often lives and dies almost in the same moment. Sympathy and esteem formed the basis of their attachment. Time and experience, without diminishing the ardor, had confirmed the permanence, of their mutual sentiments. It was long since they had discovered that they were formed for each other; but want of fortune imposed the necessity of a tedious probation, till Sellner, by obtaining the patent for a place, found himself in possession of an easy competence, and, on the following Sunday, brought home, in triumph, his long-betrothed bride. A succession of ceremonious visits, for some weeks, engrossed many of those hours that the young couple would have devoted to each other. But no sooner was this onerous duty fulfilled, than they eagerly escaped from the intrusion of society to their delicious solitude; and the fine summer evenings were but too short for plans and anticipations of future felicity. Sellner's flute and Josephine's harp filled up the intervals of conversation, and, with their harmonious unison, seemed to sound the prelude to many succeeding years of bliss and concord. One evening, when Josephine had played longer than usual, she suddenly complained of headache: she had, in reality, risen with this symptom of indisposition, but concealed it from her anxious husband. Naturally susceptible of nervous complaints, the attention which she had lent to the music, and the emotions it excited in her delicate frame, had increased a slight indisposition to fever; and she was now evidently ill. A physician was called

in, who so little anticipated danger, that he promised a cure on the morrow ; but, after a night spent in delirium, her disorder was pronounced a nervous fever, which completely baffled the efforts of medical skill, and on the ninth day was confessedly mortal. Josephine herself was perfectly sensible of her approaching dissolution, and with mild resignation submitted to her fate.

Addressing her husband for the last time, she exclaimed, " My dear Edward, Heaven can witness it is with unutterable regret that I depart from this fair world, where I have found with thee a state of supreme felicity ; but though I am no longer permitted to live in those arms, doubt not thy faithful Josephine shall still hover round thee, and, as a guardian angel, encircle thee till we meet again." She had scarcely uttered these words when she sunk on her pillow, and soon fell into a slumber, from which she awoke no more ; and when the clock was striking nine, it was observed that she had breathed her last. The agonies of Sellner may be more easily conceived than described : during some days, it appeared doubtful whether he would survive ; and when, after a confinement of some weeks, he was at length permitted to leave his chamber, the powers of youth seemed paralyzed, his limbs were enfeebled, his frame emaciated, and he sunk into a state of stupor, from which he was only to be roused by the bitterness of grief. To this poignant anguish succeeded a fixed melancholy. A deep sorrow consecrated the memory of his beloved. Her apartment remained precisely in the state in which it had been left previous to her death. On the work-table lay her unfinished task ; the harp stood in its accustomed nook, untouched and silent. Every night Sellner went in a sort of pilgrimage to the sanctuary of his love, and, taking his flute, breathed forth, in deep, plaintive tones, his fervent aspirations for the cherished shade. He was thus standing in Josephine's apartment, lost in

thought, when a broad gleam of moonlight fell on the open window, and from the neighboring tower the watchman proclaimed the ninth hour. At this moment, as if touched by some invisible spirit, the harp was heard to respond to his flute in perfect unison. Thunderstruck at this prodigy, Sellner suspended his flute, and the harp became silent. He then began, with deep emotion, Josephine's favorite air; when the harp resumed its melodious vibrations, thrilling with ecstasy. At this confirmation of his hopes, he sunk on the ground, no longer doubting the presence of the beloved spirit; and whilst he opened his arms to clasp her to his breast, he seemed to drink in the breath of spring, and a pale, glimmering light flitted before his eyes. "I know thee, blessed spirit!" exclaimed the bewildered Sellner; "thou didst promise to hover round my steps, to encircle me with thy immortal love. Thou hast redeemed thy word: it is thy breath that glows on my lips: I feel myself surrounded by thy presence." With rapturous emotion he snatched the flute, and the harp again responded; but gradually its tones became softer, till the melodious murmurs ceased, and all again was silent. Sellner's feeble frame was completely disordered by these tumultuous emotions. When he threw himself on his bed, it was only to rave deliriously of the harp. After a sleepless night, he rose only to anticipate the renewal of his emotions. With unspeakable impatience he awaited the return of evening, when he again repaired to Josephine's apartment, where, as before, when the clock struck nine, the harp began to play in concert with the flute, and prolonged its melodious accompaniment till the tones gradually subsided to a faint and tremulous vibration; and all again was silent. Exhausted by this second trial, it was with difficulty that Sellner tottered to his chamber, where the visible alteration in his appearance excited so much alarm, that the physician was again called in, who, with sorrow and dis-

may, detected aggravated symptoms of the fever which had proved so fatal to Josephine; and so rapid was its progress, that in two days the patient's fate appeared inevitable. Sellner became more composed, and revealed to the physician the secret of his late mysterious communications, avowing his belief that he should not survive the approaching evening. No arguments could remove from his mind this fatal presage. As the day declined, it gained strength; and he earnestly entreated, as a last request, to be conveyed to Josephine's apartment. The prayer was granted. Sellner no sooner reached the well-known spot, than he gazed with ineffable satisfaction on every object endeared by affectionate remembrance.

The evening hour advanced. He dismissed his attendants, the physician alone remaining in the apartment. When the clock struck nine, Sellner's countenance was suddenly illumined; the glow of hope and pleasure flushed his wan cheeks, and he passionately exclaimed, "Josephine, greet me once more at parting, that I may overcome the pangs of death!" At these words, the harp breathed forth a strain of jubilee; a sudden gleam of light waved round the dying man, who, on beholding the sign, exclaimed, "I come! I come to thee!" and sunk senseless on the couch. It was in vain that the astonished physician hastened to his assistance; and he too late discovered that life had yielded in the conflict. It was long before he could bring himself to divulge the mysterious circumstances which had preceded Sellner's dissolution; but once, in a moment of confidence, he was insensibly led to make the detail to a few intimate friends, and finally produced the harp, which he had appropriated to himself as a legacy from the dead.

THE SOLDIER'S WIFE.

It is now many years since the first battalion of the 17th regiment of foot, under orders to embark for India,—that far distant land, where so many of our brave countrymen have fallen victims to the climate, and where so few have slept in what soldiers call the “bed of glory,”—were assembled in the barrack-yard of Chatham, to be inspected previously to their passing on board the transport which lay moored in the Downs.

It was scarcely daybreak when the merry drum and fife were heard over all parts of the town, and the soldiers were seen sallying forth from their quarters, to join the ranks, with their bright firelocks on their shoulders, and the knapsacks and canteens fastened to their backs by belts as white as snow. Each soldier was accompanied by some friend or acquaintance, or by some individual with a dearer title to his regard than either; and there was a strange and sometimes a whimsical mingling of weeping and laughing among the assembled groups.

The second battalion was to remain in England; and the greater portion of the division were present to bid farewell to their old companions in arms. But among the husbands and wives, uncertainty, as to their destiny, prevailed; for the lots were yet to be drawn—the lots that were to decide which of the women should accompany the regiment, and which should remain behind. Ten of each company were to be taken, and chance was to be the only arbiter. Without noticing what passed elsewhere, I confined my attention to that company which was commanded by my friend Captain Loder, a brave and excellent officer, who, I am sure, has no more than myself forgotten the scene to which I refer.

The women had gathered round the flag-sergeant, who

held the lots in his cap—ten of them marked "*To go*"—and all the others containing the fatal words "*To remain*." It was a moment of dreadful suspense; and never have I seen the extreme of anxiety so powerfully depicted in the countenances of human beings as in the features of each of the soldiers' wives who composed that group. One advanced, and drew her ticket; it was against her, and she retreated sobbing. Another; she succeeded, and, giving a loud huzza, ran off to the distant ranks to embrace her husband. A third came forward with hesitating step: tears were already chasing each other down her cheeks, and there was an unnatural paleness on her interesting and youthful countenance. She put her small hand into the sergeant's cap, and I saw, by the rise and fall of her bosom, even more than her looks revealed. She unrolled the paper, looked upon it, and, with a deep groan, fell back, and fainted. So intense was the anxiety of every person present, that she remained unnoticed until all the tickets had been drawn, and the greater number of the women had left the spot. I then looked round, and beheld her supported by her husband, who was kneeling upon the ground, gazing upon her face, and drying her fast-falling tears with his coarse handkerchief, and now and then pressing it to his own manly cheek.

Captain Loder advanced towards them. "I am sorry, Henry Jenkins," said he, "that fate has been against you; but bear up, and be stout-hearted."

"I am so, captain," said the soldier, as he looked up, and passed his rough hand across his face; "but 'tis a hard thing to part from a wife, and she so soon to be a mother."

"Oh, captain," sobbed the young woman, "as you are both a husband and a father, do not take him from me! I have no friend in the wide world but one, and you will let him bide with me! Oh, take me with him—take me with him—for the love of God, take me with him, captain!"

She fell on her knees, laid hold of the officer's sash, clasped it firmly between her hands, and looked up in his face, exclaiming, "Oh, leave me my only hope, at least till God has given me another!" and repeated, in heart-rending accents, "Oh take me with him! take me with him!"

The gallant officer was himself in tears. He knew that it was impossible to grant the poor wife's petition without creating much discontent in his company; and he gazed upon them with that feeling with which a good man always regards the sufferings he cannot alleviate. At this moment, a smart young soldier stepped forward, and stood before the captain with his hand to his cap.

"And what do you want, my good fellow?" said the officer.

"My name's John Carty, please yer honor; and I belong to the second battalion."

"And what do you want here?"

"Only, yer honor," said Carty, scratching his head, "that poor man and his wife there are sorrow-hearted at parting, I'm thinking."

"Well, and what then?"

"Why, yer honor, they say I'm a likely lad, and I know I'm fit for sarvice; and if your honor would only let that poor fellow take my place in Captain Bond's company, and let me take his place in yours, why, yer honor would make two poor things happy, and save the life of one of them, I'm thinking."

Captain Loder considered for a few minutes, and, directing the young Irishman to remain where he was, proceeded to his brother officer's quarters. He soon made arrangements for the exchange of the soldiers, and returned to the place where he had left them.

"Well, John Carty," said he, "you go to Bengal with me; and you, Henry Jenkins, remain at home with your wife."

"Thank yer honor," said John Carty, again touching his cap as he walked off.

Henry Jenkins and his wife both rose from the ground, and rushed into each other's arms. "God bless you, captain!" said the soldier as he pressed his wife closer to his bosom. "Oh, bless him forever!" said the wife; "bless him with prosperity and a happy heart!—bless his wife, and bless his children!"—and she again fainted.

The officer, wiping a tear from his eye, and exclaiming, "May you never want a friend when I am far from you—you, my good lad, and your amiable and loving wife!" passed on to his company, while the happy couple went in search of John Carty.

* * * * *

About twelve months since, as two boys were watching the sheep confided to their charge, upon a wide heath in the county of Somerset, their attention was attracted by a soldier, who walked along apparently with much fatigue, and at length stopped to rest his weary limbs beside the old finger-post, which at one time pointed out the way to the neighboring villages, but which now afforded no information to the traveller; for age had rendered it useless.

The boys were gazing upon him with much curiosity, when he beckoned them towards him, and inquired the way to the village of Eldenby.

The eldest, a fine, intelligent lad, of about twelve years of age, pointed to the path, and asked if he were going to any particular house in the village.

"No, my little lad," said the soldier, "but it is on the high road to Frome, and I have friends there; but, in truth, I am very wearied, and perhaps may find in yon village some person who will befriend a poor fellow, and look to God for a reward.

"Sir," said the boy, "my father was a soldier many years

ago, and he dearly loves to look upon a red coat. If you come with me, you may be sure of a welcome."

"And you can tell us stories about foreign parts," said the younger lad, a fine, chubby-cheeked fellow, who, with his watch-coat thrown carelessly over his shoulder, and his crook in his right hand, had been minutely examining every portion of the soldier's dress.

The boys gave instructions to their intelligent dog, who, they said, would take good care of the sheep during their absence; and in a few minutes the soldier and his young companions reached the gate of a flourishing farmhouse, which had all the external tokens of prosperity and happiness. The younger boy trotted on a few paces before, to give his parents notice that they had invited a stranger to rest beneath their hospitable roof; and the soldier had just crossed the threshold of the door, when he was received by a joyful cry of recognition from his old friends Henry Jenkins and his wife; and he was welcomed as a brother to the dwelling of those, who, in all human probability, were indebted to him for their present enviable station.

It is unnecessary to pursue this story further than to add, that John Carty spent his furlough at Eldenby farm; and that, at the expiration of it, his discharge was purchased by his grateful friends. He is now living in their happy dwelling; and his care and exertions have contributed greatly to increase their prosperity. Nothing has been wrong with them since John Carty was their steward.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters," said the wise man, "and it shall be returned to thee after many days."

S. C. HALL.

THE LOST CHILD.

LUCY was only six years old, but bold as a fairy ; she had gone by herself a thousand times about the braes,* and often upon errands to houses two or three miles distant. What had her parents to fear ? The footpaths were all firm, and led through no places of danger ; nor are infants of themselves incautious, when alone in their pastimes. Lucy went singing into the coppice-woods, and singing she reappeared on the open hill-side. With her small white hand on the rail, she glided along the wooden bridge, or, lightly as the ousel,† tripped from stone to stone across the shallow streamlet. The creature would be away for hours, and no fears be felt on her account by any one at home—whether she had gone with her basket under her arm to borrow some articles of household use from a neighbor, or, merely for her own solitary delight, wandered off to the braes to play among the flowers, coming back laden with wreaths and garlands. With a bonnet of her own sewing, to shade her pretty face from the sun, and across her shoulders a plaid in which she could sit dry during an hour of the heaviest rain beneath the smallest beild,‡ Lucy passed many long hours in the daylight, and thus knew, without thinking of it, all the topography of that pastoral solitude, and even something of the changeful appearances in the air and sky.

The happy child had been invited to pass a whole day, from morning to night, at Ladyside (a farm-house about two miles off), with her playmates, the Maynes ; and she left home about an hour after sunrise. She was dressed for a holiday, and father and mother, and aunt Isobel, all three kissed her sparkling face before she set off by her-

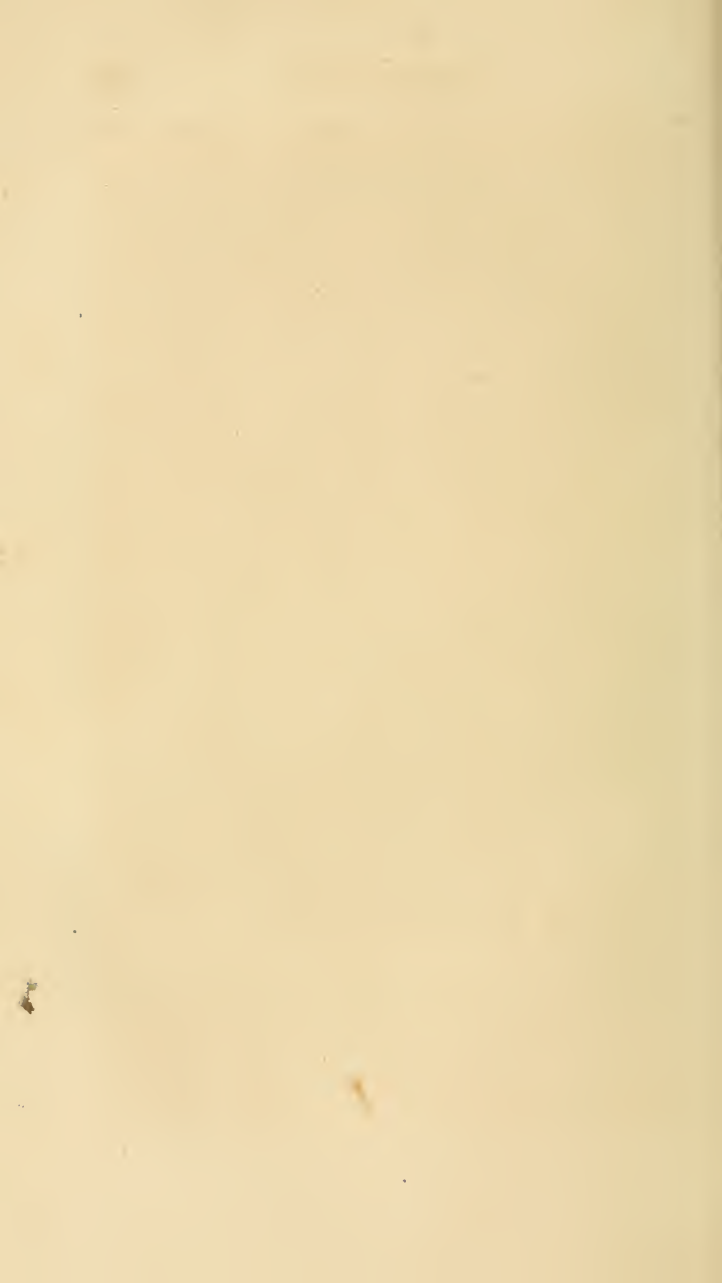
* Rising grounds.

† Blackbird.

‡ Shelter.



THE LOST CHILD.— Page 190.



self, and stood listening to her singing, till her small voice was lost in the murmur of the rivulet. During her absence, the house was silent but happy; and, the evening being now far advanced, Lucy was expected home every minute, and Michael, Agnes, and Isobel, went to meet her on the way. They walked on and on, wondering a little, but in no degree alarmed, till they reached Ladyside, and heard the cheerful din of the imps within, still rioting at the close of the holiday. Jacob Mayne came to the door; but, on their kindly asking why Lucy had not been sent home before daylight was over, he looked painfully surprised, and said that she had not been at Ladyside.

Agnes suddenly sat down, without speaking one word, on the stone seat beside the door, and Michael, supporting her, said, "Jacob, our child left us this morning at six o'clock, and it is now near ten at night. God is merciful, but, perhaps, Lucy is dead." Jacob Mayne was an ordinary, common-place, and rather ignorant man; but his heart leaped within him at these words, and, by this time, his own children were standing about the door. "Yes, Mr. Forrester, God is merciful; and your daughter, let us trust, is not dead. Let us trust that she yet liveth; and, without delay, let us go to seek the child." Michael trembled from head to foot, and his voice was gone: he lifted up his eyes to heaven, but it seemed not as if he saw either the moon or the stars. "Run over to Raeshorn, some of you," said Jacob, "and tell what has happened. Do you, Isaac, my good boy, cross over to a' the towns on the Inverlethen-side, and—Oh! Mr. Forrester—Mr. Forrester, dinna let this trial overcome you sae sairly"—for Michael was leaning against the wall of the house, and the strong man was helpless as a child. "Keep up your heart, my dearest son," said Isobel, with a voice all unlike her usual, "keep up your heart, for the blessed bairn is, beyond doubt, somewhere in the keeping of the great God, yea, without a hair of her head being hurt. A

hundred things may have happened to her, and death not among the number. Oh! no—no—surely not death—that would, indeed, be too dreadful a judgment.” And aunt Isobel, oppressed by the power of that word, now needed the very comfort that she had in vain tried to bestow.

Within two hours, a hundred people were traversing the hills in all directions, even to a distance which it seemed most unlikely that poor Lucy could have reached. The shepherds and their dogs, all night through, searched every nook—every stony and rocky place—every little shaw*—every piece of taller heather—every crevice that could conceal any thing alive or dead,—but no Lucy was there. Her mother, who, for a while, seemed inspired with supernatural strength, had joined in the search, and, with a quaking heart, looked into every brake, or stopped and listened to every shout and halloo reverberating among the hills, if she could seize on some tone of recognition or discovery. But the moon sank; and then all the stars, whose increased brightness had for a short time supplied her place, all faded away; and then came the gray dawn of morning, and then the clear brightness of the day, and still Michael and Agnes were childless. “She has sunk into some mossy or miry place,” said Michael to a man near him, into whose face he never looked. “A cruel, cruel death for one like her! The earth on which my child walked has closed over her, and we shall never see her more!”

At last, a man, who had left the search and gone in a direction towards the high road, came running with something in his arms towards the place where Michael and others were standing beside Agnes, who lay apparently exhausted almost to dying on the sward. He approached hesitatingly; and Michael saw that he carried Lucy’s bonnet, clothes, and plaid. It was impossible not to see some

* A small wood in a hollow.

spots of blood upon the frill that the child had worn round her neck. "Murdered—murdered," was the one word whispered or ejaculated all around; but Agnes heard it not; for, worn out by that long night of hope and despair, she had fallen asleep, and was perhaps seeking her lost Lucy in her dreams.

Isobel took the clothes, and, narrowly inspecting them with eye and hand, said, with a fervent voice that was heard even in Michael's despair, "No, Lucy is yet among the living. There are no marks of violence on the garments of the innocent—no murderer's hand has been here. These blood-spots have been put there to deceive. Besides, would not the murderer have carried off these things? For what else would he have murdered her? But oh! foolish despair! What speak I of? For, wicked as this world is—ay, desperately wicked—there is not, on all the surface of the wide earth, a hand that would murder our child! Is it not plain as the sun in heaven, that Lucy has been stolen by some wretched gipsy beggar, and that, before that sun has set, she will be saying her prayers in her father's house, with all of us upon our knees beside her, or with our faces prostrate upon the floor?"

Agnes opened her eyes, and beheld Lucy's bonnet and plaid lying close beside her, and then a silent crowd. Her senses all at once returned to her, and she rose up—"Ay, sure enough, drowned—drowned—drowned—but where have you laid her? Let me see our Lucy, Michael, for in my sleep I have already seen her laid out for burial." The crowd quietly dispersed, and horse and foot began to scour the country. Some took the high-roads, others all the by-paths, and many the trackless hills. Now that they were in some measure relieved from the horrible belief that the child was dead, the worst other calamity seemed nothing, for hope brought her back to their arms. Agnes had been able to walk to Bracken-Braes, and Michael and Isobel sat by her bed-side. Lucy's empty little crib was just as the

child had left it in the morning before, neatly made up with her own hands, and her small red Bible was lying on her pillow.

"Oh! my husband, this is being indeed kind to your Agnes, for much it must have cost you to stay here; but had you left me, my silly heart must have ceased to beat altogether, for it will not lie still even now that I am well nigh resigned to the will of God." Michael put his hand on his wife's bosom, and felt her heart beating as if it were a knell. Then, ever and anon, the tears came gushing; for all her strength was gone, and she lay at the mercy of the rustle of a leaf, or a shadow across the window; and thus hour after hour passed on till it was again twilight.

"I hear footsteps coming up the brae," said Agnes, who had for some time appeared to be slumbering; and, in a few moments, the voice of Jacob Mayne was heard at the outer door. It was no time for ceremony, and he advanced into the room where the family had been during all that trying and endless day. Jacob wore a solemn expression of countenance; and he seemed, from his looks, to bring them no comfort. Michael stood up between him and his wife, and looked into his heart. Something there seemed to be in his face that was not miserable. "If he has heard nothing of my child," thought Michael, "this man must care but little for his own fireside." "Oh, speak, speak," said Agnes; "yet why need you speak? All this has been but a vain belief, and Lucy is in heaven." "Something like a trace of her has been discovered—a woman, with a child, that did not look like a child of hers, was last night at Clovenford, and left it by the daw'ing." "Do you hear that, my beloved Agnes?" said Isobel; "she'll have tramped away with Lucy up into Ettrick or Yarrow; but hundreds of eyes will have been upon her; for these are quiet, but not solitary glens; and the hunt will be over long before she has crossed down upon Hawick. I knew that country in my young days. What say ye, Mr. Mayne? There's the light o' hope on your

face." "There's nae reason to doubt, ma'am, that it was Lucy. Every body is sure o't. If it was my ain Rachel, I should ha'e nae fear o' seeing her this blessed night."

Jacob Mayne now took a chair, and sat down, with even a smile upon his countenance. "I may tell you, noo, that Watty Oliver kens it was your bairn; for he saw her limping after the limmer* at Galla-Brigg; but ha'eing nae suspicion, he did na tak' a second leuk† o' her—but ae leuk is sufficient, and he swears it was bonny Lucy Forrester." Aunt Isobel, by this time, had bread and cheese, and a bottle of her own elder-flower wine, on the table. "You have had a long and hard journey, wherever you have been, Mr. Mayne—tak' some refreshment,"—and Michael asked a blessing. Jacob saw that he might now venture to reveal the whole truth. "No—no—Mrs. Irvine, I'm ower happy to eat or to drink. You are a' prepared for the blessing that awaits you—your bairn is no far aff—and I mysel'—for it was I mysel' that faund her—will bring her by the han', and restore her to her parents." Agnes had raised herself up in her bed at these words; but she sunk gently back on her pillow; aunt Isobel was rooted to her chair; and Michael, as he rose up, felt as if the ground were sinking under his feet.

There was a dead silence all around the house for a short space, and then the sound of many joyful voices, which again, by degrees, subsided. The eyes of all then looked, and yet feared to look, towards the door. Jacob Mayne was not so good as his word; for he did not bring Lucy by the hand to restore her to her parents; but, dressed again in her own bonnet, and her gown, and her own plaid, in rushed their child, by herself, with tears and sobs of joy, and her father laid her within her mother's bosom.

JOHN WILSON.

* A vile woman.

† A look.

THE LYING SERVANT.

THERE lived in Suabia a certain lord, pious, just, and wise; to whose lot it fell to have a serving-man, a great rogue, and, above all, much addicted to the vice of lying. The name of the lord is not in the story; therefore the reader need not trouble himself about it.

The knave was given to boast of his wondrous travels. He had visited countries which are no where to be found in the map, and seen things which mortal eyes never beheld. He would lie through the twenty-four hours of the clock; for he dreamed falsehoods in his sleep, to the truth of which he swore when he was awake. His lord was a cunning as well as a virtuous man, and used to see the lies in the varlet's mouth; so that he was often caught—hung, as it were, in his own untruths, as in a trap. Nevertheless, he persisted still the more in his lies; and when any one said, "How can that be?" he would answer, with fierce oaths and protestations, that so it was. He swore, *stone and bone*, and might the devil have his soul, and so forth! Yet was the knave useful in the household; quick and handy: therefore he was not disliked of his lord, though verily he was a great liar.

It chanced, one pleasant day in spring, after the rains had fallen heavily, and swollen much the floods, that the lord and the knave rode out together; and their way passed through a shady and silent forest. Suddenly appeared an old and well-grown fox:—"Look!" exclaimed the master of the knave; "look! what a huge beast! never before have I seen a renard so large!" "Doth this beast surprise thee by its hugeness?" replieth straight the serving groom, casting his eye slightly on the animal, as he fled for fear, away into the cover of the brakes: "by *stone and bone*, I have been in a kingdom where the

foxes are as big as are the *bulls* in this!" Whereupon, hearing so vast a lie, the lord answered calmly, but with mockery in his heart, "In that kingdom there must be excellent lining for the cloaks, if furriers can there be found well to dress skins so large!"

And so they rode on; the lord in silence; but soon he began to sigh heavily. Still he seemed to wax more and more sad in spirit, and his sighs grew deeper and more quick. Then inquired the knave of the lord what sudden affliction or cause of sorrow had happened. "Alas!" replied the wily master, "I trust in Heaven's goodness that neither of us two hath to-day, by any frowardness of fortune, chanced to say the thing which is not; for assuredly he that hath so done must this day perish." The knave, on hearing these doleful words, and perceiving real sorrow to be depicted on the paleness of his master's countenance, instantly felt as if his ears grew more wide, that not a word, or syllable, of so strange a discovery might escape his troubled sense; and so, with eager exclamations, he demanded of the lord to ease his suspense, and to explain why so cruel a doom was now about to fall upon companionable liars.

"Hear, then, dear knave," answered the lord to the earnestness of his servant; "since thou must needs know, hearken! and God grant that no trouble come to thee from what I shall say. To-day we ride far; and in our course is a vast and heavy-rolling flood, of which the ford is narrow, and the pool is deep. To it hath Heaven given the power of sweeping down into its dark holes, all dealers in falsehoods, who may rashly venture to put themselves within its truth-loving current! But to him who hath told no lie there is no fear of this river. Spur we our horses, knave, for to-day our journey must be long!"

Then the knave thought, "long indeed must the journey be for some who are now here;" and, as he spurred, he sighed heavier and deeper than his master had done be-

fore him, who now went gayly on; nor ceased he to cry, "Spur we our horses, knave, for to-day our journey must be long!"

Then came they to a brook. Its waters were small, and its channel such as a boy might leap across. Yet, nevertheless, the knave began to tremble; and falteringly he asked, "Is this now the river where harmless liars must perish?" "This! ah no," replied the lord: "this is but a brook—no liar need tremble here." Yet was the knave not wholly assured; and, stammering, he said, "My gracious lord, thy servant now bethinks him that he to-day hath made a fox too huge: that of which he spake was verily not so large as is an ox; but, *stone and bone*, as big as is a good-sized *roe*!"

The lord replied, with wonder in his tone, "What of this fox concerneth me? If large or small, I care not. Spur we our horses, knave, for to-day our journey must be long!"

"Long indeed," still thought the serving groom; and in sadness he crossed the brook. Then they came to a stream running quickly through a green meadow, the stones showing themselves in many places above its frothy water. The varlet started, and cried aloud, "Another river! surely of rivers there is to-day no end: was it of this thou talkedst heretofore?" "No," replied the lord, "not of this;" and more he said not; yet marked he, with inward gladness, his servant's fear. "Because, in good truth," rejoined the knave, "it is on my conscience to give thee note, that the fox of which I spake was not larger than a *calf*!" "Large or small, let me not be troubled with thy fox: the beast concerneth not me at all!"

As they quitted the woody country, they perceived a river in the way, which gave sign of having been swollen by the rains; and on it was a boat. "This, then, is the doom of liars," said the knave; and he looked earnestly towards the passage-craft. "Be informed, my good lord,

that renard was not larger than a fat *wedder-sheep*!" The lord seemed angry, and answered, "This is not yet the grave of falsehood: why torment me with this cursed fox! Rather spur we our horses, for we have far to go. "*Stone and bone,*" said the knave to himself, "the end of my journey approacheth!"

Now, the day declined, and the shadows of the travellers lengthened on the ground; but darker than the twilight was the sadness on the face of the knave. And, as the wind rustled the trees, he ever and anon turned pale, and inquired of his master, if the noise were of a torrent or stream of water. Still, as the evening fell, his eyes strove to discover the course of a winding river. But nothing of the sort could he discern, so that his spirits began to revive, and he was fain to join in discourse with the lord; but the lord held his peace, and looked as one who expects an evil thing.

Suddenly the way became steep, and they descended into a low and woody valley, in which was a broad and black river, creeping fearfully along, like the dark stream of Lethe, without bridge or bark to be seen near. "Alas, alas!" cried the knave, and the anguish oozed from the pores of his pale face. "Ah miserable me! this, then, is the river in which liars must perish!" "Even so," said the lord: "this is the stream of which I spake: but the ford is sound and good for true men. Spur we our horses, knave, for night approacheth, and we have yet far to go."

"My life is dear to me," said the trembling serving-man; "and thou knowest that, were it lost, my *wife* would be disconsolate. In sincerity, then, I declare, that the fox, which I saw in the distant country, was not larger *than he who fled from us in the wood this morning!*"

Then laughed the lord aloud, and said, "Ho, knave! wast thou afraid of thy life, and will nothing cure thy lying? Is not falsehood, which kills the soul, worse than death, which has mastery only over the body? This river

is no more than any other ; nor hath it a power such as I feigned. The ford is safe, and the waters gentle as those we have already passed. But who shall pass thee over the shame of this day ? In it thou must needs sink, unless penitence come to help thee over, and cause thee to look back on the gulf of thy lies, as on a danger from which thou hast been delivered by Heaven's grace." And, as he railed against his servant, the lord rode on into the water, and both in safety reached the opposite shore. Then vowed the knave, by *stone and bone*, that from that time forward he would duly measure his words—and glad was he so to escape. Such is the story of the lying servant and the merry lord—by which let the reader profit.

LONDON MAGAZINE.

RENSTERN.

RENSTERN was born to the inheritance of all the lands of Frankenthall. They extend from Ranstadt, in Bavaria, as far as Eindort ; and he who could walk round them from morning to his evening meal, would earn it well. Renstern was of an inquiring mind, more given to his studies than to his pleasures ; for, though his father left him in unrestricted possession at eighteen, he was rarely a partaker in those amusements and pursuits which his youth might have been supposed to incite him to, and which his fortune would have enabled him to follow. Renstern, though a philosopher, was not indifferent to the charms of woman. Philosophy, indeed, generally gave way in the beginning ; but in the end it was sure to regain its ascendancy. A fearful inroad, however, was made upon his studies by the charms of Ermance Rosenheim, just growing into woman, the daughter of the Baron Rosenheim, a Bavarian. There may, perhaps, have been lovelier girls than Ermance Rosenheim, but never one more

gentle and innocent. She had that, too, which beauty sometimes wants,—that perfect charm of youth and freshness, which seems as if sorrow never could shadow it. Her smile was like the day-break on an Italian landscape, and the melody of her voice seemed an emanation from the harmony of her soul. Often would Renstern sit down to his metaphysics in the castle of Frankenthall, and remain absorbed in study, till, suddenly, the image of Ermance presenting itself, he would close his books, order his horse, and gallop over to Eindort, to press a silky hand, and admire fair tresses. Do not imagine, that, because Renstern was a philosopher, he knew not how to woo. Renstern could say as gallant things as any man in Bavaria; but it was not gallantry he spoke to Ermance. He had an easy task; for he was sincere, and Ermance smiled upon him. It was often late when Renstern returned to Frankenthall; but, finding his books lying as if waiting to be read, he would relight his lamp, and plunge into metaphysics again; and morning would often surprise him at his studies. But this could not last. Renstern married Ermance on his twenty-first birth-day; she was seventeen; and for more than a year he forgot, in her arms, all his metaphysics and theology. But the dominant passion of the human mind will continue to be dominant. Love is only an episode in a man's life; it cannot occupy his existence. The other sex give up all to the affections, and many of them can live forever upon their exercise; but they are always deceived. Gentle, kind, affectionate woman! we are too hard-hearted to be your mates: it is true we can love ardently; but it is you alone who know to love constantly. Renstern was again often among his books; and Ermance wondered that he was so often absent from her, and so silent when with her. Renstern still loved Ermance: he mingled in no amusement in which she was not a partaker, nor could he have found any pleasure where she did not share it. He thought he loved her as

much as on the day when he led her from the altar in maiden bashfulness and beauty; and if his affection had depended upon her charms and her bashfulness, he would have been right; for Ermance was as lovely and as bashful as ever. But Renstern deceived himself. Ermance could no longer satisfy his existence. Ermance was no metaphysician; he could not talk to her of first causes and future contingents. The marriage state gives rise to many subjects of conversation less elevated than that which precedes it; and it is not wonderful that Renstern should often be silent and thoughtful in her company, since domestic affairs, or even tenderer topics, would cut but a sorry figure in the mind of a man who had just been travelling in the immensity of time and space, and whose mind was occupied with eternal existences, and the nature of a Supreme Intelligence.

Renstern betrayed, indeed, no want of affection, excepting that Ermance had little of his company: his time was divided betwixt study and reverie. Poor Ermance! she was often given up to reverie too; for often did she think of the first months that succeeded her marriage, and often did she recall the words of Renstern, that he had attained the summit of happiness in possessing her. Alas! he spoke too truly:—happiness cannot continue at one elevation.

Six months had passed away. One evening, said Renstern to Ermance, “Ermance, there is no reason why we should not live as our fortune and rank entitle us to do. We must enjoy life, my love.” “Do we not, Otto?” replied she. “How would you that we should live?” “I would carry you to Vienna,” replied he; “I would introduce you at court; I would show you the world.” Ermance did not see that living in greater splendor, or being introduced at the court of Vienna, would add to her enjoyment. Her happiest days had been spent at Frankenthall; and if Renstern would be again the Renstern he

had once been, she could be as happy as ever. The recollection of those days, however, led her to indulge an undefined hope, that perhaps a change of scene might produce good. Besides, Ermance was too affectionate to oppose any thing which Renstern might desire, whatever might be her own wishes. She immediately, therefore, expressed her willingness to go to Vienna. Their journey might be called a happy one. Renstern was himself again, and with Ermance former days were renewed. Renstern had an end in view, and all was novelty to Ermance. She was astonished, pleased, and affrighted, by turns; she felt all that exhilaration of spirit, and infantine enjoyment, in crossing the boundaries of another kingdom, which every young person experiences, when it is the first time it has happened. There is no circumstance in life which draws closer the affections than travelling. In every thing that occurs, there is a certain degree of common sympathy; and numerous occasions arise in which the protector must show an interest in the protected. There was nothing to distract Renstern's mind; and the simplicity, and astonishment, and happiness, of Ermance pleased and occupied him. Never had she appeared more charming either. The excitation had restored for a season that tint to her cheek which reminded him of Eindort; and one of the chains which had originally bound Renstern was beauty. Let no one speak lightly of the charm of beauty: it is fragile, indeed; and what is not? Are health and youth more durable? and do we despise them? Is the painted flower we gaze upon less perishable? Beauty may be, perchance, a fatal dowry, and, at rare times, it may interpret falsely, like the Pontine marshes, which are covered with verdure and flowers; but how beautifully is an angelic soul reflected in celestial features!

Behold the Baron Renstern of Frankenthall, and the fair Ermance, at the court of Vienna. The manners of Vienna are not those of Ranstadt. There, as in every

other capital city, innocence and simplicity are despised ; vice and virtue are judged by the changing verdict of fashion, in place of the eternal tribunal of truth, and things can no longer be recognized by their names. Ermance found herself singular in her opinions, and for their correctness she appealed to Renstern ; but Renstern saw no distinction betwixt vice and virtue.

Six months of Vienna ruined Renstern. No one in Vienna gave such magnificent entertainments ; no one was more distinguished for the splendor of his equipages. These, however, his fortune could have supported ; but he gave magnificent presents to his favorites, gambled, and was ruined. During this period, what were the feelings and occupations of Ermance ? Alas ! sadness had begun to grow to her heart, and had already overcast her brow. Her charms were more touching than ever, though the light of her beauty was gone, like the charm of a southern night, whose beauty testifies to the splendors of the day which preceded it. She had mingled in gayety without relish, and in society she had found no friend. The flattery she met with disgusted her, and the court that was paid to her fatigued her. She had seen her husband play deep, and she feared that he played deeper when she saw him not. Of his intrigues she knew nothing, and suspected nothing. She was too innocent to suppose it possible that her husband would forget his vows, and plight his faith to others ; but she saw that he too often preferred to hers the society of others ; and she wished that she possessed their charms, or that she had never left Frankenthall. " Ermance," said Renstern to her, one morning, " we must leave Vienna." Ermance was delighted to hear the intelligence. " I have no desire to remain in Vienna," replied she ; " I love Frankenthall better." " But we shall not go to Frankenthall," said he ; " Frankenthall is no longer mine." The truth flashed upon Ermance ; but her looks expressed affection and resigna-

tion, not reproach. Renstern was, for a moment, touched by her charms and her goodness, and fondly took her hand, and called her his dear Ermance, and embraced her. It is strange how mysteriously pain and pleasure are sometimes mingled. In the moment of learning her ruin, Ermance tasted a moment of perfect happiness; and Renstern, in communicating it, forgot, in that moment, that he was ruined. There is a certain point at which the human mind gathers strength from its calamity: it grasps, as with giant strength, the very shaft that pierces; and, in the consciousness of its power, rises for a time above humanity, and consequently above that calamity which is human. But Renstern had told the truth:—the lands of Frankenthall had passed into other hands. Renstern, however, like all gamblers, thought it possible that his fortune might be regained, and therefore made it a condition of the sale, that he should have a power of redeeming his possessions within one year.

In a few days after this communication, Renstern and Ermance left Vienna, and retired to the village of Holt in Swabia, in the neighborhood of which his uncle resided, who had offered Renstern a house upon his property. The Comte Font-barre was a man of immense fortune, of retired habits, and of a philosophical turn of mind; he had been long a widower, and his only son had, a few years before, married, contrary to his father's wish, and gone abroad under his displeasure; but Font-barre often talked of forgiving him, and of recalling him to cheer the evening of his days. It was impossible that Renstern's uncle should not disapprove of the conduct which had brought his nephew to ruin; but he felt so much interest in Ermance, that he would not wound her feelings by looking cold upon her husband; and it may be, also, that he was too happy to have a philosophical companion, to dwell much upon the cause which brought about the event.

For some time after Renstern arrived at Holt, he was silent and gloomy, seeming to enjoy nothing, and to exist without interest. He had joined in pleasures whose enjoyment is a fever, but which leaves an apathy and a void more insupportable than the agonies which attend it; and he had tasted of unholy joys, which had left the memory of their intoxication. Renstern, in the village of Holt, was differently regarded by the world from Renstern in the castle of Frankenthall; and he knew not that the world's homage was sweet, until it was refused to him. One pang, the severest pang of all, his principles spared him—the consciousness that his misfortunes were the fruit of his own misconduct. He laid them at the door of destiny; but he had forgotten to acquire that philosophy, the most important of all, which teaches man to accommodate himself to the lot which that destiny shall point out. Suddenly a change was visible in the manners of Renstern: he was often more cheerful than he was ever remembered to have been. He was still sometimes thoughtful, but he was no longer gloomy or morose; and at times there was a playfulness in his manner which reminded Ermance of happier days. It would have required a deeper discerner of human character than Ermance, to have discovered that it was like an occasional ripple upon deep water, which hinders its profundity from being seen. She was rejoiced at the change; she had more of Renstern's company than she had had since the first year of their marriage; and though she was somewhat surprised at its suddenness, it was not the less agreeable on that account; and she fondly flattered herself that former times were about to be renewed. She could not, however, help remarking one circumstance as somewhat extraordinary: it was, that, when Renstern was with his uncle, his gayety was unbounded, and even unnatural to his character; but that before, and after his visit, he was always thoughtful, gloomy, and absent. The circumstance would have

remained unnoticed by Ermance, had it not been that these occasional reminiscences of former days were painful to her. They were all that she had now to complain of; and, as her husband's change of manner had restored her to almost all her former familiarity, she determined to ask the reason. "Otto," said Ermance, one morning, extending to him, in sweet confidence, her fair hand, "how I rejoice to see your spirits so much improved!" She paused a moment, and then timidly added, "There is now only one occasion on which you are gloomy." "What is that, my love?" demanded Renstern. "Before and after visiting your uncle; and you are always so gay when with him." Before Ermance had finished the sentence, Renstern had risen, and walked across the room; but he immediately returned, and said, "I am not aware, Ermance, of my being either gay or sad on these occasions; but is it not natural to be gay when with our friends, and sorry when we leave them?" Ermance asked no further explanation, and hardly thought more of it. It passed rapidly across her mind, indeed, that one ought not to be sad *before* visiting one's friends, and that quitting those whom we are to see next day is hardly a cause for sadness; but the thought passed away.

About the commencement of Renstern's change of manner, a circumstance occurred which it is necessary to notice. One evening, when Renstern and Ermance were with Font-barre, he addressed his nephew thus:—"Renstern," said he, "I feel that I can forgive my son; but the overture must come from him. Do you write to your cousin, and say you have reason to think, that, if he would ask his father's pardon, it would be granted." Renstern promised; and often since, the good man had expressed his disappointment, that there was yet no answer from his son.

It was now ten months since Renstern had left Vienna. He had gone to Ulm on account of some little affair, and

returned upon the day which he and Ermance were in the weekly habit of passing with Font-barre. "Ermance," said he, "I have some business to talk over with my uncle to-day; and I have brought you some baubles from Ulm, to amuse you during my absence." Renstern returned late from his uncle's, and found Ermance reading her prayers. Next morning Font-barre was no more. An early summons informed Renstern of his loss. Being the nearest relation on the spot, he acted as executor; and a will was discovered, by which Font-barre's son was disinherited, and Renstern made heir to his uncle's wealth. Ermance trusted that her lord would be generous to his cousin—she was sure he would; but is it to be wondered at, that she was pleased at an event which restored her husband to the rank which she thought him so worthy to hold?

The year was about to expire, within which Renstern had the power to redeem his lands. The gold was told out, and Renstern was again Lord of Frankenthall.

Do you hear how merrily the bells of Ranstadt are ringing? Children strew flowers on the streets; and the sound of welcome and rejoicing fills the air, as the magnificent equipage drives under the Munich gate. Six horsemen, upon richly-caparisoned Hungarians, ride before, blowing silver trumpets; six horses, in magnificent trappings, lead rapidly on the chariot, where sit the Baron of Frankenthall and the fair Ermance; and twelve of the chief vassals, upon prancing steeds, bring up the rear, arrayed in the colors of the house, and bearing its trophies. Sweetly did Ermance smile, and kiss her hand to the people who adored her, as she passed along the streets; and often did the baron bow in affable dignity.

It was a beautiful May day: the sun looked out joyfully, and the gayety of external nature seemed to invite happiness to harmonize with it. Never had the abode of Renstern looked more lovely. The trees were covered with

leaves and blossoms; the earth was full of flowers, the last of the spring and the first-born of summer; the perfumes of the hawthorn and the violet mingled together, and made harmony of sweet smells, as the birds made harmony of sounds. Ermance was happy.

There was a great feast that day at Frankenthall: all Ranstadt and Eindort were invited to partake of it, and many nobles came from far to renew their friendship with its possessor. The feast was loud and joyous, and, long after the vassals had retired, the hall resounded with the mirth of the nobles; but at length it was past, and all was silent, and Renstern walked forth to taste the cool of the night air. He looked down upon Ranstadt and Eindort: the fires yet blazed on the neighboring heights; the illuminations were not quite extinct, and the sound of distant mirth occasionally broke upon the silence. Around and above all was calm and still.

It had been intended that Renstern and Ermance should remain a short time at Frankenthall, and then repair to Vienna. Sad as were Ermance's associations with Vienna, she looked forward to the time with eagerness and joy; for, alas! she was miserable at Frankenthall. Renstern was hardly ever with her, and his presence brought no comfort with it. All day long he would walk or ride over the country; and it was only when day closed that he returned to Frankenthall. When Ermance spoke to him, he seemed hardly to hear her: he was in a state of constant restlessness: the least noise seemed to alarm him; and if at night a knock was heard at the gate, he would start from his chair. He invited the neighboring gentry to the castle; but they liked not the visit, and seldom came. Renstern, they said, was changed; he seemed absent and uncourtly, and looked upon his guests suspiciously. Sometimes he would drink deep, Ermance the only witness; and then he would laugh loud, and speak of the pleasures of Vienna, and call her his sweet mistress,

and declare that life must be enjoyed. Remorse is like a cancer; it eats life away:—the mind becomes a volcano; the flame may burn low; but the fire lives on; and, beneath an outward calmness, there is a hell.

All was mystery to Ermance; but she was miserable. How changed were her smiles! They came, like unlooked-for strangers, to those lips, where, in former days, they lay enamored, like the golden clouds that worship around the sun. They came suddenly, as if to keep tears down in the fountain of sorrow; they were like sun-beams falling upon thick mists, or like the lamps which illumine a sepulchre. Often would her tears choke the utterance of her prayers; and then she would raise her streaming eyes to heaven, and think of the goodness of God, and the misery of her husband; that misery which, though hidden from her, was no mystery to the Eternal. Often would she wander slowly among the beautiful environs of the castle, to try if the beauty and calmness of nature would communicate tranquillity to her soul. Alas! the charm of nature can soothe that sorrow alone whose pangs would yield to time; but the sorrows which are mingled with uncertainty the calmness of nature cannot still. Sometimes she was on the point of telling her misery to Renstern, of throwing herself into his arms, and asking leave to console him; but his looks were forbidding, and she feared to learn evil. At last the misery of uncertainty triumphed over her diffidence and her fears. "Otto," said she, fearfully, and with a trembling voice, "when we drove through Ranstadt, I thought we should be happy at Frankenthall." Renstern made no reply; but she could no longer hide her wretchedness and her tears: she threw herself upon her husband's neck and sobbed bitterly. Renstern did not repulse her. "Ermance," said he, "my kind one, I shall be less gloomy to-morrow, and then you will be happier." The morrow came, and Ermance perceived a change in his manner: he remained at Franken-

thall all day, and spoke more, and looked with more kindness upon her, than she had remembered for a long time.

It was the evening, and they were sitting together, and alone; a bright fire blazed on the hearth, and Ermance felt that a ray of hope and happiness had entered her heart. "Ermance," said Renstern to her, "I will tell you a story. There was once a Silesian; and this Silesian was an atheist. You know, Ermance, what an atheist is?" "Yes," replied she, "but I do not wish to hear a story about atheists." "This Silesian," continued he, "inherited great possessions; but they passed from him, no matter how. The Silesian had a rich relative, who had an only son; but the son was in a foreign land; and what do you think the Silesian did?" "I know not," said Ermance. "Nay, but guess," said he; "the sequel is the best of it." "Indeed I cannot; but look less wildly, Otto." "He forged a will in his own favor, and poisoned his uncle." "His uncle, did you say?" interrupted Ermance. "I know not," continued he; "his relative; but it matters not: the Silesian recovered his lands, and he thought he should then enjoy himself." "Enjoy himself!" interrupted Ermance; "how could a murderer hope to enjoy himself?" "But I have told you," continued Renstern, "that the Silesian was an atheist. He knew that the deed could not be discovered in this world; and as he did not believe in any other, he thought he had nothing to fear." "He had his conscience to fear," said Ermance. "I know not," continued Renstern; "but the Silesian was deceived. He became the slave of fear, and he knew not of what, but yet he was miserable. He was afraid to look around him, lest he should see his uncle; but his fear was foolish, for he knew his uncle could not rise from his grave. He heard forever a silent talking in the air—a horrid silence, which was not silence. The most common things became, in his eyes, objects of terror; even the implements of household use took, in his

imagination, shapes of hideous deformity, which he dared not look upon. The least noise would alarm him."

Ermance trembled: the traits of resemblance had produced no suspicion; still the resemblance affrighted her, and an undefined horror thrilled through her. "Renstern, Otto," said she, "finish this dreadful tale." "Presently," continued he: "the Silesian dreaded his sleeping hours the most; and he tried to keep himself awake. His dreams! but they were too dreadful to tell you. He thought of requesting his wife to awake him when he slept." "Alas! he had a wife then?" said Ermance. "He had," continued Renstern; but she knew nothing of his deeds until the day when he poisoned himself." "Alas! his poor wife!" said Ermance. "The Silesian found existence insupportable; and he knew that death would terminate his misery. It might be in the evening about this time, that the Silesian entered the room where his wife was, after he had drunk poison, and he said he would tell her the story of a Bavarian, who——" Renstern stopped—death was upon his cheek—his eyes closed. "God of mercy!" cried Ermance; and she sprung to him. But death kept his prey. He was buried at the old churchyard of Ranstadt; and Ermance lived a life of sorrow, loved and lamented by all, and said daily masses for the soul of Renstern.

TALES OF ARDENNES.

A VINDICATION OF AUTHORS AGAINST THE VULGAR CHARGE OF POVERTY.

It is not very difficult to see from what arose the vulgar opinion of the poverty of authors. Bad authors have been

always poor—as it is quite fair that they should be; upon the same principle that bad painters, or bad architects, or bad boot-makers, or bad carpenters, or bad any things, have been and always must be poor; for the rule applies equally to tables and tragedies, sermons and shoes. Bad writers have always existed in a much greater number than good; and, their works being most deservedly neglected, or as deservedly ridiculed, they complained very loudly and very absurdly: they were unfit for writing; therefore they refused to turn bricklayers: they lived in poverty, and died in want, because they persisted in writing books which nobody would read; and the worse writers they were, the more, of course, they cried out about the injustice with which they were treated, and the poverty to which they were condemned. Mr. D'Israeli has composed two corpulent volumes about their “Calamities,” to which we shall presently recur; and the history must be allowed to be sufficiently melancholy, though any reader of that diligent compiler's “Calamities of Authors” cannot fail to be convinced, that all the miseries of all these gentlemen arose from their having mistaken their vocation—that they were either utterly bad writers, or prodigal persons, who would have ruined themselves under any circumstances; and that a history of the calamities of incapable tailors, or inept shoe-makers, may be made up by some one belonging to these classes of *operatives*, which shall contain as pathetic pictures of the public neglect, or condemnation of *their* works, as Mr. D'Israeli has assembled in his collection of calamities.

The wits and satirists of the age in which these bad writers lived (for their misery, like their existence, was always forgotten in the next) found their poverty an excellent subject for mirth and ridicule; and, extending it to the whole tribe of authors, they consecrated to their use forever

“Want, the garret, and the jail.”

To say nothing of the Greeks, Horace, Martial, Chaucer, Ariosto, Cervantes, Spenser, Shakspeare, Butler, Milton, Moliere, Dryden, Boileau, Prior, Swift, Congreve, Addison, Le Sage, Pope, Gay, Arbuthnot, Voltaire, Johnson, Fielding, Smollett, Rousseau,—comic writers, poets, epigrammatists, satirists, novelists, wits,—all have joined in representing authors as poor, for the sake of the jests that have since set many a table in a roar. But let our readers recur to our list, and they will see that the names of those who have thus held up authors to ridicule are the most successful whom the Muse has “admitted of her crew;” that they are among the most eminent names in ancient and modern literature; that they all lived in comfort, and some even in opulence; that those who were not rich, were poor from causes totally independent of their literary vocation:—and let it be remembered that no complaint has ever been made, in prose or rhyme, by any author, of the general poverty of his tribe, except for the sake of pointing a jest, or heightening a picture.

We might easily be long and dull upon the theme, but we refrain. We have said enough to introduce our proofs of the comfort or affluence in which authors have lived since the earliest days of authorship; and we beg here to premise, that we shall consider the profits arising to authors from places or pensions obtained on account of their works, as the legitimate profits of their writings.

We trust our readers will excuse us for omitting all investigation into the private circumstances of Hermes Trismegistus, the inventor of the Egyptian Statutes at Large; of Cadmus, the inventor of the Greek letters, and consequently the cause of the introduction of birch into English schools; of Amphion, Orpheus, and other great poets of those days; and even of Zoroaster, the hero of many a novel, and some pantomimes. We say, we trust our readers will pardon us for omitting all notice of these gentlemen, seeing that we write this article in a country

town in France, where we have access to few books of any kind, and to none at all regarding their works or autobiography. The most fastidious admirer of antiquity, we are persuaded, will be satisfied with such a respectable age as that of Hesiod and Homer, which carries us back ten centuries before the birth of Christ; and, in taking this for our point of starting, we think we may fairly be allowed to have complied with the judicious advice given by the Giant Moulineau to Count Hamilton's historiographical ram, to "begin with the beginning."

The father of Hesiod, it is quite clear, left behind him an estate: this was to have been divided between the poet and his brother Perses: the latter corrupted the judges, and defrauded him; yet, notwithstanding this, he tells us in various passages of his poems, that he was not only above want, but capable of assisting others. The name of Homer has passed into a proverb of poverty; yet Thes-torides made a vast fortune by reciting the poems of Homer as his own. Homer was indeed a mendicant for some time; but this was only while he was regarded as an impostor, pretending to be the author of poems which he did not compose. His subsequent effusions, however, disclosed the true author of the Iliad; and he died in happiness, affluence, and honor.

Passing over the intervening centuries, in which no very eminent names of authors appear, we arrive at the fifth and sixth B. C. Anacreon, according to Madame Dacier, was related to Solon, and was consequently allied to the Codridæ, the noblest family in Athens. Few events of his life are known; but this fact is enough to prove that he could not, at all events, have been poor. We know, however, that he was the friend of kings—of Polycrates and Hipparchus: it is pretty clear from his poems, that he lived in luxury, which poor authors seldom do; and his death was caused by swallowing a grape-stone in drinking some new wine. Pindar was not noble, like Anacreon;

he was even of low origin; but this did not prevent him from being courted by princes, and honored like a deity in his lifetime. Even the priestess of Delphi ordained him a share of the offerings to the god: statues were erected in honor of him, during his life, by his patron Hiero of Syracuse; and he died in a public théâtre, which would seem to argue that his life was not particularly unhappy. The brother of Æschylus commanded a squadron of ships at the battle of Salamis; the poet himself was largely patronized by Hiero of Syracuse; his funeral was splendid, and plays were performed at his tomb in honor of his memory. Of the condition of Sophocles, little is known; but he must have been left in easy circumstances by his father, since the latter, according to Athenæus, was rich enough to afford the vast expense of educating his son in all the polite accomplishments of his polite country: he was taught music and dancing by Lampros, and poetry by Æschylus. He filled some of the highest offices in the state; and Strabo mentions him as accompanying Pericles in his expedition to conquer the rebel Samians. Herodotus certainly had the means of travelling during a great portion of his life; and he must have been no inconsiderable person, since his influence contributed mainly to the expulsion of the tyrant Lygdamis. Euripides was of noble descent, and prime minister to Archelaus of Macedon. Thucydides was of the royal blood of the Thracian kings; he had a high command in the army, and joined to his own affluence many rich mines of gold, which he acquired by marriage. Plato was descended on the paternal side from Codrus, on the maternal from Solon; and though it does not appear that he was very wealthy, it is certain that he lived delightfully in the elegant retreat purchased with his own drachmas—

—— “The olive-grove of Academe,
His sweet retirement, where the Attic bird
Trilled her thick-warbled notes the summer long.”

Paradise Regained.

There he lived, the unambitious friend and counsellor of kings, amidst his statues, his temples, and his cypresses, and, reposing by the whispering and haunted stream which flowed through them, he meditated the peace on earth and happiness to men, which he afterwards taught in the language of the gods, whose eloquence he was said by his panegyrists to have stolen.

Descending to the fourth century B. C., we come to Aristophanes; but of his circumstances we know nothing. Even if it were proved, however, that they were indifferent, we should not be justified in making him an exception; for his whole life was one long and self-sought war with powerful living adversaries, and therefore could not be very happy. Aristotle, after the death of his friend Plato, visited Hermias, king of the Atarnenses. On the fall of the latter, he erected a statue to him, and afterwards married his sister Pythias. He was, moreover, as every one knows, the master and the friend of Alexander the Great. Menander was probably rich, from the fact of his adoration of the expensive Glycera: he alludes also frequently to his own habits of luxurious dress. The kings of Egypt and Macedon so highly honored and esteemed him, that they sent ambassadors to invite, and fleets to convey him to their courts. Xenophon was of high rank, a commander in the army, and the favorite of Cyrus; and the father of Demosthenes, we know, left him enough of property to make it worth his while to plead for its recovery from the hands of iniquitous guardians. What a fortune would amount to, that should render such a proceeding in a court of equity at the present day at all judicious, our readers may ascertain by the aid of a very powerful calculus.

In the third and second centuries, we have Theocritus, who was patronized by Ptolemy Philadelphus, and lived at his court; Plautus, a slave, who, after gaining a great deal of money by his plays, lost it in commercial specula-

tions; and lastly, Terence, who, though a slave, rose to be the intimate friend of Scipio and Lælius, and whose wealth, gained by his comedies, enabled him to marry his daughter to a Roman noble. He received three thousand sesterces for one performance of "The Eunuch" alone; and as it was usual to pay the author of a play each time it was performed, the sums which Terence received must have been enormous. He left a splendid house and gardens.

The first century B. C., and the first after, present us with a long list of noble and opulent authors. Of the life of Lucretius few particulars are known. Cicero was of a noble family; he was successively quæstor, prætor, and consul, and might have been a fourth party in the government formed by Pompey, Cæsar, and Crassus. His wealth must have been great; for he gave for his house on the Palatine, alone, a sum exceeding £30,000 sterling. The father of Catullus was the friend of Julius Cæsar; Catullus himself was prætor, and afterwards governor of Bithynia; and Lesbia was the sister of the noble and rich Clodius, the enemy of Cicero. Virgil inherited a patrimony from his father at Mantua; was enriched by Augustus, and received a sum equivalent to £2000 sterling for his verses about Marcellus alone. Tibullus was the son of a knight and a man of fortune. Propertius was also noble, and possessed of a considerable estate; he was the friend of Mæcenas and Gallus. Horace was, to be sure, the son of a freedman; but that freedman was a tax-gatherer, and, it is almost needless to say, rich. His father's estate was, for some reason or no reason, confiscated by the government, but restored to Horace by Augustus. The emperor offered him the office of private secretary; but he refused all court honors. Ovid was the younger son of a Roman noble, and, on the death of his elder brother, inherited his fortune. Livy was of an illustrious and wealthy family, which had given many consuls to Rome. Seneca, the

tutor of Nero, was quæstor, prætor, and consul. His houses, gardens, and walks, were the most magnificent in Rome; and he had received of the public money more than two millions and a half sterling in about four years. Persius was opulent, and bequeathed a large fortune to his friend Cornutus. Pliny the Elder arrived at the high dignity of augur: he was procurator, or treasurer, to Tiberius, and was offered for *part* of his MSS. 400,000 sesterces. Juvenal's father was a freedman—a class generally rich at Rome. He, at all events, gave his son a liberal and learned education. Pliny the Younger was augur, consul, proconsul of Bithynia, and the friend of Trajan. Martial was ennobled by Domitian, and married a wife so rich, that (to use his own words) “she made him a kind of monarch.” Quinctilian was paid liberally out of the public treasury for teaching oratory under Galba: he was patronized by Domitian, became consul, and died rich. Tacitus was son-in-law of Agricola, and patronized by Vespasian, Titus, and Domitian. It may be inferred that his family was wealthy and powerful, from the fact that M. Claudius Tacitus, who was created emperor in A. D. 275, was descended from him. The father of Lucan, a Roman knight, was brother to Seneca, one of the wealthiest men in Rome. Lucan himself was opulent, and filled the offices of quæstor and augur.

The second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh centuries after Christ do not present us with many names: we shall therefore class them all in one paragraph, which will bring us down to *modern authors*.

Plutarch was of an old family: his lectures were highly popular with the Roman nobility, and he was the friend of Trajan. Apuleius was a successful lawyer, and married a very rich widow. Longinus was tutor to the children of Zenobia. Mahomet was related to the heads of one of the noblest and wealthiest of the Arab tribes; and he himself was as wealthy as he was successful.

The eleventh, twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries we shall gather, like the last, under a single head.

Dante was descended from one of the greatest families in Florence, and held a distinguished place at his native city. It is true that the political events of his time, in which he mingled, occasioned his exile and poverty; but he died in a palace. Petrarch was the son of a wealthy Italian notary. He was the friend of the Colonnas, and resided in their palaces, and was familiar with kings, emperors, and pontiffs. Boccaccio was the son of a Florentine merchant, when merchants were princes: he inherited property from his father, and was beloved by the daughter of the king (Robert), who was his patron. Chaucer, according to Leland, was of noble origin: he was appointed ambassador to Genoa, by Edward III., and possessed £1000 a year—an enormous income for that period.

We have now arrived at the fifteenth century. Pulci was the intimate and jocular friend of Lorenzo the Magnificent. Sannazaro was patronized by Frederic, son of the king of Naples, from whom he received a pension and the beautiful country-house of Mergellina; he was courted by all the great of his time, and enjoyed the friendship of two popes. Marot lived among princes. Erasmus was not rich; but then he never lived long in one place, and always expensively and luxuriously. Macchiavelli was secretary of the Florentine republic. Bojarda was a man of large possessions, and count of Scandiano. Ariosto was of a noble family, was patronized by the Este family, and by Leo X.; and he must have had some pretensions to wealth and influence, since he expected a cardinal's hat. Guicciardini was of a noble Florentine family, the chief counsellor in Florence, married the daughter of the most distinguished person there, and was created governor of Bologna by the pope. Rabelais lived a joyous and luxurious life, both as a Benedictine monk, and as cure of Meudon.

We are rapidly approaching more familiar names; for

we are now arrived at the sixteenth century. Buchanan is the first. Though tutor to a prince and to the most interesting and seductive of queens, we fear his temper and his tastes were too much like those of Erasmus to allow us to class him with the rich in our catalogue. He was, moreover, addicted to personalities and to quarrels, which made him disliked in his own country, and caused him to be persecuted in others. The name which comes next in our catalogue has passed into a proverb of poverty—but unjustly. The misfortunes of Camoens arose from causes altogether independent of his literary pursuits. If he met with misfortunes, his poetical genius, so far from being the cause of them, tended to alleviate their bitterness, and gained him honor, friends, and (at one time) riches. Montaigne was a country gentleman of fortune. Tasso was courted and happy up to the period of his insanity; for he was undoubtedly insane. Cervantes was chamberlain to one cardinal, pensioned by another, and patronized by a viceroy; and his “Don Quixote” was so popular, that 12,000 copies of the first part were sold before the second was printed. Sydney was a candidate for the crown of Poland. Spenser had fifty pounds a year as poet laureate (no inconsiderable sum in those days); he was sheriff of Cork, with 3000 acres of land; and was patronized by Elizabeth, Lord Essex, and the noble family to which he belonged. De Thou and Sully were statesmen. Bacon was lord chancellor of England, and enormously rich. Lope de Vega was a knight of Malta, and held a rich office under Urban VIII. Calderon de la Barca was first a knight of St. Iago, and afterwards a fat and comfortable canon of Toledo. To return to our own authors—Shakspeare made a fortune, and died the richest man in Stratford-upon-Avon. Jonson gained prodigious sums by his plays, though his extravagant and careless life made him always poor. Little is known of the private lives of Beaumont and Fletcher;

but we know that Beaumont's father was a judge, and Fletcher's a bishop. Grotius was a wealthy lawyer and statesman; Selden a member of parliament. Of Massinger we know nothing but that his plays were popular. Of Ford we know almost as little; but, at all events, he was the son of a justice of the peace. Butler's misfortunes were owing to the times; and the character of the reigning monarch; and £3000 were ordered to be paid to the author of "Hudibras," though he never received the money. Hobbes lived in easy circumstances at Chatsworth. Even after Charles withdrew his patronage from him, he was visited, in his old age, by the most illustrious men of his time, and by princes and ambassadors. Sir Thomas Drown was a wealthy physician. Waller was rich, a member of parliament, and a favorite at court. Corneille was not only the most successful author of his day, but he was pensioned by Richelieu. Milton left behind him £1500; but even if it could be shown that he was poor, his persecutions on political accounts, and the fanaticism of the times, would account for his poverty. Cowley lived in elegant retirement, and his poetry was eminently successful. Moliere was poor, till he made a fortune by his plays. La Fontaine was a gentleman, and married a rich wife. Jeremy Taylor was a bishop. Dryden was a person of old family; and he gained by his writings, at least, £500 a year; equal to £1500 at the present day. Boileau gained an ample pension by his writings; so did Racine. Bayle's works caused him twice to be chosen professor of philosophy. Fenelon was a rich archbishop. Prior was an ambassador. Swift died rich; so did Congreve, Addison, Gay, and Pope. Le Sage was the most popular of novel-writers, and an eminently-successful dramatist. When Steele lost the patent of his theatre, he computed the loss at ten thousand pounds. Marivaux was one of the most successful of authors. Arbuthnot was the court physician. Vanbrugh was poor,

but this was in spite of his success as an author and architect, and his enjoyment of some of the most lucrative situations under the crown. Richardson died as rich as a Jew; so did Voltaire.

We now arrive at the eighteenth century. Thomson, in spite of his indolence, obtained several lucrative situations under government, in consequence of his works. Dr. Johnson got a pension, and might have become rich by means of his writings, had he not been the most indolent of authors. Franklin raised himself by his literary talents. Fielding's profuse extravagance swallowed up the profits of his successes as an author; but he died a justice of the peace. Linnæus had a grant of land conferred on him for his discoveries, and he was ennobled by the king of Sweden. Hume had nothing, till his works procured him £1000 a year. Rousseau's name is not worth mentioning here: his miseries and poverty were voluntary. Grimm and Diderot received large pensions for their literary merits. Sterne passed his life in painting, fiddling, and shooting—occupations not at all indicative of poverty. Garrick, who died very rich, made his fortune as an author and actor. Smollett received large sums for all his works. Goldsmith was in the last stage of poverty, till his writings raised him to independence. Burke was a statesman. Cowper received vast sums for his works; so did Gibbon; yet Cowper had a private fortune, and Gibbon had held lucrative situations under the crown. Chatterton, indeed, died poor; but he had employment from his literary patrons as long as he chose to accept it. Burns was poor, not in consequence of being an author, but in spite of it. Schiller, Goethe, and Werner, were all enriched or ennobled by their poetry.

Here we close our catalogue; for we do not venture to quote instances from the writers of our own times. But it may be stated in general, and hundreds of instances will occur to the memory of every one, that there is

scarcely one eminent individual of the present day, who does not owe his riches, or rise, or distinctions, in some way to literature. Let our readers refer to the list we have given above, and they will see that scarcely one great, or even second-rate name in literature has been omitted, and that on not one can the reproach of poverty *in consequence of authorship* fall; while it will be uniformly seen that literary merit has been always of advantage to those who were unfortunate from other causes. We have carefully looked over Mr. D'Israeli's "*Calamities of Authors*," and have found, without one exception, either that the authors who suffered the calamities in question were *bad* authors—persons who were not in their "*vocation*"—intruders without the wedding garment—who of course deserved to suffer for their want of due qualifications—or that the "*calamities*" alluded to consisted in a little gentle castigation in reviews—ridicule in popular novels—or the infliction of a satirical couplet. Verily these be great "*calamities*," Mr. D'Israeli!

"It is not in our bond" to show, that not only good authors have never been poor, but that they have been, frequently, persons of noble or distinguished families, people of title, and even of royal blood. We shall, nevertheless, refer our readers to the brief notices of authors which have been already given, to show that authors have in general been gentlemen; and that the Greek and Roman writers were generally noble or royal; but we have not room for a list of our own noble and royal authors. Walpole's work under that title, will furnish them with a list of more than one hundred and fifty literary names which have been illustrated by high birth; and if the catalogue were continued down to our own days, the proportion would be increased rather than diminished.

NEW MONTHLY.

COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

THERE lived in a country not a thousand miles from Edinburgh, a decent farmer, who, by patient industry and frugality, and without being avaricious, had made himself easy in circumstances. He enjoyed life without being profuse ; for he tempered his enjoyments with moderation. At the age of sixty, he still retained the bloom of health on his cheek. He lived till that age a bachelor ; but his household affairs were regulated by a young woman, whose attentive zeal for her master's interest made it easy for him to enjoy his home without a wife. She was only in the character of his humble servant, but she was virtuous and prudent. Betty allotted the tasks to the servants in the house, performed the labor within doors, during harvest, when all the others were engaged. She saw every thing kept in order, and regulated all with strict regard to economy and cleanliness. She had the singular good fortune to be at once beloved by her fellow-servants, as well as respected and trusted by her master. Her master even consulted her in matters where he knew she could give advice, and found it often his interest to do so. But her modesty was such, that she never tendered her advices gratuitously. Prudence regulated all her actions, and she kept the most respectful distance from her master. She paid all attention to his wants and wishes ; nor could a wife or daughter have been more attentive. When he happened to be from home, it was her province to wait upon him when he returned, provide his refreshment, and administer to all his wants. Then she reported to him the occurrences of the day, and the work which had been done. It did not escape her master's observation, however, that, though she was anxious to relate the truth, she still strove to extenuate and hide the faults

of those who had committed misdemeanors. Her whole conduct was such, that, for the period of fifteen years, the breath of slander dared not to hazard a whisper against her.

It happened, however, that a certain *maiden* lady in the neighborhood had cast an eye upon the farmer. She was the niece of a bachelor minister, and lived at the manse in the character of housekeeper. But, with all opportunity to become a competitor with Betty, she could never gain her character. Those people who want personal attractions take strange means of paying court, and endeavoring to open the way for themselves. What they cannot effect by treaty, they endeavor to do by sapping. Scandal is their magazine, by which they attempt to clear their way from all obstructions. This maiden lady made some sinister remarks, in such a way, and in such a place, as were sure to reach the farmer's ear. The farmer was nearly as much interested for the character of his servant as he was for his own, and so soon as he discovered the authoress, made her a suitable return. But he made ample amends to Betty for the injury she had suffered, and, at the same time, rewarded her for her services, by taking her for his wife. By this event, the lady, whose intentions had been well understood, and who had thought of aggrandizing herself at the expense and ruin of poor Betty, found that she had contributed the very means to advance her to the realization of a fortune she had never hoped for. May all intermeddlers of the same cast have the same punishment: they are pests to society.

Betty's success had created some speculation in the country. Though every one agreed that Betty deserved her fortune, it was often wondered how such a modest, unassuming girl had softened the heart of the bachelor, who, it was thought, was rather flinty in regard to the fair sex. Betty had an acquaintance, who was situated in nearly the same circumstances as herself, in being at the

head of a bachelor farmer's house ; but it would appear that she had formed a design of conquering her master. If Betty used artifice, however, it was without design. But her neighbor could not, it would appear, believe that she had brought the matter to a bearing without some stratagem ; and she wished Betty to tell her how she had gone about " courting the old man." There was, withal, so much native simplicity about Betty, and the manner of relating her own courtship and marriage is so like herself, that it would lose its *naïveté* unless told in her own homely Scotch way. Betty, into all, had a lisp in her speech, that is, a defect in speech, by which the *s* is always pronounced as *th*, which added a still deeper shade of simplicity to her manner ; but it would be trifling to suit the orthography to that common defect. The reader can easily suppose that he hears Betty lisping, while she is relating her story to her attentive friend.

" Weel, Betty," says her acquaintance, " come, gi'e me a sketch, an' tell me a' about it ; for I may ha'e a chance mysel'. We dinna ken what's afore us. We're no the waur o' ha'ein' somebody to tell us the road, whan we dinna ken a' the cruiks and thraws in't." " Deed," says Betty, " there was little about it ava. Our maister was awa at the fair ae day selling the lambs, and it was gey late afore he cam' hame. Our maister verra seldom steys late, for he's a douce man as can be. Weel, ye see, he was mair herty than I had seen him for a lang time ; but I opine he had a gude merket for his lambs, and ther's room for excuse whan ane drives a gude bergen. Indeed, to tell even on truth, he had rather better than a wee drap in his e'e. It was my usual to sit up till he cam' hame, when he was awa. When he cam' in and gaed up stairs, he fand his sipper ready for him. ' Betty,' says he, very saft-like. ' Sir,' says I. ' Betty,' says he, ' what has been gaun on the day—a's right, I houp?' ' Ouy, sir,' says I. ' Very weel, very weel,' says he, in his ain canny way.

He ga'e me a clap on the shouther, and said I was a gude lassie. When I had telt him a' that had been dune throu' the day, just as I aye did, he ga'e me another clap on the shouther, and said he was a fortunate man to ha'e sic a carefu' person about the house. I never had heard him say as muckle to my face before, tho' he aften said mair ahint my back. I really thocht he was fey. Our maister, when he had gotten his sipper finished, began to be verra joky ways, and said that I was baith a gude and bonny lassie. I kent that folks arna' themsels whan in drink, and they say rather mair than they wad do if they were sober. Sae I cam' awa' doon into the kitchen.

"Twa or three days after that, our maister cam' into the kitchen—'Betty,' says he. 'Sir,' says I. 'Betty,' says he, 'come up stairs; I want to speak t'ye,' says he. 'Verra weel, sir,' says I. Sae I went up stairs after him, thinking a' the road that he was gaun to tell me something about the feeding o' the swine, or killing the heefer, or something like that. But whan he telt me to sit doun, I saw there was something serious, for he never bad me sit doun afore but ance, and that was whan he was gaun to Glasgow fair. 'Betty,' says he, 'ye ha'e been lang a servant to me,' says he, 'and a gude and honest servant. Since ye're sae gude a servant, I aften think ye'll make a better wife. Ha'e ye ony objection to be a wife, Betty?' says he. 'I dinna ken, sir,' says I. 'A body canna just say hou they like a bargain till they see the article.' 'Weel, Betty,' says he, 'ye're verra right there again. I ha'e had ye for a servant these fifteen years, and I never knew that I could find fau't wi' ye for onything. Ye're carefu', honest, an' attentif, an'——.' 'O, sir,' says I, 'ye always paid me for't, and it was only my duty.' 'Weel, weel,' says he, 'Betty, that's true; but then I mean to mak' amens t'ye for the evil speculation that Tibby Langtongue raised about you and me, and forby, the warld are taking the same liberty: sae, to stop a' their

mouths, you and I sall be married.' 'Verra weel, sir,' says I; for what cou'd I say?

"Our maister looks into the kitchen another day, an' says, 'Betty,' says he. 'Sir,' says I. 'Betty,' says he, 'I am gaun to gi'e in our names to be cried in the kirk, this and next Sabbath.' 'Verra weel, sir,' says I.

"About eight days after this, our maister says to me, 'Betty,' says he. 'Sir,' says I. 'I think,' says he, 'we will ha'e the marriage put owre neist Friday, if ye ha'e nae objection.' 'Verra weel, sir,' says I. 'And ye'll tak' the grey yad, and gang to the toun on Monday, an' get your bits o' wedding braws. I ha'e spoken to Mr. Cheap, the draper, and ye can tak' aff onything ye want, an' please yoursell, for I canna get awa that day.' 'Verra weel, sir,' says I.

"Sae I gaed awa to the toun on Monday, an' bought some wee bits o' things; but I had plenty o' claes, and I cou'dna think o' being 'stravagant. I took them to the manty-maker, to get made, and they were sent hame on Thursday.

"On Thursday night, our maister says to me, 'Betty,' says he. 'Sir,' says I. 'To-morrow is our wedding-day,' says he, 'an' ye maun see that a' things are prepared for the denner,' says he, 'an' see every thing dune yoursel,' says he, 'for I expect some company, an' I wad like to see every thing feat and tiddy in your ain way,' says he. 'Very weel, sir,' says I.

"I had never ta'en a serious thought about the matter till now; and I began to consider that I must exert mysel to please my maister and the company. Sae I got every thing in readiness, and got every thing clean—I cou'dna think ought was dune right except my ain hand was in't.

"On Friday morning, our maister says to me, 'Betty,' says he. 'Sir,' says I. 'Go away and get yoursel dressed,' says he, 'for the company will soon be here, and ye

maun be decent. An' ye maun stay in the room up stairs,' says he, 'till ye're sent for,' says he. 'Verra weel, sir,' says I. But there was sic a great deal to do, and sae many grand dishes to prepare for the dinner to the company, that I could not get awa', and the hail folk were come afore I got mysel dressed.

"Our maister cam' doun stairs, and telt me to go up that instant and dress mysel, for the minister was just comin doun the loan. Sae I was obliged to leave every thing to the rest of the servants, an' gang up stairs, an' pit on my claes.

"When I was wanted, Mr. Brown o' the Haaslybrae cam' and took me into the room among a' the gran' fouk, an' the minister. I was maist like to fent; for I never saw sae mony gran' folk together a' my born days afore, an' I didna ken whar to look. At last, our maister took me by the han', an' I was greatly relieved. The minister said a great deal to us—but I canna mind it a'—and then he said a prayer. After this, I thought I should ha'e been worried wi' folk kissing me,—mony a yin shook hands wi' me I had never seen afore, and wished me much joy.

"After the ceremony was o'er, I slipped awa' doun into the kitchen again amang the rest o' the servants to see if the dinner was a' right. But in a wee time our maister cam' into the kitchen, an' says, 'Betty,' says he. 'Sir,' says I. 'Betty,' says he, 'ye must consider that ye're no longer my servant, but my wife,' says he; 'and therefore ye must come up stairs and sit amongst the rest of the company,' says he. 'Verra weel, sir,' says I. Sae what could I do, but gang up stairs to the rest of the company, an' sit doun among them? I sat there in a corner, as weel out o' sight as I could, for they were a' speaking to me or looking at me, an' I didna ken how to behave amang sic braw company, or how to answer them. I sat there till it was gey late, and our maister made me drink the company's healths, and they gaed a' away.

“When the company were a’ gaen awa’, I went down to the kitchen, and saw that every thing was right; and after I put a candle into my maister’s bed-room, I took another, and gaed away up to my ain wee room in the garret. Just whan I was casting aff my shune, I hears our maister first gang into his ain room, and then come straight awa’ up towards mine. I think I can hear him yet, for it was siccan extraord’nar thing, and I never saw him there afore; and every stamp o’ his feet gaed thunt, thunt to my very hert. He stood at the cheek o’ the door, and said, very saftly, ‘Betty,’ says he. ‘Sir,’ says I—‘But what brought ye here, sir,’ says I. ‘Naething,’ says he. ‘Verra weel, naething be it, sir,’ says I. ‘But,’ says he, ‘remember that ye’re no longer my servant, but my wife,’ says he. ‘Verra weel, sir,’ says I; ‘I will remember that.’ ‘And ye must come down stairs,’ says he. ‘Verra weel, sir,’ says I; for what could I do? I had always obeyed my maister before, and it was nae time to disobey him now.

“Sae, Jean, that was a’ that was about my courtship or marriage.”

SCOTTISH LIT. GAZETTE.

THE PLAY AT VENICE.

SOME years since, a German prince, making a tour of Europe, stopped at Venice for a short period. It was the close of summer; the Adriatic was calm, the nights were lovely, and the Venetian women in the full enjoyment of those delicious spirits, that, in their climate, rise and fall with the coming and the departure of the finest season of the year. Every day was given by the illustrious stranger to research among the records and antiquities of this singular city, and every night to parties on the Bren-

ta. When the morning was nigh, it was the custom to return from the water to sup at some of the palaces of the nobility.

In the commencement of his intercourse, all national distinctions were carefully suppressed; but, as his intimacy increased, he was forced to see the lurking vanity of the Italian breaking out. One of its most frequent exhibitions was in the little dramas that wound up these stately festivals. The wit was constantly sharpened by some contrast of the Italian and the German, some slight aspersions on Teutonic rudeness, some remark on the history of a people untouched by the elegance of southern manners. The sarcasm was conveyed with Italian grace, and the offence softened by its humor. It was obvious that the only retaliation must be humorous.

At length the prince, on the point of taking leave, invited his entertainers to a farewell supper. He drew the conversation to the infinite superiority of the Italian, and above all of the Venetian, acknowledged the darkness in which Germany had been destined to remain so long, and looked forward with infinite sorrow to the comparative opinion of posterity upon the country to which so little of its gratitude must be due. "But, my lords," said he, "we are an emulous people, and an example like yours cannot be lost even upon a German. I have been charmed with your dramas, and have contrived a little arrangement to give one of our country, if you will condescend to follow me to the great hall." The company rose and followed him through the splendid suit of Venetian villas to the hall, which was fitted up as a German barn.

The aspect of the theatre produced first surprise, and next an universal smile. It had no resemblance to the gilded and sculptured saloons of their own sumptuous little theatres. However, it was only so much the more Teutonic. The curtain drew up. The surprise rose into loud laughter, even among the Venetians, who have been sel-

dom betrayed into any thing beyond a smile, for generations together.

The stage was a temporary erection, rude and uneven. The scenes represented a wretched and irregular street, scarcely lighted by a few twinkling lamps, and looking the fit haunt of robbery and assassination. On a narrow view some of the noble spectators began to think it had a kind of resemblance to an Italian street, and some actually discovered in it one of the leading streets of their own famous city. But the play was on a German story ; they were under a German roof. The street was, notwithstanding its ill-omened similitude, of course, German. The street was solitary. At length a traveller, a German, with pistols in a belt round his waist, and apparently exhausted by his journey, came pacing along. He knocked at several doors, but could obtain no admission. He then wrapped himself up in his cloak, sat down on a fragment of a monument, and soliloquized.

“ Well, here have I come ; and this is my reception. All palaces, no inns ; all nobles, and not a man to tell me where I can lie down in comfort or in safety. Well, it cannot be helped. A German does not much care ; campaigning has hardened us. Hunger and thirst, heat and cold, dangers of war, and the roads, are not very formidable, after what we have had to work through from father to son. Loneliness, however, is not so well, unless a man can labor or read. Read !—that’s true ; come out, Zimmerman.” He took a volume from his pocket, moved nearer to the decaying lamp, and soon seemed absorbed.

Another soon shared the eyes of the spectators. A long, light figure came with a kind of visionary movement, from behind the monument, surveyed the traveller with keen curiosity, listened with apparent astonishment to his words, and in another moment had fixed itself gazing over his shoulder on the volume. The eyes of this singular

being wandered rapidly over the page ; and, when it was turned, they were lifted to heaven with the strongest expressions of wonder. The German was weary ; his head soon drooped over his study, and he closed the book.

“What,” said he, rising, and stretching his limbs ; “is there no one stirring in this comfortless place ? Is it not near day ?” He took out his repeater, and touched the pendent ; it struck four. His mysterious attendant had watched him narrowly ; the repeater was traversed over with an eager gaze ; but when it struck, delight was mingled with wonder, that had till then filled its pale intelligent countenance. “Four o’ clock,” said the German. “In my country, half the world would be thinking of going to their day’s work by this time. In another hour, it will be sunrise. Well, then, I’ll do you a service, you nation of sleepers, and make you open your eyes.” He drew out one of his pistols, and fired it. The attendant form, still hovering behind him, had looked curiously upon the pistol, but, on its going off, started back in terror, and with a loud cry that made the traveller turn.

“Who are you ?” was his greeting to this strange intruder.

“I will not hurt you,” was the answer.

“Who cares about that ?” was the German’s retort ; and he pulled out the other pistol.

“My friend,” said the figure, “even that weapon of thunder and lightning cannot reach me now ; but if you would know who I am, let me entreat you to satisfy my curiosity a moment. You seem a man of extraordinary powers.”

“Well, then,” said the German, in a gentler voice, “if you come as a friend, I shall be glad to give you information : it is the custom of our country to deny nothing to those who love to learn.”

The former sighed deeply, and murmured, “And yet

you are a Teuton. But you were just reading a little case of strange, and yet most interesting figures: was it a manuscript?"

"No, it was a printed book."

"Printed? What is printing? I never heard but of writing."

"It is an art by which one man can give to the world, in one day, as much as three hundred could give by writing, and in a character of superior clearness, correctness, and beauty; one by which books are made universal, and literature eternal."

"Admirable, glorious art!" said the inquirer; "who was its illustrious inventor?"

"A German."

"But another question. I saw you look at a most curious instrument traced with figures: it sparkled with diamonds; but its greatest wonder was its sound. It gave the hour with miraculous exactness, and the strokes were followed by tones superior to the sweetest music of my day?"

"That was a repeater."

"How? When I had the luxuries of the earth at my command, I had nothing to tell the hour better than the clepsydra and the sun-dial. But this must be incomparable from its facility of being carried about,—from its suitability to all hours,—from its exactness. It must be an admirable guide even to a higher knowledge. All depends upon the exactness of time. It may assist navigation, astronomy. What an invention! Whose was it? He must be more than man."

"He was a German."

"What, still a barbarian! I remember his nation. I once saw an auxiliary legion of them marching towards Rome. They were a bold and brave, blue-eyed troop. The whole city poured out to see those northern warriors; but we looked on them only as savages. I have one

more question, the most interesting of all. I saw you raise your hand, with a small truncheon in it: in a moment something rushed out, that seemed a portion of the fire of the clouds. Were they thunder and lightning that I saw? Did they come by your command? Was that truncheon a talisman? and are you a mighty magician? Was that truncheon a sceptre commanding the elements? Are you a god?"

The strange inquirer had drawn back gradually as his feelings rose. Curiosity was now solemn wonder, and he stood gazing upward in an attitude that mingled awe with devotion. The German felt the sensation of a superior presence growing on himself, as he looked on the fixed countenance of this mysterious being. It was in that misty blending of light and darkness, which the moon leaves as it sinks just before morn. There was a single hue of pale gray in the east, that touched its visage with a chill light; the moon, resting broadly on the horizon, was setting behind: the figure seemed as if it was standing in the orb. Its arms were lifted towards heaven, and the light came through its drapery with the mild splendor of a vision; but the German, habituated to the vicissitudes of "perils by flood and field," shook off his brief alarm, and proceeded calmly to explain the source of this miracle. He gave a slight detail of the machinery of the pistol, and alluded to the history of gunpowder. "It must be a mighty instrument in the hands of man, for either good or ill," said the former. "How much it must change the nature of war! How much it must influence the fate of nations! By whom was this wondrous secret revealed to the treaders upon earth?"

"A German."

The form seemed suddenly to enlarge; its feebleness of voice was gone; its attitude was irresistibly noble. Before it uttered a word, it looked as made to persuade and command. Its outer robe had been flung away: it stood

with an antique dress of brilliant white, gathered in many folds, and edged with a deep border of purple; a slight wreath of laurel, dazzling green, was on its brow. It looked like the genius of eloquence. "Stranger," it said, pointing to the Apennines, which were then beginning to be marked by the twilight, "eighteen hundred years have passed since I was the glory of all beyond those mountains. Eighteen hundred years have passed into the great flood of eternity since I entered Rome in triumph, and was honored as the leading mind of the great intellectual empire of the world. But I knew nothing of those things. I was a child to you; we were all children to the discoverers of those glorious potencies. But has Italy not been still the mistress of mind? She was then first of the first: has she not kept her superiority? Show me her noble inventions. I must soon sink from the earth—let me learn still to love my country."

The listener started back. "Who, what are you?"

"I am a spirit. I was Cicero. Show me, by the love of a patriot, what Italy now sends out to enlighten mankind."

The German looked embarrassed; but, in a moment after, he heard the sound of a pipe and tabor. He pointed in silence to the narrow street from which the interruption came. A ragged figure tottered out with a barrel organ at his back, a frame of puppets in his hand, a hurdy-gurdy round his neck, and a string of dancing dogs in his train. Cicero uttered but one sigh—"Is this Italy!" The German bowed his head. The showman began his cry—"Raree show, fine raree show against the wall! Fine Madama Catrina dance upon de ground. Who come for de galantee show!" The organ struck up, the dogs danced, the Italian capered round them. Cicero raised his broad gaze to heaven. "These the men of my country! These the orators, the poets, the patriots of mankind! What scorn and curse of Providence can have

fallen upon them!" As he gazed, tears suddenly suffused his eyes; the first sun-beam struck across the spot where he stood; a purple mist rose around him, and he was gone!

* * * * *

The Venetians, with one accord, started from their seats and rushed out of the hall. The prince and his suite had previously arranged every thing for leaving the city, and they were beyond the Venetian territory by sunrise. Another night in Venice, they would have been on their way to the other world.

THE SON AND HEIR;—A STORY FOR THE IRASCIBLE.

My youth was passed in the thoughtless and extravagant gayety of the French court. My temper was always violent; and I returned home one morning, long after midnight, frantic with rage at some imaginary insult which I had received. My servant endeavored to speak to me as I entered the house; but I repulsed him violently, and rushed up to my room. I locked the door, and sat down instantly to write a challenge. My hand trembled so much that it would not hold the pen: I started up and paced the room: the pen was again in my hand, when I heard a low voice speaking earnestly at the door, entreating to be admitted. The voice was that of my father's old and favorite servant. I opened the door to him. The old man looked upon me with a very sorrowful countenance, and I hastily demanded the reason of his appearance. He stared at me with surprise, and spoke not: he walked to the table where I had sat down, and took from it a letter, which, in my rage, I had not noticed. It announced to me the dangerous illness of my father: it was written by my mother, and en-

treatingly besought me instantly to return to them. Before dawn I was far from Paris. My father's residence was in the north of England. I arrived here only in time to follow the corpse of my beloved father to the grave. Immediately on my return from the funeral, my mother sent to me, requesting my attendance in her own apartment. Traces of a deep-seated grief were fresh upon her fine countenance; but she received me with calm seriousness. Love for her living child had struggled with her sorrow for the dead; and she had chosen that hour to rouse me from the follies, from the sins of my past life. My mother was always a superior woman. I felt, as I listened to her, the real dignity of a Christian matron's character. She won me by the truth, the affection, the gentleness of her words. She spoke plainly of my degrading conduct, but she did not upbraid me. She set before me the new duties which I was called upon to perform. She said, "I know you will not trifle with those duties. You are not your own, my son; you must not live to yourself; you profess the name of Christian; you can hold no higher profession. God hath said to each of us, 'My son, give me thine heart.' Have you given your heart and its desires to God? Can you be that pitiful creature, a half Christian? I have spoken thus, because I know that, if you have clear ideas of your first duties, and do strive to perform them, then will your relative duties be no longer lightly regarded. Oh, my son, God knows what I feel in speaking to you thus in my heaviest hour of affliction; and I can only speak as a feeble and perplexed woman. I know not how to counsel you; but I do beseech you to think for yourself, and to pray earnestly to God for his wisdom and guidance." Before I left my mother's presence, she spoke to me also on my master passion, anger, mad ungovernable rage. She told me that, even in the early years of my childhood, she had trembled at my anger: she confessed that she dreaded to hear,

while I was absent, that it had plunged me into some horrid crime. She knew not how just her fears had been; for had not my father's death recalled me to England, I should probably have been the murderer of that thoughtless stripling who had unknowingly provoked me, and whom I was about to challenge to fight on the morning I left Versailles.

My mother did not speak to me in vain. I determined to turn at once from my former ways, to regulate my conduct by the high and holy principles of the religion I professed, and to reside on my own estate, in habits of manly and domestic simplicity.

About three years after I had succeeded to the titles and possessions of my forefathers, I became the husband of the Lady Jane N—e; and I thought myself truly happy. Two years passed away, and every day endeared my sweet wife to my heart; but I was not quite happy. We had no child. I had but one wish; one blessing seemed alone denied—the birth of a son. My thoughts, in all their wanderings, reverted to one hope—the birth of a son—an heir to the name, the rank, the estates of my family. When I knelt before God, I forgot to pray that he would teach me what to pray for; I did not entreat that his wisdom would direct me how to use what his goodness gave. No, I prayed as for my life, I prayed without ceasing, but I chose the blessing. I prayed for a son—my prayers were at last granted—a son was born to us—a beautiful, healthy boy. I thought myself perfectly happy. My delight was more than ever to live in the pleasant retirement of my own home, so that year after year passed away, and only settled me down more entirely in the habits of domestic life. My boy grew up to be a tall and healthy lad; his intellect was far beyond his years; and I loved to make him my companion, as much from the charming freshness of his thoughts, as from the warmth of my attachment towards the child. I learned to wonder at the satisfaction

I had once felt in mere worldly society, as I studied the character of my son. He was not without the faults which all children possess, which are rooted deep in human nature; but in all his faults, in his deceit,—and what child is not taught deceit by his own heart?—there was a charming awkwardness, an absence of all worldly trick, which appeared then very new to me. I used all my efforts to prevent vice from becoming habitual to him; I strove to teach him the government of himself, by referring not only every action, but every thought, to one high and holy principle of thinking and acting to God; and I strove to build up consistent habits on the foundation of holy principle. I was so anxious about my son, that I did not dare to treat his faults with a foolish indulgence. I taught him to know that I could punish, and that I would be obeyed; yet he lived with me, I think, in all confidence of speech and action, and seemed never so happy as when he sat at my feet, and asked me, in the eagerness of his happy fancies, more questions than I could, in truth, answer. I cannot go on speaking thus of those joyous times which are gone forever; I will turn to a darker subject—to myself. While I gave up my time, my thoughts, my soul's best energies to my child, I neglected myself, the improvement of my own heart and its dispositions. This may seem strange and improbable to some. It may be imagined that the habits of strict virtue which I taught to my son would, in the teaching, have been learnt by myself; and that, in the search after sound wisdom for him, I must have turned up, as it were, many treasures needed by myself. It would be so in most instances, perchance; it was not so in mine. The glory of God had not been my first wish when I prayed for a son. I had imposed upon myself in thinking that I acted in the education of my child upon that sacred principle. It was honor among men I looked for. I had sought to make my son every thing that was excellent; but I had not sought to make *myself* fit for the work

I undertook. My own natural faults had been suffered by me to grow almost unchecked, while I had been watchful over the heart of my child. Above all, the natural infirmity of my character—anger, violent, outrageous anger—was at times the master, the tyrant of my soul. Too frequently had I corrected my child for the fault which he inherited from me; but how had I done so? when passionately angry myself, I had punished my boy for want of temper. Could it be expected that Maurice would profit by my instructions, when my example too often belied my words? But I will pass on at once to my guilt.

The countess, my mother, had given to Maurice a beautiful Arabian horse. I loved to encourage the boy in all manly exercises. While a mere child, he rode with a grace which I have seldom seen surpassed by the best horsemen. How nobly would he bear himself, as, side by side on our fleet horses, we flew over the open country! Often, often do I behold in memory his clear, sparkling eyes glancing with intelligence; his fair brow contracted with that slight and peculiar frown, which gives assurance that the mind shares in the smile of the lips. Often do I see before me the pure glow flooding over his cheek, the waves of bright hair floating away from his shoulders, as he galloped full in the face of the fine free wind.

My boy loved his Araby courser as all noble-spirited boys love a favorite horse. He loved to dress, and to feed, and to caress the beautiful creature; and Selim knew his small, gentle hand, and would arch his sleek and shining neck when the boy drew nigh, and turn his dark, lustrous eye, with a look like that of pleased recognition, on him, when his master spoke.

My child was about eleven years old at the time I must now speak of. He usually passed many hours of the morning in the library with me. It was on the 17th of June, a lovely spring morning, Maurice had been very restless and inattentive to his books. The sunbeams dazzled his eyes,

and the fresh wind fluttered among the pages before him. The boy removed his books, and sat down at a table far from the open window. I turned round, an hour after, from a volume which had abstracted all my thoughts. The weather was very hot, and the child had fallen fast asleep. He started up at once when I spoke. I asked him if he could say his lesson? He replied, "Yes," and brought the book instantly; but he scarcely knew a word, and he seemed careless, and even indifferent. I blamed him, and he replied petulantly. I had given back the book to him, when a servant entered, and told me that a person was waiting my presence below. With a somewhat angry tone, I desired the boy not to stir from the room till I returned, and then to let me hear him say his lesson perfectly. He promised to obey me. There is a small closet opening from the library; the window of this closet overlooks the stable. Probably the dear child obeyed me in learning perfectly his lesson; but I was detained long; and he went to the closet in which I had allowed him to keep the books belonging to himself. A bow and arrows, which I had lately given him, were there; perhaps the boy could not resist looking on them; they were lying on the floor when I entered afterwards. From that closet Maurice heard the sound of a whip—he heard quick and brutal strokes falling heavily. Springing up, he ran to the window; beneath, he saw one of the grooms beating, with savage cruelty, his beautiful and favorite little courser. The animal seemed almost maddened with the blows; and the child called out loudly to bid the man desist. At first the groom scarcely heeded him, and then, smiling coldly at the indignant boy, told him that the beating was necessary, and that so young a gentleman could not understand how a horse should be managed. In vain did my child command the brutal fellow to stop. The man pretended not to hear him, and led the spirited creature farther away from beneath the window. Instantly the boy rushed from

the room, and in a few moments was in the yard below. I entered the library shortly after my son had left it. The person who had detained me, brought news which had much disconcerted, nay, displeased me. I was in a very ill humor when I returned to the room where I had left Maurice; I looked vainly for him, and was very angry to perceive that my request had been disobeyed; the closet door was open; I sought him there. While I wondered at his absence, I heard his voice loud in anger. For some moments, I gazed from the window in silence. Beneath stood the boy, holding with one hand the reins of his courser, who trembled all over, his fine coat and slender legs reeking and streaming with sweat; in his other hand there was a horse-whip, with which the enraged boy was lashing the brutal groom. In a voice of loud anger, I called out. The child looked up; and the man, who had before stood with his arms folded, and a smile of calm insolence on his face, now spoke with pretended mildness, more provoking to the child, but which then convinced me that Maurice was in fault. He spoke, but I silenced him, and commanded him to come up to me instantly. He came instantly, and stood before me yet panting with emotion, his face all flushed, and his eyes sparkling with passion. Again he would have spoken, but I would not hear. "Tell me, sir," I cried; "answer me one question; are you right, or wrong?" "Right," the boy replied, proudly. He argued with me—my fury burst out. Alas! I knew not what I did! but I snatched the whip from his hand; I raised the heavy handle; I meant not to strike *where* I did. The blow fell with horrid force on his fair head. There was iron on the handle, and my child, my only son, dropped lifeless at my feet. Ere he fell, I was deadly cold, and the murderous weapon had dropped away from my hand. Stiffened with horror, I stood over him speechless, and rooted awhile to the spot. At last the yells of my despair brought others to me; the

wretched groom was the first who came I saw no more, but fell in a fit beside my lifeless child.

When I woke up to a sense of what passed around me, I saw the sweet countenance of my wife bent over me with an expression of most anxious tenderness. She was wiping away the tears from her eyes, and a faint smile broke into her face as she perceived my returning sense.

I caught hold of her arm with a strong grasp, and lifted up my head; but my eyes looked for the body of my child—it was not there. “Where is it?” I cried; “where is the body of my murdered boy?” When I spoke the word “murdered,” my wife shrieked—I was rushing out—she stopped me, and said, “He is not dead; he is alive.” My heart melted within me, and tears rained from my eyes. My wife led me to the chamber where they had laid my child. He was alive, if such a state could be called life. Still his eyelids were closed; still his cheeks, even his lips, were of a ghastly whiteness; still his limbs were cold and motionless. They had undressed him, and my mother sat in silent grief beside his bed. When I came near, she uncovered his fair chest, and placed my hand over his heart. I felt a thick and languid beating there, but the pulse of his wrists and temples was scarcely perceptible. My mother spoke to me. “We have examined the poor child,” she said, “but we find no wound, no bruise, no marks of violence. Whence is this dreadful stupor? No one can answer me.” “I can answer you,” I said: “no one can answer but myself. I am the murderer of the child. In my hellish rage, I struck his blessed head.” I did not see the face of my wife, or my mother; as I spoke, I hung my head; but I felt my wife’s hand drop from me; I heard my mother’s low, heart-breaking groan. I looked up, and saw my wife. She stood before me like a marble figure rather than a creature of life; yet her eyes were fixed on me, and her soul seemed to look out in their gaze. “Oh, my husband,”

she cried out at length, "I see plainly in your face what you suffer. Blessed God, have mercy, have mercy on him! He suffers more than we all. His punishment is greater than he can bear!" She flung her arms round my neck; she strove to press me nearer to her bosom; but I would have withdrawn myself from her embrace. "Oh, do not shame me thus," I cried; "remember, you *must* remember, that you are a mother." "I cannot forget that I am a wife, my husband," she replied, weeping. "No, no; I feel for you, and I must feel with you in every sorrow. How do I feel with you now, in this overwhelming affliction!" My mother had fallen on her knees when I declared my guilt; my wife drew me towards her; and, rising up, she looked me in the face. "Henry," she said, in a faint, deep voice, "I have been praying for you, for us all. My son, look not thus from me." As she was speaking, the surgeon of my household, who had been absent when they first sent for him, entered the chamber. My kind mother turned from me, and went at once with him to the bedside of the child. I perceived her intention to prevent my encountering the surgeon. She would have concealed, at least for a while, her son's disgrace; but I felt my horrid guilt too deeply to care about shame. Yet I could not but groan within me, to perceive the good man's stare, his revolting shudder, while I described minutely the particulars of my conduct towards my poor boy. I stood beside him as he examined the head of my child. I saw him cut away the rich curls; and he pointed out to me a slight swelling beneath them; but in vain did he strive to recover the lifeless form: his efforts were, as those of my wife and mother had been, totally without success. For five days, I sat by the bedside of my son, who remained, as at first, still in that death-like stupor, but gradually a faint, life-like animation stole over him; so gradually indeed, that he opened not his eyes till the evening of the fourth day; and, even then, he knew

us not, and noticed nothing. Oh, few can imagine what my feelings were! How my first faint hopes lived, and died, and lived again, as the beating of his heart became more full and strong—as he first moved the small hand, which I held in mine, and at last stretched out his limbs. After he had unclosed his eyes, he breathed with the soft and regular respiration of a healthy person, and then slept for many hours. It was about noon on the fifth day, that he woke from that sleep. The sun had shone so full into the room, that I partly closed the shutters to shade his face. Some rays of sunshine pierced through the crevices of the shutter, and played upon the coverlet of his bed. My child's face was turned towards me, and I watched eagerly for the first gleam of expression there. He looked up, and then around him, without moving his head. My heart grew sick within me, as I beheld the smile which played over his face. He perceived the dancing sunbeam, and put his fingers softly into the streak of light, and took them away, and smiled again. I spoke to him, and took his hand in my own; but he had lost all memory of me, and saw nothing in *my* face to make him *smile*. He looked down on my trembling hand, and played with my fingers; and when he saw the ring which I wore, he played with that, while the same idiot smile came back to his vacant countenance.

My mother now led me from the room. I no longer refused to go. I felt that it was fit that I should “commune with my own heart, and in my chamber, and be still.” They judged rightly in leaving me to perfect solitude. The calm of my misery was a change like happiness to me. A deadness of every faculty, of all thought and feeling, fell on me like repose. When Jane came to me, I had no thought to perceive her presence. She took my hands tenderly within hers, and sat down beside me on the floor. She lifted up my head from the boards, and supported it on her knees. I believe she spoke to me

many times without my replying. At last I heard her, and rose up at her entreaties. "You are ill; your hands are burning, my beloved," she said. "Go to bed, I beseech you. You need rest." I did as she told me. She thought I slept that night; but the lids seemed tightened and drawn back from my burning eye-balls. All the next day I lay in the same hot and motionless state—I cannot call it repose.

For days I did not rise. I allowed myself to sink under the weight of my despair. I began to give up every idea of exertion.

My mother, one morning, came to my chamber. She sat down by my bedside, and spoke to me. I did not, could not, care to notice her who spoke to me. My mother rose, and walked round to the other side of the bed, towards which my face was turned. There she stood, and spoke again solemnly. "Henry," she said, "I command you to rise. Dare you to disobey your mother? No more of this unmanly weakness. I must not speak in vain. I have needed to command before. My son, be yourself. Think of all the claims which this life has upon you; or, rather, think of the first high claim of Heaven, and let that teach you to think of other duties, and to perform them. Search your own heart. Probe it deeply. Shrink not. Know your real situation in all its bearings. Changed as it is, face it like a man, and seek the strength of God to support you. I speak the plain truth to you. Your child is an idiot. You must answer to God for your crime. You will be execrated by mankind, for *your* hand struck the mind's life from him. These are harsh words, but you can bear them better than your own confused and agonizing thoughts. Rise up and meet your trial. Tell me simply that you obey me. I will believe you, for you never yet have broken your word to me." I replied immediately, rising up, and saying, "I do promise to obey you. Within this hour I will meet you, determined to

know my duties, and to perform them by the help of God." Oh! with what a look did my noble mother regard me, as I spoke. "God strengthen you, and bless you," she said; "I cannot now trust myself to say more." Her voice was feeble and trembling now; her lip quivered, and a bright flush spread over her thin, pale cheek; she bent down over me, and kissed my forehead, and then departed.

Within an hour from the time when my mother left me, I went forth from my chamber with a firm step, determined again to enter upon the performance of my long-neglected duties. I had descended the last step of the grand staircase, when I heard a laugh in the hall beyond. I knew there was but one who could *then* laugh so wildly; and too well I knew the sound of the voice which broke out in tones of wild merriment ere the laugh ceased. For some moments my resolution forsook me. I caught hold of the balustrade to support my trembling limbs, and repressed, with a violent effort, the groans which I felt bursting from my heart. I recovered myself, and walked into the hall. In the western oriel window, which is opposite the door by which I entered, sat my revered mother: she lifted up her face from the large volume which lay on her knees, as my step sounded near: she smiled upon me, and looked down again without speaking. I passed on, but stopped again to gaze on those who now met my sight. In the centre of the hall stood my wife, leaning her cheek on her hand. She gazed upon her son with a smile; but the tears all the while trickled down her face. Maurice was at her feet, the floor around him strewed over with playthings, the toys of his infancy, which he had for years thrown aside, but had discovered that very morning; and he turned from one to the other as if he saw them for the first time, and looked upon them all as treasures. An expression of rapturous silliness played over the boy's features; but, alas! though nothing but a fearful childishness was on his face, all the child-like bloom and roundness of

that face were gone. The boy now looked, indeed, older by many years. The smiles on his thin lips seemed to struggle vainly with languor and heaviness; his eyelids were half closed, his cheeks and lips colorless, his whole form wasted away. My wife came to me, and embraced me; but Maurice noticed me not for many minutes. He looked up at me then, and, rising from the ground, walked towards me. I dreaded lest my mournful appearance should affright him; and I stood breathless with my fears. He surveyed me from head to foot, and came close to me, and looked up with pleased curiosity in my face, and then whistled as he walked back to his toys—whistled so loudly, that the shrill sound seemed to pierce through my brain!

Sunday, August 30th.

I have just returned from divine service in the chapel attached to my house. While the chaplain was reading the Psalms, Maurice walked softly down the aisle, and entered my pew. He stood before me with his eyes fixed on my face. Whenever I raised my eyes, I met that fixed but vacant gaze. My heart melted within me, and I felt tears rush into my eyes—his sweet, but vacant look must often be present with me—it seemed to appeal to me; it seemed to ask for my prayers. Sinner as I am, I dared to think so. It must be, to all, an affecting sight to see an idiot in the house of God. It must be a rebuke to hardened hearts, to hearts too cold and careless to worship there; it must be a rebuke to know that one heart is not *unwilling*, but *unable* to pray. Bitterly I felt this as I looked upon my child. He stood before me a rebuke to all the coldness and carelessness which had ever mingled with my prayers. His vacant features seemed to say, "You have a mind whose powers are not confused; you have a heart to feel, to pray, to praise, and to bless God. The means of grace are daily given to you; the hopes of glory are daily visible to you." O God! my child stood before me as a more

awful rebuke—as a rebuke sent from thee. Did not his vacant look say also, “Look upon the wreck which your dreadful passions have made? Think upon what *I was*? Think upon what *I am*?” With a broken heart, I listened to the words of life; for, while I listened, my poor idiot child leaned upon me, and seemed to listen too. When I bowed my head at the name of Jesus, the poor boy bowed his. They all knelt down; but, just then, I was lost in the thoughtfulness of my despair: my son clasped my hand; and, when I looked round, I perceived that we alone were standing in the midst of the congregation. He looked me earnestly in the face; and, kneeling down, he tried to pull me to kneel beside him. He seemed to invite me to pray for him. I did fall on my knees to pray for him and for myself; and I rose up, hoping that, for my Saviour’s sake, my prayers were heard, and trusting that our heavenly Father feedeth my helpless child with spiritual food that we know not of.

LONDON MAGAZINE.

A SCENE ON THE PONT NEUF.

IF the French do not follow, in all respects, the precepts of the gospel, at least it must be confessed that they pay due regard to the apostle’s injunction, “Weep with those that weep, and rejoice with those that rejoice.” I have seen a thousand instances of this disposition; but I do not know that I ever witnessed one with more pleasure than that which I am about to relate.

I was crossing the Pont Neuf at the moment when a porter, belonging to the Bank of France, tired of the weight he carried (it was a bag containing nine thousand francs in silver), stopped to rest himself by leaning against

the parapet wall of the bridge; but, at the moment that he did so, his valuable load, either from awkwardness or carelessness, slipped out of his hands, and fell into the Seine, which is very deep just in that spot.

Never shall I forget his look of despair. He made a movement to jump over, and, I believe, would have effected his purpose, but for the presence of mind of a girl, a little delicate-looking thing, about sixteen, a violet seller, who, clasping her arms around him, cried for help, which in an instant was afforded. Myself and some others seized him: he struggled with us desperately. "Let me go!" cried he; "I am ruined forever! My wife, my children, what will become of you?" A multitude of voices were raised at once, some to console, others to inquire; but above the rest were heard the clear and silver tones of the little violet girl—"My friend, have patience, you have lost nothing."

"Nothing! Oh, heavens!"

"No, no; I tell you, no. Let some one run for the divers: there is no doubt that they will succeed in bringing it up."

"She is right," resounded from a number of voices, and from mine among the rest; and in an instant half a dozen people ran to fetch the divers. Those who remained exerted themselves, each in his way, for the solace of the poor porter. One brought him a small glass of *liqueur*; another a little brandy, and a third some *eau de Cologne*. The little violet girl had been before all the rest in administering a cordial,—and perhaps hers was the most efficacious,—a glass of pure water, which she held to his trembling lips, and made him swallow. "Drink," cried she, "drink it up; it will do you good." Whether it was the water, or the kind and sympathetic manner with which it was offered, that relieved him, I know not; but certainly one of the two had its effect, for his looks grew less wild, and he became composed enough to make his acknowl-

edgments to the humane spectators, who had shown such interest in his misfortune.

The divers soon came; and one of them descended without loss of time. Never did I witness such an intense anxiety as the search excited: if the fate of every one present had hung on the success, they could not have testified greater interest in it. Soon he reappeared, bringing up, not the bag of silver, but a small iron box. It was instantly broken open, and found to be full of twenty-franc pieces in gold: they were soon counted, and found to amount to nearly twelve thousand francs (about four hundred and fifty pounds sterling).

There were three divers, who, overjoyed at their good fortune, speedily divided the prize among themselves; and, directly afterwards, another descended in search of the porter's bag. This time he returned with it in triumph. The poor fellow could scarcely speak when they put it into his hands. On coming to himself, he cried with vehemence, "God reward you: you know not the good you have done. I am the father of five children. I was formerly in good circumstances; but a series of misfortunes reduced me to the greatest distress. All that I had left was an irreproachable character, and that procured me my present situation. I have had it but a week. To-day I should, without your help, have lost it. My wife, my children would have been exposed to all the horrors of want: they would have been deprived of a husband and a father; for never, no, never, could I have survived the ruin I had brought upon them! It is you who have saved us all. God will reward you—he alone can. While he thus spoke, he rummaged in his pocket, and drew out some francs. "This is all I have; 'tis very little; but tell me where you live, and to-morrow—" "Not a farthing," interrupted they with one voice; and one of them added, "Stop a bit; let me talk to my comrades." They stepped aside for a moment; I followed them with my eyes, and saw, by their

gestures, that they listened to their companion with emotion. "We are all of a mind," said he, returning with them. "Yes, my friend, if we have been serviceable to you, you also have been the cause of our good fortune: it seems to me, then, that we ought to share with you what God has sent to us through your means. My companions think so too; and we are going to divide it into four equal parts."

The porter would have remonstrated, but his voice was drowned by the acclamations of the spectators. "Generous fellows!" "Much good may it do you!" "The same luck to you many more times!" resounded from every mouth. There was not one present but seemed as happy as if he or she were about to participate in the contents of the box.

The money was divided, and, in spite of his excuses, the porter was forced to take his share. The generous divers went their way; the crowd began to disperse; but the porter still lingered, and I had the curiosity to remain in order to watch his motions. He approached the little violet girl. "Ah! my dear," cried he, "what do I not owe you! But for you, it had been all lost with me. My wife, my little ones must thank you."

"*Ma foi!** it is not worth mentioning. Would you have me stand by and see you drown yourself?"

"But your courage, your strength! could one have expected it from so young a girl?"

"Ah! there is no want of strength wherever there is good will."

"And nobody ever had more of that. Give me six of your bouquets, my dear; my children are so fond of violets—and never have they prized any as well as they will these."

She twisted a bit of thread round six of her fairy nose-

* My faith.

gays, and presented them to him. He deposited them carefully in his bosom, and slipped something into her hand; then, without waiting to hear the acknowledgments which she began to pour forth, took to his heels as if his bag had been made of feathers.

The girl looked after him with pleasure dancing in her eyes. "What will you take for the rest of your nose-gays?" said I, going up to her. "Whatever you are pleased to give," cried she with vivacity; "for that good man's money will burn my purse till I get home to give it to my mother. O how glad she will be to have all that, and still more when she knows why it has been given to me!" The reader will easily believe that my purchase was speedily made: the good girl's purse was something the heavier for it, and I had the pleasure of thinking that I contributed, in a small degree, to reward the goodness of heart she had so unequivocally displayed. She hastened home with her little treasure, and I returned to my lodgings to put my violets into water, promising myself, as I did so, to be a frequent customer to the little nosegay girl of the Pont Neuf.

LONDON REPOSITORY OF ARTS.

LACY DE VERE.

THE founder of the family of the De Veres came over with the first William, but not as an adventurer, allured by the prospect of gain and the hope of acquiring titular distinction; for the insignia of knighthood had already been bestowed upon him in his own land. When, however, the Conquest rendered it alike the duty and policy of William to attach his Norman followers to his person, Rupert de Vere was one of the first who received solid

proofs of that monarch's favor. Generation followed generation; king after king succeeded to the throne; centuries of change, romance, and tragedy, fulfilled their chequered fate; and in the history of all, the De Veres were eminently conspicuous.

“ But Time, that lifts the low,
And level lays the lofty brow,”

began, at length, to exercise an evil influence on the fortunes of the house; and towards the middle of the fifteenth century, Hugh, the then Baron de Vere, had little to transmit to his children beyond the name and noble nature of his ancestors. Instead of the broad manors and princely dwellings once connected with the title, he found himself reduced to a single castle, situated on the sea-coast in the north of England; one that, in the proud days of the family, had been erected as a mere hold for the protection of the northern vassals from the incursions of the Scottish borderers. At the period in question, the *Wars of the Roses*—those suicidal wars of the same people—were at their height. Every county became, in turn, a field of battle, till the whole kingdom was saturated with the blood of its inhabitants. The ties of neighborhood, even of kindred, were dissolved. Inhabitants of the same village, members of one household, separated only to meet again in hatred and blood-thirstiness—only to reunite in the fierce onset of battle—neighbors as strangers, friends as rivals, children of one mother as sworn foes!

Though it was in consequence of these wars that the family of the De Veres became extinct, from one sorrow, and one disgrace, they were free—they neither espoused the cause of rebellion, nor were they divided amongst themselves. At the first raising of King Henry's standard, the old baron braced on his armor; and if, owing to the changed fortunes of his house, many went forth to the service of that monarch with a larger train of vassals, not

one, whether prince or knight, could compete with Hugh de Vere in the value of his offering. He brought six brave sons, devoted to him and to each other—the pillars of his house, the guardians of his age. Even the youngest, the fair stripling Lacy, girt with the sword which his father, when himself a youth, had wielded at Agincourt—he, too, was there, stately in step, and bold of heart as the mailed man of a hundred battles.

That was neither a time nor a court calculated to encourage tenderness of heart; and she, the guiding spirit of both, was little subject to its influence; yet, as the baron presented his sons, each after each according to his age, an expression of sorrow passed, for an instant, over the countenance of Queen Margaret, when Lacy stepped from the circle and kneeled down. "Nay, nay, my lord," said she, hastily, "leave the boy behind; why expose a life that can benefit neither friend nor foe? Rise, rise, poor child; what canst thou do for us?" "I can DIE!" said the noble boy, with a passionate enthusiasm, that thrilled his father's heart with mingled pride and sorrow. "Well said!" replied the queen, fixing her cold, proud eye on Lacy's countenance, yet glowing with emotion. He understood its meaning, and returned the searching glance with something like an expression of indignant defiance. "I perceive he is a De Vere," said the queen, turning to the old baron, for whom the compliment and its accompanying smile were intended. "But where is poor Blanche?" continued she, again addressing Lacy: "if thou hast left her in the north, she, too, may need a knight's protection: thou art a brave spirit; but dost thou well to leave her in charge of hirelings? For her sake—for thine own—peril not thy youth in our cause. Lord Hugh, command him back to thy castle: if Warwick keep court in the north, he may chance to see fighting even there." This was no common strain with Margaret of Anjou; but her own princely boy,

the magnanimous, ill-fated Edward, stood beside her, and the woman and the mother triumphed, for an instant, over the imperious and dark-minded queen. "Craving your grace's favor," said Lacy, in a determined tone, before his father had time to reply, "were Blanche my wife, instead of my sister, I would neither live nor die like a bird in a cage : when the arrow finds me,"—and the boy pointed as he spoke to his device, a falcon in full flight,—"it shall be *thus*, free and fearless."

No further expostulation or entreaty was attempted. Lacy accompanied his father and brothers ; and ere time had written manhood on his brow, he had borne his part in many a well-fought field. The various changes in the royal fortune are, however, too well known to require enumeration here ; indeed, except as connected with the fortunes of Lacy de Vere, they are irrelevant. On him and his they told so soon and so fatally, that, at the period to which this legend is supposed to refer, he was no longer the fair stripling who had vowed to die before he well knew the nature of death. The years that had elapsed since then were, it is true, few in number ; but they had been years of strife and storm, crowded with fearful alternations of victory and defeat, flight and pursuit, alike grievous and unavailing. The great struggle was yet undecided. Lacy de Vere was still a youthful warrior ; but, oh, how changed, how care-worn ! The bloom had forsaken his cheek ; buoyancy had left his spirit ; prompt in fight, and cool in council, he played his part in the desperate game like one to whom life and death, success and failure, were alike uncertain and indifferent. And to him all things else were changed. He no longer rode forth encouraged by the presence of his father and five brave brothers ; one by one that little company was cut off ; each after each, in the order of birth, fell by his side ; and he, the youngest of his father's house, became its head—the sole heir of a race of heroes, the last Baron de Vere.

It was the battle of Towton which invested Lacy with these melancholy honors, and rendered him at the same time a fugitive; for that battle, so sanguinary in itself, was fatal to the queen and her adherents. Stung to madness by the death of his last surviving brother, and the utter ruin of that cause in defence of which all that was dear to him had perished, the words of Margaret, the tears of Blanche, rushed upon his memory; that tie of kindred, which he had once so lightly esteemed, now that it was the only one remaining, assumed its rightful sway over his wounded spirit. He found that the relative love which God had planted in the human heart, however it may be outraged for a time by stoicism, by worldly wisdom, or worldly glory, will return to the proudest bosom in the dark day of adversity. Lacy de Vere, who once, in the delirium of martial pride, scorned his home, and deserted her, who, as the offspring of the *same* birth, was bound to him by a more than common sisterhood, now flung down the insignia of his rank and bearing, and fled from the field of battle. True to that instinct which governs all men in their misfortunes, he fled towards his long-deserted home; and he found it, as his fears had well predicted, desolate and in ruins. One horrible peculiarity in the present contest was the license assumed by both parties to devastate whatever part of the country they passed through, whether hostile or friendly to their interests. Even those engaged in the same cause were not always safe from each other; many an old feud was avenged, many a rival removed, or his property destroyed, apparently by some excess on the part of the troops, but frequently at the command of their more interested leaders. The devastation which had been wrought in the present instance, seemed more than the result of destroyers animated by merely *general* motives; there appeared to have been a guiding spirit at work. There did not remain sufficient building to shelter a beggar from the

storm : not a tree, not a shrub, but was either cut down or mutilated ; the grass and corn had been consumed with fire as they stood ; even the paltry hovels which had sheltered the domestic laborers were levelled with the earth : all was destroyed, without distinction or remorse—destroyed in the spirit of *hatred*.

Lacy de Vere walked round the remains of this the last hold of his race ; and, in the anguish of a noble spirit brought low by self-reproach, he rejoiced that his father and brothers were in the grave. But when he reached a spot which had once been a little herb-garden walled round, now open on all sides, and choked with the drifted sea sand, rage and grief overcame him—he could no longer refrain from the expression of his inward emotions. “ Yes,” said he, with a bitter smile, “ yes, an enemy hath done this ; but no enemy of King Henry and his cause : it was no Robin of Redsdale with his marauders ; no vindictive Warwick ; no savage borderers ; it was *my* enemy, the enemy of my house : Lionel Wethamstede, *thou* didst this evil ! Assassin serpent, *twice* I spared thee in battle, and *twice* didst thou ride off bidding me seek my flourishing home and fair sister !—Blind, blind fool, to cherish a tiger till it longed for its keeper’s blood ! Lionel, Lionel Wethamstede,” continued the speaker more vehemently, while his whole frame was tremulous with passion, “ didst thou slaughter the lamb in the fold ? was the bird crushed with the nest ? Oh, Lionel, if thou *didst* spare Blanche in the day of destruction, all, all, were thy sins thousand-fold, shall be forgiven ! If Blanche lives—if thou hast spared her—I, even I, thine enemy, will bless thee ! ”

Lacy was too much engrossed by his own emotions to be aware that he was watched, or even observed, by a boy couched amongst the rubbish. At the first glance, the intruder appeared nothing more than a young peasant, worn with fright and famine ; but, upon a second view, his attire, coarse as it was, could not disguise the natural

grace of the wearer; nor even the dark cloth bonnet, though of the kind only worn by menials, give a sordid expression to the noble countenance which it shaded. Hitherto he had remained perfectly quiet, eyeing Lacy with mingled anxiety and interest; but when the last words of the young knight's passionate invocation died upon the air, he rose from his hiding-place with a slow and stately step, and addressed him in a tone that struck like the east wind to the listener's heart—a tone of reproach, if aught so sweet could be said to convey reproach, of affection and deep sorrow. “And where wert thou, Lacy de Vere, when the spoiler stole upon thy heritage? Where was *thy* care when she for whom thou mournest prayed thee, by that mystery of love which unites those born in the same hour, to stay and shield her from treachery and violence? And didst thou spare Lionel Wetham stede? Look to it; for, of a truth, in the day of his power, not so will he spare *thee*: look to it; for he hath vowed vengeance against all who bear thy name, and all who call thee master; but few, few are those. He hath begun his work well; think ye not he will finish? When thou wert young, thou hatedst him; for the lying lip and craven spirit are hateful to the brave and true. But he saw it—he withered in the scornful glances of thy dark eye—and he swore to have vengeance—slow, secret, but sure vengeance, on thee and thine!” “He hath it, he hath it!” groaned Lacy; “he hath it, to the last drop of bitterness.” “He hath it *not*,” resumed the boy, solemnly. “Dost not thou, the offender, live? and she who spurned him as a reptile when he proffered her safety—and his hand? Look to it, last of a lordly race; spare him not the *third* time. He hath laid thy dwelling in the dust: those who were hirelings he corrupted; those who were faithful he slew; and she, who was born to mate with princes, fled for her life to the dark and noisome cavern of the rock. *Yet* is the work of vengeance in-

complete. Weep on, Lacy de Vere," continued the mysterious speaker, after a pause, only interrupted by the baron's convulsive sobs; "though thou art a warrior, weep on—what knowest thou of *grief*? It hath come to thee in its royal robes, amid sounding trumpets, and gorgeous banners, and the shout of victory, and the presence of mighty warriors;—but grief hath come to me in lowlier guise—in darkness, and cold, and neglect, and hunger, and sickness of heart, and loneliness as of the grave; and I shall weep no more, unless perchance for thee!" "Curse, curse me, Blanche!" said Lacy, vehemently; for his heart told him that she herself was by his side. "I can bear all things, now I have found thee;" and saying this, he drew her to his bosom, and wept over her like a child.

Love is a child, that speaks in broken words. It is easy to conceive of the self-reproaches uttered by Lacy, and the sweet forgiveness and consolation spoken by Blanche; of the anxious question and fond reply; their mutual mourning over the past, and mutual cares for the future, both softened by the reflection, that, come weal, come wo, the bond of affection would never more be divided. There needed neither vow nor witness; yet there, amid the ruins of that home which had sheltered them throughout a happy childhood, on the hearth-stone round which, for centuries, their ancestors had gathered, the twins, the last of their race, knelt down and vowed to separate no more, but to have, living or dying, one fate, one home, one grave; and they called upon the spirits of their father and brethren, whose bones lay bleaching on many a field of battle, to witness and sanctify the vow. They arose homeless and friendless—nevertheless they arose comforted; for that love which neither change nor sorrow can lastingly imbitter or absorb, again triumphed in the soul of each.

The refuge which Blanche had found for herself, on the

destruction of her home, and the death or flight of those left to guard it, was too fearful a spot to have been selected by one less courageous, or under circumstances less appalling. A line of rock extended along the sea-shore for about the space of half a mile, gradually rising from one extremity, and as gradually declining to the other. It appeared one vast parapet, a continued range of stone battlements, erected by nature—at once to overlook and brave the ocean beneath. The front was as completely perpendicular as if hewn by the hammer and the chisel, while lichens, mosses, ivy—every variety of graceful creeping shrub—overspread its surface, as though trained there by the hand of man. It was wonderful to view what seemed a gigantic *wall* of cold hard stone, thus magnificently embroidered with the foliage of earth, while here and there masses of the hoary, weather-stained rock showed like ruined castles amid the clinging “greenery.” Nearly at the summit of the highest point, inaccessible, as it would seem, except to the sea-bird and the goat, was a natural arch, scooped out of the rock, and opening into a cavern. The ivy spread around that arch with peculiar beauty; adjacent parts of the rock brightened in the beams of morning, or in the moonlight; but that cavern always retained the same aspect—dark, noisome, unearthly. This was Blanche’s refuge—the dwelling-place of her who had been delicately reared, as befitted the only daughter of a noble house. Lacy was mute with surprise and terror when he first saw her ascend what appeared to him as inaccessible to the foot as any castle wall. There were, however, though he perceived them not, inequalities on the surface; and, now clinging to a bush, now grasping a root of ivy, her nailed peasant’s shoes tinkling, at every step, against the stony path,—her slight figure alternately hidden and revealed amongst the shrubs,—Blanche, to whom habit had familiarized the perilous ascent, reached the cavern; but, as she stood in the dark

entrance, the moonlight glimmering on her countenance, and her voice coming down from that vast height, a mere "filament of sound," Lacy could have believed her a creature of another world and species.

She was not, however, companionless in this her aerial home: the goats often repaired thither to rest; the sea-bird there deposited her eggs; and to them had she frequently been indebted for sustenance when the rock and the shore failed to afford their natural tribute of berries and shell-fish. Necessity, that teacher sterner and more efficient even than duty, soon accustomed Lacy to that difficult ascent and rude hiding-place. He had been too familiar with hardship and sorrow to mourn over outward privations; and, ere long, he loved that "dim retreat," hallowed as it was by repose and safety, and cheered by the presence of her who was not only his sister, but his best and only friend.

"His garb was humble; ne'er was seen
Such garb with such a noble mien:
Among the shepherd-grooms no mate
Had he, a child of strength and state.
Yet lacked not friends for solemn glee,
And a cheerful company,
That learned of him submissive ways,
And comforted his private days.
To his side the fallow-deer
Came and rested without fear;
The eagle, lord of land and sea,
Stooped down to pay him fealty."

Wordsworth.

The desires which once consumed his spirit were extinguished; the vain strife and yet vainer joys and ambitions of the world no longer occupied his mind. "Revenge and all ferocious thoughts were dead:" he could remember his enemies, ay, even Lionel Wethamstede, in peace; and when he walked among the neighboring herdsmen, lowlier in lot than themselves, or stood in the opening of his mountain-hold, and looked on the ocean roaring be-

neath, or the host of heaven shining quietly above, Lacy de Vere forgot the past, and, calling his sister to his side, pronounced himself a happy man.

But this retreat, this respite from misfortune, was not destined to remain long unmolested. The battle of Towton had, it is true, placed Edward, Duke of York, on the throne, and wholly destroyed or scattered the adherents of Queen Margaret; but that remorseless prince, deeming his power only to be secured by continued bloodshed, still allowed his followers to ravage the north, as having been the stronghold of the Lancastrian cause. Among the most active in this murderous employment was Lionel Wethamstede. He knew that Lacy de Vere yet lived, concealed, as he had reason to suspect, in the neighborhood of his former dwelling. Except as affording means of gaining fortune and distinction, the cause of King Edward or Queen Margaret were alike indifferent to him. It was personal hatred which induced him to hunt out the Lancastrians with such relentless zeal—the desire to discover and exterminate the last of that family, whose protection he had so long enjoyed and cruelly requited. During childhood and youth, he had been a favorite with the old Baron de Vere, and, as such, allowed to be an inmate of the castle: before him he had masked, under the show of humility and devoted zeal, the designing, treacherous spirit, which crouches that it may the more securely spring upon its prey, and lays in servile submission the foundation of despotic power. The young Lacy, bold and open as became his birth, instinctively scorned the minion, even before he discovered how well that scorn was merited. Many a proud glance and bitter taunt were bestowed by the fearless youth, little dreaming that of all such, however unnoticed at the time, Lionel kept a too faithful record, and would one day claim for them a deadly recompense. And now that day was near at hand. Hatred, once formed in the heart, turns neither to

the right hand nor to the left till its work is done. Love, even the love of a mother for her babe, may be diverted—grief, though of a father for his dead first-born, be forgotten—gratitude may pass like the morning dew, and pity as a noon-day cloud—HATRED alone can survive all change, all time, all circumstance, all other emotions; nay, it can survive the accomplishment of revenge, and, like the vampire, prey on its dead victim!

“I know not,” said Lacy, as he and Blanche stood together, one evening in the archway of their cavern—“I know not why, when all around me is so fair, sadness and forebodings of coming evil should hang so heavily on my heart.” “Nay, nay, dear Lacy,” replied Blanche; “look at our castle, which will resist both fire and violence; our faithful rock, with all its luxuriant garniture flashing in the light of that departing sun: what should we fear? Art thou weary of repose, Lacy? or dost thou mistrust thy warder?” continued she, with affectionate playfulness, at the same instant placing her arm within his. But the cloud passed not from her brother’s brow, and he replied, in the low, broken voice men use when troubled in spirit, “I tell thee, Blanche—nay, count not my words idle, for an influence is on me which I can neither gainsay nor resist—I tell thee, evil hangs over us—my end is near. *Twice* I spared Lionel Wethamstede; and *twice*, since the last going down of yonder sun, have I beheld myself in his power. Oh! it was a dark vision, a dream more fearful than a field of battle!” “Dreams, Lacy, visions!—what of them? When I dwelt here alone, oh! how often did I see thee prisoner—wounded—dying—dead! I, too, had dreams and visions, and yet they came not true; why, then, should thine?” Lacy made no reply to this inquiry, for he heard it not; and when he again spoke, his words were but the expression of the melancholy reverie into which he had fallen. “Yes, it was down there—stealing along the foot of the rock, half-hidden by the trees

and underwood, Lionel and his black band—six—black in spirit as in outward guise—not one ever known to strike twice or to spare—I knew them all—and why they came.” “Lacy!—Baron de Vere!” exclaimed Blanche, shaking his arm, which she held, with her utmost strength, “rouse from this unmanly mood; let the babe and the peasant start at shadows; but thou, I pray thee—let me not have to blush for him whom I ought to honor!” “And for whom thou wilt ere long weep,” replied Lacy, in an unaltered voice. “Blanche de Vere, misjudge me not! I spoke neither of flight, nor fear, nor supplication for life, nor of aught that may disgrace a warrior—I did but speak of DEATH—death, that were welcome if it came only to myself; but my sister, dearer than all the kindred I have lost, were all now living—my last, last friend death is on its way to *thee* too!” “It will *not* be death, if shared with thee,” replied Blanche, fervently; “death would be to live when thou wert gone. I did thee wrong, noble, generous brother! forgive it.” And she sat down at his feet, and covered her face with her hands. “Glorious orb!” said Lacy, after having for some minutes earnestly regarded the sun, which was now slowly descending into the ocean with more than meridian pomp, “unchanged, unchangeable—bright at thy setting as on thy first rising—most glorious orb, farewell! And thou too, earth, steeped in the tears and blood of thy children, polluted with crime, groaning with sorrow, yet withal so beautifully appareled, many graves hast thou afforded my father’s house: spare it yet another—the last: and now,” said he, the steady, solemn tone in which he had hitherto spoken changing to one of indignant defiance, while a change as complete overspread his countenance, “now, even now, that grave is needed—the appointed hour is arrived—yonder the murderers come, black and silent as in the vision; but the last De Vere dies not like a reptile driven into its hold and crushed in darkness; the doom

that is decreed shall be met. Rise, Blanche! sister by birth, companion in sorrow, daughter of heroes, arise, and let us descend! let not Lionel have to glory in our shame!—haste!—haste! I see his black plume waving to and fro—his spear glitters through the trees—nearer—brighter every instant.” “I am ready, ready to endure all,” said Blanche, firmly; “but, oh! let not Lionel see our parting anguish: bless me for the last time here!” and she laid her head upon her brother’s bosom. They stood regarding each other, speechless and in tears: to part was harder than to die.

Lacy’s vision and forebodings were indeed on the point of being realized. The implacable Lionel had learned but too surely their place of retreat, and but too truly was he, with his ruffians, winding along the foot of the rock; even now they were within view of the cavern, in the opening of which stood that devoted pair, whose doom was sealed before they knew it. A shout of brutal triumph suddenly burst from Lionel and his band, as they halted when sufficiently near the spot: at the same instant two picked archers obeyed their leader’s command with murderous precision, and ere the defenceless victims could look round or utter a cry, the arrows pierced them, clasped as they were in each other’s arms! One of the shafts had entered Lacy’s heart, and in the twinkling of an eye, without word or groan, he was numbered with the dead. For an instant, a single instant, his dying eyes were turned upon his fellow-victim; and that glance, though transient as the flash of lightning, revealed love stronger than death, love that would exist beyond the grave. The wound received by Blanche, though mortal, was not calculated to occasion instant death; and nobly did she employ the precious respite.

“My brother shall not become a prey to the birds of the air,” were her first words, on perceiving that he was indeed dead; and, with an energy scarcely human, she

prepared for her labor of love. Habit had, it is true, rendered the ascent and descent of that rock so easy, that, in the darkest night, she would scarcely have missed her footing ; but, wounded as she was at present, her intention to descend, and convey with her Lacy's yet warm and bleeding body, appeared impracticable. Love, however, enabled her to execute what love had induced her to determine. Carefully wrapping the corse in every garment she could afford from herself, to defend it in some measure from the sharp points of the rock, she partly drew and partly bore the precious burden down a pathway, which, to any but herself, would, under such circumstances, have assuredly been fatal. She felt neither fatigue nor pain ; she heeded not that every shrub and stone in the descent was sprinkled with her own blood ; her sole care was to shield the senseless body in her arms from wounds and injury. Heaven, in pity, strengthened her for the task, and she reached the ground in safety—her labor accomplished, her reward obtained. Those who had come out against the noble pair gathered around them in silence, some, in truth, touched by this last exhibition of love, passing even the love of women. She unfolded the coverings from the body, which was now becoming cold and stiff ; then, looking upon the armed circle, she fixed her eye on him, the evil spirit whose ministers they were, and addressed him like one gifted with unearthly authority. “ Lionel, thy work is finished ! thou wert the nursling of our house, and hast become its destroyer ! thou hast rendered bitter for sweet, and evil for good, and injuries for benefits ! thou hast brought low the old, the honorable, the young, the brave, the virtuous, and hitherto none hath stayed thy hand : but come near, Lionel Weathamstede, and I will advise thee of things that shall befall thee *yet*. By day thou shalt dread treachery, and by night dream visions of horror ; thou shalt flee when none pur-

sue, and be afraid when no fear is : thou hast built thy fortunes in thy master's blood ; some around thee shall build theirs in thine ; as thou hast hated so shall others hate thee : scorn, and sorrow, and affliction, and want, —every evil thou hast wrought on us,—shall cleave four-fold and forever to thee and thine—yea, cleave as the flesh cleaveth to the bone. Ay, go thy way, man of blood ! brace thy helmet and mount thy steed. Thou mayest escape me *now* ; but I shall see thee again, where neither horse nor armor will avail thee—before God, who will condemn the murderer in the face of heaven, in the day of judgment. Lionel Wethamstede, thou shalt meet me *there*."

She ceased. The livid paleness and the damps of death had gradually gathered on her countenance : every sentence had been uttered in mortal anguish : nevertheless, she had maintained, throughout, the cold, calm bearing of one already separated from the body. The wretch to whom her words had been addressed shivered under their influence, as though exposed to an ice-blast ; superstitious horror mastered the ferocious spirit till then scarcely satisfied with its revenge ; and, setting spurs to his horse, he departed from the spot like one pursued by an evil spirit. "Let those who shot the arrows complete their work !" said the dying maiden to the men, who remained fixed to the spot, subdued as by some supernatural agency, and scarcely conscious of their leader's departure—"let them wrap us in one shroud, and bury us in the same grave !" One of the archers stepped forward : he was rude, even savage in his exterior, but nature was not utterly extinct : he kneeled down beside the dying and the dead, and swore to observe the request. "Thy victim blesses thee," replied Blanche ; "farewell !" She spoke no more, for death claimed his conquest. She stretched herself on the ground beside him whom in life she had loved so well, whom dying she could not forget : placing one arm be-

neath his head, and the other across his bosom, so that her cheek rested against his, she meekly closed her eyes, like a wearied child that sleeps on its mother's lap.

Thus died Lacy and Blanche de Vere, twins in birth, and twins also in the manner of their death. They slept not, as their fathers before them, in marble monuments adorned with stately devices ; they were laid in the peasant's grave, beneath the green and trodden turf, with no record more lasting than its bright but perishable flowers. There was none to mourn over them, none to have them in remembrance, none to perpetuate their name : when they died, they died altogether ; and with them the memory of a noble race passed forever from the earth.

“ So fails, so languishes, grows dim, and dies,
All that this world is proud of.”

FORGET ME NOT, FOR 1827.

CALUM DHU;—A HIGHLAND TALE.

CALUM DHU was the bravest warrior that followed the banners of the chief of Colquhoun, with which clan the powerful and warlike M'Gregors were at inveterate feud. Calum lived in a sequestered glen in the vicinity of Ben Lomond. His cottage stood at the base of a steep, ferny hill : retired from the rest of the clan, he lived alone. This solitary being was the deadliest foe of the M'Gregors, when the clans were in the red, unyielding battle of their mountain chiefs. His weapon was a bow, in the use of which he was so skilful, that he could bring down the smallest bird when on the wing. No man but himself had ever bent his bow ; and his arrows were driven with

such resistless force, that their feathery wings were always drenched with his foeman's best blood. In the use of the sword, also, he had few equals; but the bow was the weapon of his heart.

The son of the chief of the M'Gregors, with two of his clansmen, having gone to hunt, and their game being wide, they wandered far, and found themselves, a little after mid-day, on the top of the hill at the foot of which stood Calum Dhu's cottage. "Come," said the young chief, "let us go down and try to bend Calum Dhu's bow. Evan, you and I have got the name of being the best bowmen of our clan: it is said no man but Calum himself can bend his bow; but it will go hard with us if we cannot show him that the M'Gregors are men of thews and sinews equal to the bending of his long bow, with which he has so often sent his arrows through and through our best warriors, as if they had been men of straw set up to practise on. Come, he will not know us—and if he should, we are three to one; and I owe him something," added he, touching the hilt of his dirk, "since the last conflict, when he sent an arrow through my uncle's gallant bosom. Come, follow me down!" he continued, his eye gleaming with determined vengeance, and his voice quivering with suppressed passion. The will of a Highland chieftain was law at the time of which we speak. "We will go down, if a score of his best clansmen were with him," said Evan. "Ay, but be cautious." "We shall bend his bow, then break it," replied the young M'Gregor; "and then—then for my uncle's blood." "He is good at the sword," said the third M'Gregor; "but this (showing his dirk) will stretch him on the sward." "Strike him not behind," said the young chief: "hew him down in front: he deserves honorable wounds, for he is brave, though an enemy."

They had been concealed by a rising knoll from being seen from the cottage, which they now reached. Knocking loudly at the door, after some delay, they were answer-

ed by the appearance of a little, thick-set, gray-eyed, oldish-looking man, with long arms and a black, bushy beard, hung with gray threads and thrums, as if he had been employed in weaving the coarse linen of the country and the time. But as he had none of the muscular symptoms of prodigious strength which Calum Dhu was reported to possess, and which had often proved so fatal to their clan, they could not suppose this to be their redoubted foeman; and, to the querulous question of what they wanted, uttered in the impatient tone of one who has been interrupted in some necessary worldly employment, they replied by inquiring if Calum Dhu was at home. "Na, he's gane to the fishing; but an ye hae ony message frae our chief (Heaven guard him!) about the coming of the red M'Gregors, and will trust me with it, Calum will get it frae me. Ye may as well tell me as him; he stays lang when he gaes out, for he is a keen fisher." "We were only wanting to try the bending of his bow," said the disappointed young chief, "which we have heard no man can do save himself." "Hoo! gin that is a', ye might hae tell'd it at first, an' no keepit me sae lang frae my loom," said the old man; "but stop"—and giving his shoulders an impatient shrug, which, to a keen observer, would have passed for one of satisfaction, triumph, and determination, he went into the house, and quickly returned, bringing out a strong bow, and a sheaf of arrows, and flung them carelessly on the ground, saying, "Ye'll be for trying your strength at a flight?" pointing to the arrows; "I have seen Calum send an arrow over the highest point o' that hill, like a glance o' lightning; and when the M'Gregors were coming raging up the glen, like red deevils as they are, mony o' their best warriors fell at the farthest entry o' the pass, every man o' them wi' a hole in his breast and its fellow at his back."

He had taken a long arrow out of the sheaf, and stood playing with it in his hand while speaking, seemingly

ready to give to the first man who should bend the bow. The M'Gregors were tall, muscular men, in the prime of youth and manhood. The young chief took up the bow, and, after examining its unbending strength, laying all his might to it, strained till the blood rushed to his face, and his temples throbbed almost to bursting—but in vain; the string remained slack as ever. Evan and the other M'Gregor were alike unsuccessful; they might as well have tried to root up the gnarled oaks of their native mountains.

"There is not a man," cried the young chief of M'Gregor, greatly chagrined at the absence of Calum Dhu, and his own and clansmen's vain attempts to bend the bow,—“there is not a man in your clan can bend that bow; and if Calum Dhu were here, he should not long bend it!” Here he bit his lip, and suppressed the rest of the sentence; for the third M'Gregor gave him a glance of caution. “Ha!” said the old man, still playing with the long arrow in his hand, and without seeming to observe the latter part of the M'Gregor's speech. “If Calum was here, he would bend it as easily as ye wad bend that rush; and gin ony o' the M'Gregors were in sight, he wad drive this lang arrow through them as easily as ye wad drive your dirk through my old plaid, and the feather wad come out at the other side, wet wi' their heart's bluid. Sometimes even the man behind is wounded, if they are ony way thick in their battle. I once saw a pair o' them stretched on the heather, pinned together with ane of Calum's lang arrows.”

This was spoken with the cool composure and simplicity of one who is talking to friends, or is careless if they are foes. A looker-on could have discerned a chequered shade of pleasure and triumph cross his countenance, as M'Gregor's lip quivered, and the scowl of anger fell along his brow at the tale of his kinsmen's destruction by the arm of his most hated enemy.

"He must be a brave warrior," said the young chief, compressing his breath, and looking with anger and astonishment at the tenacious and cool old man. "I should like to see this Calum Dhu."

"Ye may, soon enough; an', gin ye were a M'Gregor, feel him too. But what is the man glunching and glooming at! Gin ye were Black John himsel, ye could na look mair deevilish-like. And what are you fidging at, man?" addressing the third M'Gregor, who had both marked and felt the anger of his young chief, and had slowly moved nearer the old man, and stood with his right hand below the left breast of his plaid, probably grasping his dirk, ready to execute the vengeance of his master, as it was displayed on his clouded countenance, which he closely watched. The faith of the Gael is deeper than "to hear is to obey"—the slavish obedience of the East: his is to anticipate and perform—to know and accomplish, or die. It is the sterner devotedness of the north.

But the old man kept his keen gray eye fixed upon him, and continued, in the same unsuspecting tone: "But is there ony word o' the M'Gregors soon coming over the hills? Calum wad like to try a shot at Black John, their chief; he wonders gin he could pass an arrow through his great hardy bulk as readily as he sends them through his clansmen's silly bodies. John has a son, too, he wad like to try his craft on; he has the name of a brave warrior—I forget his name. Calum likes to strive at noble game, though he is sometimes forced to kill that which is little worth. But I'm fearfu' that he o'errates his ain strength; his arrow will only, I think, stick weel through Black John, but——" "Dotard, peace!" roared the young chief, till the glen rang again, his brow darkening like midnight; "peace! or I shall cut the sacrilegious tongue out of your head, and nail it to that door, to show Calum Dhu that you have had visitors since he went away, and bless his stars that he was not here."

A dark flash of suspicion crossed his mind as he gazed at the cool old tormentor who stood before him, unquailing at his frowns ; but it vanished as the imperturbable old man said, "Haoh ! ye're no a M'Gregor—and though ye were, ye surely wadna mind the like o' me ! But anent bending this bow," striking it with the long arrow, which he still held in his hand, "there is just a knack in it ; and your untaught young strength is useless, as ye dinna ken the gait o't. I learned it frae Calum, but I'm sworn never to tell it to a stranger. There is mony a man in the clan I ken naething about. But as ye seem anxious to see the bow bent, I'll no disappoint ye ; rin up to yon gray stane—stand there, and it will no be the same as if ye were standing near me when I'm doing it, but it will just be the same to you, for ye can see weel enough, and when the string is on the bow, ye may come down, an' ye like, an' try a flight ; it's a capital bow, and that ye'll fin."

A promise is sacred with the Gael ; and, as he was under one, they did not insist on his exhibiting his art while they were in his presence ; but, curious to see the sturdy bow bent,—a feat of which the best warrior of their clan would have been proud, and which they had in vain essayed,—and perhaps thinking Calum Dhu would arrive in the interval,—and as they feared nothing from the individual, who seemed ignorant of their name, and who could not be supposed to send an arrow so far with any effect,—they therefore walked away in the direction pointed out ; nor did they once turn their faces till they reached the gray rock. They now turned, and saw the old man (who had waited till they had gone the whole way) suddenly bend the stubborn yew, and fix an arrow on the string. In an instant it was strongly drawn to his very ear, and the feathered shaft, of a cloth-breadth length, was fiercely launched in air.

"M'Alp—hooch !" cried the young chief, meaning to

raise the M'Gregor war-cry, clapping his hand on his breast as he fell. "Ha!" cried Calum Dhu, for it was he himself; "clap your hand behin'; the arm shot that never sent arrow that came out where it went in;"—a rhyme he used in battle, when his fces fell as fast as he could fix arrows to the bow-string. The two M'Gregors hesitated a moment whether to rush down and cut to atoms the old man who had so suddenly caused the death of their beloved young chief; but seeing him fix another arrow to his bow, of which they had just seen the terrible effects, and fearing they might be prevented from carrying the news of his son's death to their old chieftain, and thus cheat him of his revenge, they started over the hill like roes. But a speedy messenger was after them; an arrow caught Evan as he descended out of sight over the hill: sent with powerful and unerring aim, it transfixed him in the shoulder. It must have grazed the bent that grew on the hill top, to catch him, as only his shoulders could be seen from where Calum Dhu stood. On flew the other M'Gregor with little abatement of speed till he reached his chieftain with the bloody tidings of his son's death. "Raise the clan!" were Black John's first words; "dearly shall they rue it." A party was soon gathered. Breathing all the vengeance of mountain warriors, they were soon far on their way of fierce retaliation, with Black John at their head. Calum Dhu was in the meantime not idle; knowing, from the escape of one of the three M'Gregors, that a battle must quickly ensue, he collected as many of his clansmen as he could, and, taking his terrible bow, which he could so bravely use, calmly waited the approach of the M'Gregors, who did not conceal their coming; for loud and fiercely their pipes flung their notes of war and defiance on the gale as they approached; and mountain cliff and glen echoed far and wide the martial strains. They arrived, and a desperate struggle immediately commenced.

The M'Gregors carried all before them: no warriors of this time could withstand the hurricane onset, sword in hand, of the far-feared, warlike M'Gregors. Black John raged through the field like a chafed lion, roaring in a voice of thunder, heard far above the clash, groans, and yells, of the unyielding combatants—"where was the murderer of his son?" None could tell him—none was afforded time, for he cut down, in his headlong rage, every foe he met. At length, when but few of his foes remained, on whom he could wreak his wrath, or exercise his great strength, he spied an old man sitting on a ferny bank, holding the stump of his leg, which had been cut off in the battle, and who beckoned the grim chief to come nearer. Black John rushed forward, brandishing his bloody sword, crying, in a voice which startled the yet remaining birds from the neighboring mountain cliffs—"where was his son's murderer!" "Shake the leg out o' that brogue," said the old man, speaking with difficulty, and squeezing his bleeding stump with both hands, with all the energy of pain, "and bring me some o' the water frae yon burn to drink, and I will show you Calum Dhu, for he is yet in the field, and lives: rin, for my heart burns and faints." Black John, without speaking, shook the leg out of the brogue, and hastened to bring water, to get the wished-for intelligence. Stooping to dip the bloody brogue in the little stream, "M'Alp—hooch!" he cried, and splashed lifeless in the water, which in a moment ran thick with his blood. "Ha!" cried Calum Dhu, for it was he again; "clap your hand behin'; that's the last arrow shot by the arm that sent those which came not out where they went in."

LONDON WEEKLY REVIEW.

HANNAH.

THE prettiest cottage on our village-green is the little dwelling of Dame Wilson. It stands in a corner of the common, where the hedgerows go curving off into a sort of bay, round a clear, bright pond, the earliest haunt of the swallows. A deep, woody, green lane, such as Hobbima or Ruysdael might have painted—a lane that hints of nightingales—forms one boundary of the garden, and a sloping meadow the other; whilst the cottage itself, a low, thatched, irregular building, backed by a blooming orchard, and covered with honeysuckle and jessamine, looks like the chosen abode of snugness and comfort. And so it is.

Dame Wilson was a respected servant in a most respectable family, where she passed all the early part of her life, and which she quitted only on her marriage with a man of character and industry, and of that peculiar universality of genius which forms what is called, in country phrase, a handy fellow. He could do any sort of work, was thatcher, carpenter, bricklayer, painter, gardener, game-keeper, “every thing by turns, and nothing long.” No job came amiss to him. He killed pigs, mended shoes, cleaned clocks, doctored cows, dogs, and horses, and even went as far as bleeding and drawing teeth in his experiments on the human subject. In addition to these multifarious talents, he was ready, obliging, and unfearing; jovial withal, and fond of good-fellowship; and endowed with a promptness of resource which made him the general adviser of the stupid, the puzzled, and the timid. He was universally admitted to be the cleverest man in the parish; and his death, which happened, about ten years ago, in consequence of standing in the water, drawing a pond for one neighbor, at a time when he was overheated by load-

ing hay for another, made quite a gap in our village commonwealth. John Wilson had no rival, and has had no successor; for the Robert Ellis, whom certain youngsters would fain exalt to a copartnery of fame, is simply nobody—a bell-ringer—a ballad-singer—a troller of profane catches—a fiddler—a bruiser—a lolter on alehouse benches—a teller of good stories—a mimic—a poet! What is all this to compare with the solid parts of John Wilson? Whose clock hath Robert Ellis cleaned?—whose windows hath he mended?—whose dog hath he broken?—whose pigs hath he rung?—whose pond hath he fished?—whose hay hath he saved?—whose cow hath he cured?—whose calf hath he killed?—whose teeth hath he drawn?—whom hath he bled? Tell me that, irreverent whipsters! No! John Wilson is not to be replaced. He was missed by the whole parish; and, most of all, he was missed at home. His excellent wife was left the sole guardian and protector of two fatherless girls; one an infant at her knee, the other a pretty, handy lass, about nine years old. Cast thus upon the world, there must have been much to endure, much to suffer; but it was borne with a smiling patience, a hopeful cheeriness of spirit, and a decent pride, which seemed to command success as well as respect in their struggle for independence. Without assistance of any sort, by needle-work, by washing and mending lace and fine linen, and other skilful and profitable labors, and by the produce of her orchard and poultry, Dame Wilson contrived to maintain herself and her children in their old comfortable home. There was no visible change: she and the little girls were as neat as ever; the house had still within and without the same sunshiny cleanliness, and the garden was still famous over all other gardens for its cloves, and stocks, and double wall-flowers. But the sweetest flower of the garden, the joy and pride of her mother's heart, was her daughter Hannah. Well might she be proud of her! At sixteen, Hannah Wilson was, beyond

a doubt, the prettiest girl in the village, and the best. Her beauty was quite in a different style from the common country rosebud—far more choice and rare. Its chief characteristic was modesty. A light, youthful figure, exquisitely graceful and rapid in all its movements; springy, elastic and buoyant as a bird, and almost as shy; a fair, innocent face, with downcast blue eyes, and smiles and blushes coming and going almost with her thoughts; a low, soft voice, sweet even in its monosyllables; a dress remarkable for neatness and propriety, and borrowing from her delicate beauty an air of superiority not its own;—such was the outward woman of Hannah. Her mind was very like her person; modest, graceful, gentle, affectionate, grateful, and generous above all. The generosity of the poor is always a very real and fine thing; they give what they want; and Hannah was of all poor people the most generous. She loved to give; it was her pleasure, her luxury. Rosy-cheeked apples, plums with the bloom on them, nosegays of cloves and blossomed myrtle;—these were offerings which Hannah delighted to bring to those whom she loved, or those who had shown her kindness; whilst to others, who needed other attentions than fruit and flowers, she would give her time, her assistance, her skill; for Hannah inherited her mother's dexterity in feminine employments, with something of her father's versatile power. Besides being an excellent laundress, she was accomplished in all the arts of the needle, millinery, dress-making, and plain work; a capital cutter-out, an incomparable mender, and endowed with a gift of altering, which made old things better than new. She had no rival at a *rifacimento*, as half the turned gowns on the common can witness. As a dairy-woman, and a rearer of pigs and poultry, she was equally successful: none of her ducks and turkeys ever died of neglect or carelessness, or, to use the phrase of the poultry-yard on such occasions, of "ill-luck." Hannah's fowls never dreamed

of sliding out of the world in such an ignoble way: they all lived to be killed, to make a noise at their deaths, as chickens should do. She was also a famous "scholar," kept accounts, wrote bills, read letters, and answered them, was a trusty accountant, and a safe confidant. There was no end to Hannah's usefulness or Hannah's kindness; and her prudence was equal to either. Except to be kind or useful, she never left her home; attended no fairs, or revels, or Mayings; went no where but to church; and seldom made a nearer approach to rustic revelry than by standing at her own garden-gate on a Sunday evening, with her little sister in her hand, to look at the lads and lasses on the green. In short, our village beauty had fairly reached her twentieth year without a sweetheart, without the slightest suspicion of her having ever written a love-letter on her own account; when, all on a sudden, appearances changed. She was missing at the "accustomed gate;" and one had seen a young man go into Dame Wilson's; and another had descried a trim, elastic figure, walking, not unaccompanied, down the shady lane. Matters were quite clear. Hannah had gotten a lover; and, when poor little Susan, who, deserted by her sister, ventured to peep rather nearer at the gay group, was laughingly questioned on the subject, the hesitating No, and the half Yes, of the smiling child, were equally conclusive.

Since the new marriage act, we, who belong to country magistrates, have gained a priority over the rest of the parish in matrimonial news. We (the privileged) see on a work-day the names which the Sabbath announces to the generality. Many a blushing, awkward pair hath our little lame clerk (a sorry Cupid!) ushered in between dark and light to stammer and hacker, to bow and courtesy, to sign or make a mark, as it pleases Heaven. One Saturday, at the usual hour, the limping clerk made his appearance; and, walking through our little hall, I saw a fine, athletic young man, the very image of health and vigor,

mental and bodily, holding the hand of a young woman, who, with her head half buried in a geranium in the window, was turning bashfully away, listening, and yet not seeming to listen, to his tender whispers. The shrinking grace of that bending figure was not to be mistaken. "Hannah!" and she went aside with me, and a rapid series of questions and answers conveyed the story of the courtship. "William was," said Hannah, "a journeyman hatter, in B. He had walked over one Sunday evening to see the cricketing; and then he came again. Her mother liked him. Every body liked her William—and she had promised,—she was going,—was it wrong?" "O no! and where are you to live?" "William has got a room in B. He works for Mr. Smith, the rich hatter in the market-place; and Mr. Smith speaks of him—O, so well! But William will not tell me where our room is. I suppose in some narrow street, or lane, which he is afraid I shall not like, as our common is so pleasant. He little thinks—any where—" She stopped suddenly; but her blush and her clasped hands finished the sentence—"any where with him!" "And when is the happy day?" "On Monday fortnight, madam," said the bridegroom elect, advancing with the little clerk to summon Hannah to the parlor, "the earliest day possible." He drew her arm through his, and we parted.

The Monday fortnight was a glorious morning; one of those rare November days when the sky and the air are soft and bright as in April. "What a beautiful day for Hannah!" was the first exclamation of the breakfast-table. "Did she tell you where they should dine?" "No, ma'am; I forgot to ask." "I can tell you," said the master of the house, with somewhat of good-humored importance in his air, somewhat of the look of a man who, having kept a secret as long as it was necessary, is not sorry to get rid of the burthen. "I can tell you; in London." "In London!" "Yes. Your little favorite has been in high

luck. She has married the only son of one of the best and richest men in B., Mr. Smith, the great hatter. It is quite a romance," continued he: "William Smith walked over one Sunday evening to see a match at cricket. He saw our pretty Hannah, and forgot to look at the cricketers. After having gazed his fill, he approached to address her; and the little damsel was off like a bird. William did not like her the less for that, and thought of her the more. He came again and again, and at last contrived to tame this wild dove, and even to get the *entree* of the cottage. Hearing Hannah talk, is not the way to fall out of love with her. So William, at last, finding his case serious, laid the matter before his father, and requested his consent to the marriage. Mr. Smith was at first a little startled; but William is an only son, and an excellent son; and, after talking with me, and looking at Hannah (I believe her sweet face was the more eloquent advocate of the two), he relented; and, having a spice of his son's romance, finding that he had not mentioned his situation in life, he made a point of its being kept secret till the wedding-day. We have managed the business of settlements; and William, having discovered that his fair bride had some curiosity to see London (a curiosity, by the bye, which I suspect she owes to you or poor Lucy), intends taking her thither for a fortnight. He will then bring her home to one of the best houses in B., a fine garden, fine furniture, fine clothes, fine servants, and more money than she will know what to do with. Really, the surprise of Lord E.'s farmer's daughter, when, thinking she had married his steward, he brought her to Burleigh, and installed her as its mistress, could hardly have been greater. I hope the shock will not kill Hannah though, as is said to have been the case with that poor lady." "O no! Hannah loves her husband too well. Any where with him!"

And I was right. Hannah has survived the shock.

She is returned to B., and I have been to call on her. I never saw any thing so delicate and bird-like as she looked in her white gown, and her lace mob, in a room light and simple, and tasteful and elegant, with nothing fine, except some beautiful green-house plants. Her reception was a charming mixture of sweetness and modesty, a little more respectful than usual, and far more shamefaced! Poor thing! her cheeks must have pained her! But this was the only difference. In every thing else she is still the same Hannah, and has lost none of her old habits of kindness and gratitude. She was making a handsome matronly cap, evidently for her mother, and spoke, even with tears, of her new father's goodness to her and to Susan. She would fetch the cake and wine herself, and would gather, in spite of all remonstrance, some of her choice flowers as a parting nosegay. She did, indeed, just hint at her troubles with visitors and servants,—how strange and sad it was! seemed distressed at ringing the bell, and visibly shrank from the sound of a double knock. But, in spite of these calamities, Hannah is a happy woman. The double rap was her husband's; and the glow on her cheek, and the smile of her lips and eyes, when he appeared, spoke more plainly than ever, "Any where with him!"

MISS MITFORD.

THE GOLDSMITH OF PADUA.

IN the end of the fifteenth century, when the cities of Italy were rendered rich by their trade to the Indies, Padua was one of the most flourishing of its towns, and possessed a body of merchants, and particularly goldsmiths, jewellers, and dealers in silk, with whom Venice itself could scarcely bear a comparison. Amongst these

goldsmiths and jewellers, there was one more eminent than his brethren. His dwelling was upon the bridge; and Padua was scarcely more universally known in Italy, than Jeronimo Vincente was known for one of its citizens. "It never rains but it pours," says a northern proverb; "riches beget riches," says an Italian one. Jeronimo found the truth of both these sayings. He was already rich enough to satisfy a dozen merchants, and to make a score of German princes. Fortune, however, did not yet think that she had done enough for him; every day some traveller was arriving at Padua, in the exchange of whose foreign money for the coin of Padua, he obtained some good bargains, and added to his overflowing coffers. Few died without relatives but he was appointed their executor. Many paid tribute to his wealth and reputation by leaving him their heir. The city of Padua gave him all their public contracts; and he almost sunk under the weight of trusts, offices, &c., not merely offered, but obtruded and imposed on him.

Who could be more happy than Jeronimo Vincente? So he thought himself as he walked on the bridge of Padua one beautiful summer's evening. A coach of one of the nobles passed at the same moment; no one noticed it. On the other hand, every one who passed him saluted him. "Such have been the effects of my industry, my dexterity in business, and my assiduous application. Yes, Jeronimo, others have to thank their ancestors; you have to thank only yourself. It is all your own merit." And with these reflections his stature, as it were, increased some inches higher, and, assuming a peculiar port, and a self-satisfied step, he walked in vanity, and almost in defiance of every thing and every one, to his own house. He fell asleep in the same mood, and dreamed that the ancient fable of Jupiter was repeated in his house, and that the heavens opened, and descended upon him in a shower of ducats and pistoles. In all this soliloquy of Jeronimo,

the reader will observe, there was not a word or thought of any one but himself; he did not attribute his plenty to the blessing of God; he felt no gratitude to him who had showered down upon him his abundance; his mind, his spirit, and his vanity, were that of Nebuchadnezzar; and the fate of Nebuchadnezzar was nearer to him than he imagined. It is a part of the wise economy of Providence to vindicate the honor and duty which belong to him; it is a part of his mercy to humble those who, in forgetting him, are about to lose themselves. He sends them prosperity as a blessing; they abuse it, and convert it to a curse. He recalls the abused gift, and sends them adversity to bring them to their duty. Such was the course of divine government in the early ages of the world; such it is to the present day; and such did Jeronimo find it much sooner than he expected.

On a sudden, without any apparent cause, he saw, to his astonishment, the universal respect to his wealth and reputation on a manifest decrease. Some, who had before nearly kissed the ground in his presence, now looked erectly in his face, and kept their straight-forward course, without giving him the honorable side of the path; others kept their bonnets as if they were nailed to their heads; two or three recalled their trusts; others, happening to call for accounts of such trusts, when he was not at home or busy, spoke in a peremptory tone, dropped hints of the laws of the country and the duty of guardians. In plain words, he gradually discovered himself to be as much avoided as he had heretofore been sought. No one was punctual in his attendance but those to whom he paid their weekly or monthly pensions. If there could be any doubt that something extraordinary had happened, Jeronimo had, at length, sufficient proof; for, having put himself in nomination for one of the offices of parochial intendant, and of the great church and treasury of Padua,

a competitor was preferred less wealthy than himself by some thousands.

Jeronimo returned home much confounded at this unexpected defeat. In vain he examined himself and his situation for the cause. "Am I not as rich as ever?" said he. "Have I defrauded any one?—No. Have I suffered any one to demand their payment of me twice?—No. What, then, can be the cause of all this?" This was a question he could not answer, but the fact became daily and hourly so much more evident, that he shortly found himself as much avoided, and apparently condemned, in every respectable company, as he had formerly been courted and honored.

It is time, however, to give the reader some information as to the actual cause. A whisper was suddenly circulated, that Jeronimo had not acquired his wealth by honest means. It was reported, and gradually believed, that he was an utterer, if not a coiner, of base money. He had the reputation, as has been before said, of being the most able workman in Padua, in gold, silver, and lace; "And surely," said the gossips of Padua, "he does not wear his talent in a napkin. He employs his dexterity to some purpose." "Are you not speaking too fast?" said another neighbor; "I have always held Jeronimo to be an honest man." "And so have I hitherto," said the other. "But do you see this ducat?" "Yes, and a very good one it is." "So I thought," said the other, "till I assayed it: this ducat I received from Jeronimo; let us prove it at your assay, and you will allow that I did not speak without some good foundation." The proposal was accepted, the trial made, and the ducat found to be base in the proportion of one third copper to two thirds silver.

The name of this neighbor of Jeronimo, who had defended him, was Guiseppe Cognigero, a very worthy and

honest man ; not one of those who found a triumph in the downfall of another, though above him in wealth and honor. Guiseppe, as he had said, had always held Jeronimo to be a respectable, worthy citizen. He had had many dealings with him, and had always found him just and punctual to the lowest coin. "Is it possible," said he to himself, "that, after such a long course of honesty and reputation, he has so far forgotten himself as to become a common cheat? I will not believe it. But this fact of the base ducat!—Well; but my friend may be mistaken; he might not have received this ducat from Jeronimo. I am resolved I will make a trial of him myself, before I give in to the belief of these reports in the teeth of so fair a character for so many years." Guiseppe was a shrewd man, and never fixed on a purpose but when he had the ingenuity to find the means of executing it. He went immediately to his home, and, taking a hundred ducats from his private store, went with them to the house of Jeronimo. "Signor Jeronimo," said he, "here are a hundred ducats, which I wish to keep secret for a certain purpose. I have just embarked in a speculation of great extent, the result of which no one can foresee. I wish to keep this sum as a deposit, in the event of the failure of my hopes, if you will do me the favor to take the custody of it." Jeronimo, pleased at a confidence to which he was now not much accustomed, very willingly accepted the charge, and Guiseppe took his leave in the full persuasion that the trial would correspond with his expectations, and that report would be proved to be false and malicious.

In the course of a few days, Guiseppe, according to the plan concerted in his own mind, called suddenly on Jeronimo. "My dear friend," said he, "I sincerely rejoice that I have found you at home: a sudden demand has fallen upon me, and I have an expected occasion for the hundred ducats which I deposited with you." "My good friend," said Jeronimo, "do not preface such a trifle with such a

serious apology. The money is yours;" and, at the same time opening a private drawer—"You see here it is, just as I deposited it. Take your money, my friend; and you may always have the same or any other service from me." Saying this, he gave Guiseppe the same bag in which he had brought the ducats to him.

Guiseppe hastened home, counted and examined the ducats. Their number was right; their appearance seemed good. He sounded them singly. One sounded suspiciously; he assayed it; it was base. "Well," said he, "this may be an accident; I could almost swear, indeed, that every ducat I gave him was good; but this I might perhaps have overlooked." He sounded another; his suspicions increased; another: he was now determined to assay them all. He did so; and to his confusion (for the honest man was truly grieved and confounded at the detection of his neighbor's dishonesty), he found thirty bad ducats out of the hundred.

He now hastened back to Jeronimo.—"These are not the ducats, sir, I deposited with you; here are thirty bad ducats out of the hundred." "Bad or good," replied Jeronimo, indignantly, "they are the same which you deposited; I took them from your hands, put them in the drawer, and they were not moved from thence till you demanded them." Guiseppe insisted, and at length severely reproached Jeronimo. Jeronimo commanded him to leave his house. "Can you suspect me of such a pitiful fraud?" said he. "Indeed I never should," replied he, "unless upon this absolute evidence. But there must be a fraud somewhere. Either I am attempting to defraud you, or you to cheat me. It is incumbent upon both our reputations that this matter should be cleared up. I shall go to the magistrates." "Go where you please," said Jeronimo; "but go without delay."

Guiseppe immediately hastened to the president of justice. He demanded a summons for Jeronimo. It was

granted. He complained, without reciting the particulars, that Jeronimo had paid him back a deposit, and, in a hundred ducats, had given him thirty bad. Jeronimo denied it. "I gave him back the same which he deposited with me." There was a law at Padua termed the "law of wager." The substance of this was, that the party accused had it in his option to clear himself by an oath of his innocence. "Will you take your wager?" said Guiseppe. "Yes," replied Jeronimo. The Holy Evangelists were accordingly presented to him, and Jeronimo swore upon them that he had not touched, still less changed, the ducats, since they were deposited with him. The president, accordingly, gave judgment in his favor, being compelled thereto by the laws of Padua; and Guiseppe, with horror at the united fraud and perjury of the man whom he had hitherto deemed honest and respectable, left the court, and withdrew to his own house.

This trial excited a universal interest and rumor in Padua. The president of the law had acquitted Jeronimo; not so, however, public reputation. Guiseppe was a man of established character; Jeronimo's fame had been long blemished. The previous reports, therefore, were now considered as fully confirmed into certainty. The magistrates, accordingly, deemed it necessary to point the attention of the police to him and to his future dealings; and Jeronimo thereafter became a marked character. The police of Padua was administered with that discreet cunning for which the Italians are celebrated. Some of its officers very shortly contrived, in the disguise of foreign merchants, to make a deposit of good and marked money with Jeronimo, and shortly after redeemed it back. The money was restored as required. It was immediately carried, as before, in the case of Guiseppe, to the public assay; and the result was, that the greatest part of the number of the coins was found to be base.

Jeronimo was next day arrested and thrown into prison.

His house was searched in the same instant. The search most fully confirmed what, indeed, now required but little confirmation. In the secret drawers were found all the instruments of coining, as well as all the materials of adulteration. An immense quantity of base coin was likewise found in different parts of the house. All Padua was now in arms. They clamorously demanded justice on a man who had not the temptation of poverty to commit crimes. "Here is a man," said they, "who has raised his head above all of us, and lived in luxury and splendor, year after year, upon the fruit of his crimes. He has even sat on the public bench of magistrates, and administered the laws of Padua. If justice be not made for the rich, if its object be the defence of all, let him now be brought to trial, and meet with the punishment which he so well merits." The magistrates, in obedience to this popular clamor, and at the same time acknowledging its justice, somewhat hastened the trial of Jeronimo. He was brought forward, accused, and the witnesses examined; he had nothing to allege which could weigh a single grain against the mass of evidence produced against him. He was, accordingly, unanimously condemned. The trial was holden on the Monday: he was found guilty the same day, and ordered for execution in the public square on Friday following; the interval being granted for religious preparations.

Who was now so unhappy as Jeronimo de Vincente! and what a vicissitude in his fortune and reputation had a very short time produced! Within those few months he had been the wealthiest and most respected man in Padua. The noblest families sought his only daughter in marriage; his wife was the pattern and exemplar of all the ladies of the city and neighborhood; his house was full of the richest furniture and paintings in Italy. Now, the officers of justice were in possession of it, and performed the vilest offices in the most magnificent chambers; whilst, with the

ordinary insolence of such ruffians, they scarcely allowed a corner of the house to his unhappy wife and daughter. And where was Jeronimo himself? In the public prison of the city, in a cell not four feet square, and under orders for execution on the next following day. Was not this enough to reduce Jeronimo to his senses? It was: he humbled himself before God, and implored his pity; and it pleased the infinite Goodness to hear his prayers, and to send him relief where he least expected it.

Jeronimo had a confidential clerk, or managing man, of the name of Jacobo. On the day preceding that ordered for his master's execution, he was going up stairs to attend some message from his unhappy mistress, when his foot slipped, and he fell from the top to the bottom. His neck was dislocated by the fall, and he died without uttering a word. The wife of this miserable man, then in feeble health, was so overwhelmed by the intelligence of this disaster, that she was immediately pronounced to be in the most imminent danger. She repeatedly requested, during the night, that Jeronimo's wife might be sent for to her, as she had something very heavy at her heart to communicate to her. Jeronimo's wife accordingly came very early on the following morning. The unhappy woman, after having summoned up the small remnant of her strength, and requested Jeronimo's wife to hear what she had to say, but not to interrupt her till she had concluded, thus addressed her:—"Your husband is innocent; mine was guilty. Fly to the magistrates, inform them of this, and save my husband's soul from adding to his other crimes the guilt of innocent blood. Thy husband ——" She was about to proceed, but death arrested her words. Jeronimo's wife, thinking that her husband was now effectually saved, flew to the president of the magistracy, and demanded immediate admission, and related the confession she had just received. The president shook his head. "Where is the woman that made the confession?" "She

is dead." "Then where is the party accused instead of Jeronimo?" "He is dead likewise." "Have you any witnesses of the conversation of the dying woman?" "None; she requested every one to leave the chamber, that she might communicate to me alone." "Then the confession, good woman, can avail you nothing: the law must have its course." Jeronimo's wife could make no reply: she was carried senseless out of the court; and the president, from a due sense of humanity, ordered her to be taken to the house of one of his officers, and kept there till after the execution of her husband.

The finishing of this catastrophe was now at hand. Already the great bell of the city was tolling. The hour at length arrived, and Jeronimo was led forth. He was desired to add any thing which he had to say, without loss of time. He satisfied himself with the declaration of his innocence, and with recommending his soul to his Maker, then knelt down to receive the destined blow; but scarcely was he on his knees, before the whole crowd was thrown into motion by some of the marshals of justice rushing forward and exclaiming to stop the execution. The marshal at length made his way to the scaffold, and delivered a paper, with which he was charged, to the presiding officer. The officer, upon reading it, immediately stayed the further progress of the execution, and Jeronimo was led back to his prison. "What is all this?" exclaimed the crowd. "Have the friends of Jeronimo at length raised a sum of money which our just judges have required of them? and is his punishment thus bought off? Happy inhabitants of Padua, where to be rich is to be able to commit any crime with impunity!"

It is time, however, to inform the reader of the true cause. Jeronimo was scarcely led to execution, when the confessor of the prison demanded access to the president, and immediately laid before him the confession of a prisoner who had died under a fever the preceding night.

The wretched malefactor had acknowledged that he was one of a party of coiners, who had carried on the trade of making false money to a very great extent; that Jeronimo's clerk was at the head of the gang; that all the false money was delivered to this clerk, who immediately exchanged it for good money from his master's coffers, to all of which he had private keys, and in which coffers, on the apprehension of Jeronimo, he had deposited the instruments of coining, lest they should be found in his own possession. The confession terminated with enumerating such of the gang as were yet living, and pointing out their places of asylum and concealment.

The execution of Jeronimo, as has been related, was in its actual operation. The first step of the president, therefore, was to hurry one of the officers to stop its progress, and in the same moment to send off two or three detachments of the city guard to seize the accused parties before they should learn from public report the death of their comrade. The guards executed their purpose successfully; the malefactors were all taken and brought to the tribunal the same evening. The result was, that one of them became evidence against his comrades, and thus confirmed the truth of the confession, and the innocence of Jeronimo.

The president, in order to make all possible atonement, ordered a public meeting of all the citizens of Padua to be summoned on the following day. Jeronimo was then produced, upon which the president, descending from his tribunal, took him by the hand, and led him up to a seat by the side of him, on the bench of justice: the crier then proclaimed silence; upon which the president rose, and read the confession of the malefactor who died in the prison, and the transactions of the others, concluding the whole by declaring the innocence of Jeronimo, and restoring him to his credit, his fortune, and the good opinion of his fellow-citizens.

Thus ended the misfortunes of a man who had provoked the chastisement of Heaven by his vanity and self-glory.—The course of Providence is uniform in all ages of the world: when blessings are contemned, they are withdrawn—when the man unduly elevates himself, the moment of his humiliation is at hand.

MASTER AND MAN.

BILLY MAC DANIEL was once as likely a young man as ever shook his brogue at a patron, emptied a quart, or handled a shillelagh: fearing for nothing but the want of drink; caring for nothing but who should pay for it; and thinking of nothing but how to make fun over it; drunk or sober, a word and a blow was ever the way with Billy Mac Daniel; and a mighty easy way it is of either getting into or ending a dispute. More is the pity, that, through the means of his thinking, and fearing, and caring for nothing, this same Billy Mac Daniel fell into bad company; for surely the *good people* (the fairies) are the worst of all company any one could come across.

It so happened, that Billy was going home one very clear frosty night, not long after Christmas: the moon was round and bright; but, although it was as fine a night as heart could wish for, he felt pinched with the cold. “By my word,” chattered Billy, “a drop of good liquor would be no bad thing to keep a man’s soul from freezing in him; and I wish I had a full measure of the best.”

“Never wish it twice, Billy,” said a little man in a three-cornered hat, bound all about with gold lace, and with great silver buckles in his shoes, so big that it was a wonder how he could carry them; and he held out a glass as big as himself, filled with as good liquor as ever eye looked on or lip tasted.

"Success, my little fellow," said Billy Mac Daniel, nothing daunted, though well he knew the little man to belong to the *good people*; "here's your health, any way, and thank you kindly; no matter who pays for the drink;" and he took the glass, and drained it to the very bottom, without ever taking a second to it.

"Success," said the little man; "and you're heartily welcome, Billy; but don't think to cheat me as you have done others—out with your purse, and pay me, like a gentleman."

"Is it I pay you?" said Billy; "could I not just take you up and put you in my pocket as easily as a blackberry?"

"Billy Mac Daniel," said the little man, getting very angry, "you shall be my servant for seven years and a day, and that is the way I will be paid; so make ready to follow me."

When Billy heard this, he began to be very sorry for having used such bold words towards the little man; and he felt himself, yet could not tell how, obliged to follow the little man the livelong night about the country, up and down, and over hedge and ditch, and through bog and brake, without any rest.

When morning began to dawn, the little man turned round to him, and said, "You may now go home, Billy, but on your peril don't fail to meet me in the Fort-field to-night; or, if you do, it may be the worse for you in the long run. If I find you a good servant, you will find me an indulgent master."

Home went Billy Mac Daniel; and though he was tired and wearied enough, never a wink of sleep could he get for thinking of the little man; and he was afraid not to do his bidding; so up he got in the evening, and away he went to the Fort-field. He was not long there before the little man came towards him, and said, "Billy, I want to go a long journey to-night; so saddle one of my horses,

and you may saddle another for yourself, as you are to go along with me, and may be tired after your walk last night."

Billy thought this very considerate of his master, and thanked him accordingly. "But," said he, "if I may be so bold, sir, I would ask, which is the way to your stable? for never a thing do I see but the Fort here, and the old tree in the corner of the field, and the stream running at the bottom of the hill, with the bit of bog over against us."

"Ask no questions, Billy," said the little man, "but go over to that bit of bog, and bring me two of the strongest rushes you can find."

Billy did accordingly, wondering what the little man would be at; and he picked out two of the stoutest rushes he could find, with a little bunch of brown blossom stuck at the side of each, and brought them back to his master.

"Get up, Billy," said the little man, taking one of the rushes from him, and striding across it.

"Where shall I get up, please your honor?" said Billy.

"Why, upon horseback, like me, to be sure," said the little man.

"Is it after making a fool of me you'd be," said Billy, "bidding me get a-horseback upon that bit of a rush? May be you want to persuade me that the rush I pulled but awhile ago out of the bog there, is a horse?"

"Up! up! and no words," said the little man, looking very angry; "the best horse you ever rode was but a fool to it." So Billy, thinking all this was in joke, and fearing to vex his master, straddled across the rush. "Borram! Borram! Borram!" cried the little man three times (which in English means, to *become great*); and Billy did the same after him: presently the rushes swelled up into fine horses, and away they went full speed; but Billy, who had put the rush between his legs without much minding how he did it, found himself sitting on horseback the wrong way, which was rather awkward, with his face to

the horse's tail; and so quickly had his steed started off with him, that he had no power to turn round; and there was therefore nothing for it but to hold on by the tail.

At last they came to their journey's end, and stopped at the gate of a fine house. "Now, Billy," said the little man, "do as you see me do, and follow me close; but as you did not know your horse's head from his tail, mind that your own head does not spin round until you can't tell whether you are standing on it or on your heels."

The little man then said some queer kind of words, out of which Billy could make no meaning; but he contrived to say them after him for all that; and in they both went through the keyhole of the door, and through one keyhole after another, until they got into the wine-cellar, which was well stored with all kinds of wine.

The little man fell to drinking as hard as he could, and Billy, nowise disliking the example, did the same. "The best of masters are you, surely," said Billy to him; "no matter who is the next; and well pleased will I be with your service if you continue to give me plenty to drink."

"I have made no bargain with you," said the little man, "and will make none; but up and follow me." Away they went, through keyhole after keyhole; and each, mounting upon the rush which he left at the hall door, scampered off, kicking the clouds before them like snowballs, as soon as the words "Borram, Borram, Borram," had passed their lips.

When they came back to the Fort-field, the little man dismissed Billy, bidding him to be there the next night at the same hour. Thus did they go on, night after night, shaping their course one night here, and another night there—sometimes north, and sometimes east, and sometimes south, until there was not a gentleman's wine-cellar in all Ireland they had not visited, and could tell the flavor of every wine in it as well—ay, better—than the butler himself.

One night, when Billy Mac Daniel met the little man as usual in the Fort-field, and was going to the bog to fetch the horses for their journey, his master said to him, "Billy, I shall want another horse to-night, for may be we may bring back more company with us than we take." So Billy, who now knew better than to question any order given to him by his master, brought a third rush, much wondering who it might be that would travel back in their company, and whether he was about to have a fellow-servant. "If I have," thought Billy, "he shall go and fetch the horses from the bog every night; for I don't see why I am not, every inch of me, as good a gentleman as my master."

Well, away they went, Billy leading the third horse, and never stopped until they came to a snug farmer's house in the county of Limerick, close under the old castle of Carrigogunniel, that was built, they say, by the great Brian Boru. Within the house there was great carousing going forward; and the little man stopped outside for some time to listen; then, turning round all of a sudden, he said, "Billy, I will be a thousand years old to-morrow."

"God bless us! sir," said Billy, "will you?"

"Don't say these words again," said the little man, "or you will be my ruin forever. Now, Billy, as I will be a thousand years in the world to-morrow, I think it is full time for me to get married."

"I think so too, without any kind of doubt at all," said Billy, "if ever you mean to marry."

"And to that purpose," said the little man, "have I come all the way to Carrigogunniel; for in this house, this very night, is young Darby Riley going to be married to Bridget Rooney; and as she is a tall and comely girl, and has come of decent people, I think of marrying her myself, and taking her off with me."

"And what will Darby Riley say to that?" said Billy.

"Silence!" said the little man, putting on a mighty severe look; "I did not bring you here with me to ask questions;" and, without holding further argument, he began saying the queer words which had the power of passing him through the keyhole as free as air, and which Billy thought himself mighty clever to be able to say after him.

In they both went; and, for the better viewing the company, the little man perched himself up, as nimbly as a cock-sparrow, upon one of the big beams which went across the house over all their heads, and Billy did the same upon another facing him; but not being much accustomed to roosting in such a place, his legs hung down as untidy as may be; and it was quite clear he had not taken pattern after the way in which the little man had bundled himself up together. If the little man had been a tailor all his life, he could not have sat more contentedly upon his haunches.

There they were, both master and man, looking down upon the fun that was going forward; and under them were the priest and piper, and the father of Darby Riley, with Darby's two brothers and his uncle's son; and there were both the father and the mother of Bridget Rooney,—and proud enough the old couple were that night of their daughter, as good right they had,—and her four sisters, with bran new ribands in their caps, and her three brothers, all looking as clean and as clever as any three boys in Munster; and there were uncles and aunts, and gossips and cousins, enough, besides, to make a full house of it; and plenty was there to eat and drink on the table for every one of them, if they had been double the number.

Now it happened, just as Mrs. Rooney had helped his reverence to the first cut of the pig's head which was placed before her, beautifully bolstered up with white savoy, that the bride gave a sneeze which made every one at table start; but not a soul said "God bless us." All thinking that the priest would have done so, as he ought,

if he had done his duty, no one wished to take the word out of his mouth, which, unfortunately, was preoccupied with pig's head and greens. And, after a moment's pause, the fun and merriment of the bridal feast went on without the pious benediction.

Of this circumstance both Billy and his master were no inattentive spectators from their exalted stations. "Ha!" exclaimed the little man, throwing one leg from under him with a joyous flourish; and his eye twinkled with a strange light, whilst his eyebrows became elevated into the curvature of Gothic arches—"Ha!" said he, leering down at the bride, and then up at Billy, "I have half of her now, surely. Let her sneeze but twice more, and she is mine, in spite of priest, mass-book, and Darby Riley."

Again the fair Bridget sneezed; but it was so gently, and she blushed so much, that few, except the little man, took, or seemed to take, any notice; and no one thought of saying "God bless us."

Billy all this time regarded the poor girl with a most rueful expression of countenance; for he could not help thinking what a terrible thing it was for a nice young girl of nineteen, with large blue eyes, transparent skin, dimpled cheeks, suffused with health and joy, to be obliged to marry an ugly little bit of a man, who was a thousand years old, barring a day.

At this critical moment, the bride gave a third sneeze, and Billy roared out with all his might, "God bless us!" Whether this exclamation resulted from his soliloquy, or from the mere force of habit, he never could tell exactly himself; but no sooner was it uttered, than the little man, his face glowing with rage and disappointment, sprung from the beam on which he had perched himself, and, shrieking out in the shrill voice of a cracked bagpipe, "I discharge you my service, Billy Mac Daniel—take that for your wages"—gave poor Billy a most furious kick in the

back, which sent his unfortunate servant sprawling upon his face and hands right in the middle of the supper table.

If Billy was astonished, how much more so was every one of the company into which he was thrown with so little ceremony! but when they heard his story, father Cooney laid down his knife and fork, and married the young couple out of hand with all speed; and Billy Mac Daniel danced the Rinka at their wedding; and plenty did he drink at it too, which was what he thought more of than dancing.

CROKER.

THE VENETIAN GIRL.

THE sun was shining beautifully one summer evening, as if he bade a sparkling farewell to a world which he had made happy. It seemed also by his looks as if he promised to make his appearance again to-morrow; but there was, at times, a deep-breathing western wind; and dark purple clouds came up here and there, like gorgeous waiters on a funeral. The children in a village not far from the metropolis were playing, however, on the green, content with the brightness of the moment, when they saw a female approaching, who instantly gathered them about her by the singularity of her dress. It was not very extraordinary; but any difference from the usual apparel of their countrywomen appeared so to them; and crying out, "A French girl, a French girl!" they ran up to her, and stood looking and talking. She seated herself upon a bench that was fixed between two elms, and for a moment leaned her head against one of them, as if faint with walking. But she raised it speedily, and smiled with great complacency on the rude urchins. She had a bodice and petticoat on

of different colors, and a handkerchief tied neatly about her head with the point behind. On her hands were gloves without fingers; and she wore about her neck a guitar, upon the strings of which one of her hands rested. The children thought her very handsome. Any one else would also have thought her very ill; but they saw nothing in her but a good-natured looking foreigner and a guitar, and they asked her to play. "Oh che bei ragazzi!" said she, in a soft and almost inaudible voice;—"Che visi li-eti!"* and she began to play. She tried to sing, too; but her voice failed her, and she shook her head smilingly, saying, "Stanca! Stanca!"† "Sing, do sing," said the children; and, nodding her head, she was trying to do so, when a set of schoolboys came up and joined in the request. "No, no," said one of the elder boys, "she is not well. You are ill, a'n't you,—miss?" added he, laying his hand upon hers, as if to hinder it. He drew out the last word somewhat doubtfully, for her appearance perplexed him; he scarcely knew whether to take her for a common stroller, or a lady straying from a sick bed. "Grazie!" said she, understanding his look; "troppo stanca; troppo."‡ By this time the usher came up, and addressed her in French; but she only understood a word here and there. He then spoke Latin, and she repeated one or two of his words, as if they were familiar to her. "She is an Italian," said he, looking round with good-natured importance. "Non dubito," continued the usher, "quin tu lectitas poëtam illum celeberrimum, Tassonem; § Taxum I should say, properly, but the departure from the Italian name is considerable." The stranger did not understand a word. "I speak of Tasso," said the usher—"of Tasso." "Tasso! Tasso!" repeated the fair minstrel; "oh

* O what fine boys! What happy faces!

† Weary! Weary! ‡ Thanks;—too weary! too weary!

§ Doubtless you read that celebrated poet Tasso.

—conhosco—Tas-so;” * and she hung with a beautiful languor upon the first syllable. “Yes,” returned the worthy scholar, “doubtless your accent may be better. Then, of course, you know those classical lines—

‘Intanto Erminia infra l’ombrese piante
D’antica selva dal cavallo——’

what is it?”

The stranger repeated the words in a tone of fondness, like those of an old friend :—

“Intanto Erminia infra l’ombrese piante
D’antica selva dal cavallo è scorta;
Ne più governo il fren la man tremante,
E mezza quasi par tra viva è morta.” †

Our usher’s common-place book had supplied him with a fortunate passage, for it was the favorite song of her countrymen. It also singularly applied to her situation. There was a sort of exquisite mixture of silver clearness and soft mealiness in her utterance of these verses, which gave some of the children a better idea of French than they had had; for they could not get it out of their heads that she must be a French girl; “Italian-French, perhaps,” said one of them. But her voice trembled, as she went on, like the hand she spoke of. “I have heard my poor cousin Montague sing those very lines,” said the boy who prevented her from playing. “Montague,” repeated the stranger very plainly, but turning paler and fainter. She put one of her hands, in turn, upon the boy’s, affectionately, and pointed towards the spot where the church was. “Yes, yes,” cried the boy; “why, she knew my

* O—I know Tasso.

† Meantime in the old wood, the palfrey bore
Erminia deeper into shade and shade;
Her trembling hands could hold him in no more,
And she appeared betwixt alive and dead.

cousin;—she must have known him in Venice.” “I told you,” said the usher, “she was an Italian.” “Help her to my aunt’s,” continued the youth; “she’ll understand her:—lean upon me, miss;” and he repeated the last word without his former hesitation.

Only a few boys followed her to the door, the rest having been awed away by the usher. As soon as the stranger entered the house, and saw an elderly lady, who received her kindly, she exclaimed, “La Signora Madre,” and fell in a swoon at her feet.

She was taken to bed, and attended with the utmost care by her hostess, who would not suffer her to talk till she had had a sleep. She merely heard enough to find out that the stranger had known her son in Italy; and she was thrown into a painful state of guessing by the poor girl’s eyes, which followed her about the room till the lady fairly came up and closed them. “Obedient! Obedient!” said the patient; “obedient in every thing; only the signora will let me kiss her hand;” and, taking it with her own trembling one, she laid her cheek upon it; and it staid there till she dropped asleep for weariness.

“ ——— Silken rest
Tie all thy cares up,”

thought her kind watcher, who was doubly thrown upon a recollection of that beautiful passage in Beaumont and Fletcher, by the suspicion she had of the cause of the girl’s visit. “And yet,” thought she, turning her eyes, with a thin tear in them, towards the church spire, “he was an excellent boy—the boy of my heart.”

When the stranger woke, the secret was explained; and if the mind of her hostess was relieved, it was only the more touched with pity, and, indeed, moved with respect and admiration. The dying girl (for she was evidently dying, and happy at the thought of it) was the

niece of an humble tradesman in Venice, at whose house young Montague, who was a gentleman of small fortune, had lodged, and fallen sick in his travels. She was a lively, good-natured girl, whom he used to hear coquetting and playing the guitar with her neighbors; and it was greatly on this account, that her considerate and hushing gravity struck him whenever she entered his room. One day he heard no more coquetting, nor even the guitar. He asked the reason, when she came to give him some drink; and she said that she had heard him mention some noise that disturbed him. "But you do not call your voice and your music a noise," said he, "do you, Rosaura? I hope not, for I had expected it would give me double strength to get rid of this fever and reach home." Rosaura turned pale, and let the patient into a secret; but what surprised and delighted him was, that she played her guitar nearly as often as before, and sung too, only less sprightly airs. "You get better and better, signor," said she, "every day; and your mother will see you and be happy. I hope you will tell her what a good doctor you had." "The best in the world," cried he, as he sat up in bed: he put his arm round her waist, and kissed her. "He begged my pardon," said the poor girl, "as I was hastening out of the room, and hoped I should not construe his warmth into impertinence; and to hear him talk so to me, who used to fear what he might think of myself—it made me stand in the passage, and lean my head against the wall, and weep such bitter and yet such sweet tears! But he did not hear me:—no, madam, he did not know, indeed, how much I—how much I—" "Loved him, child," interrupted Mrs. Montague; "you have a right to say so; and I wish he had been alive to say as much to you himself." "Oh," said the dying girl, her tears flowing away, "this is too great a happiness for me, to hear his own mother talk-

ing so." And again she lays her weak head upon the lady's hand. The latter would have persuaded her to sleep again, but she said she could not for joy; "for I'll tell you, madam," continued she; "I do not believe you'll think it foolish, for something very grave at my heart tells me it is not so; but I have had a long thought" (and her voice and look grew somewhat more exalted as she spoke), "which has supported me, through much toil and many disagreeable things, to this country and this place; and I will tell you what it is, and how it came into my mind. I received this letter from your son." Here she drew out a paper, which, though carefully wrapped up in several others, was much worn at the sides. It was dated from the village, and ran thus:—"This comes from the Englishman whom Rosaura nursed so kindly at Venice. She will be sorry to hear that her kindness was in vain, for he is dying; and he sometimes fears, that her sorrow will be still greater than he could wish it to be. But marry one of your kind countrymen, my good girl; for all must love Rosaura who know her. If it shall be my lot ever to meet her in heaven, I will thank her as a blessed tongue only can." "As soon as I read this letter, madam, and what he said about heaven, it flashed into my head, that, though I did not deserve him on earth, I might, perhaps, by trying and patience, deserve to be joined with him in heaven, where there is no distinction of persons. My uncle was pleased to see me become a religious pilgrim; but he knew as little of the contract as I; and I found that I could earn my way to England better, and quite as religiously, by playing my guitar, which was also more independent; and I had often heard your son talk of independence and freedom, and commend me for doing what he was pleased to call so much kindness to others. So I played my guitar from Venice all the way to England; and all that I earned by it I gave away to the poor, keeping enough to procure



"Say one prayer for me, dear lady."—Page 309.

me lodging. I lived on bread and water, and used to weep happy tears over it, because I looked up to heaven, and thought he might see me. So, playing and giving alms in this manner, I arrived in the neighborhood of your beloved village, where I fell sick for a while, and was very kindly treated in an outhouse; though the people, I thought, seemed to look strange and afraid on this crucifix,—though your son never did,—but he taught me to think kindly of every body, and hope the best, and leave every thing, except our own endeavors, to Heaven. I fell sick, madam, because I found for certain that the Signor Montague was dead, albeit I had no hope that he was alive.” She stopped awhile for breath, for she was growing weaker and weaker; and her hostess would fain have had her keep silence; but she pressed her hand as well as she might, and prayed with such a patient panting of voice to be allowed to go on, that she was. She smiled beautifully, and resumed:—“So, when—so, when I got my strength a little again, I walked on, and came to the beloved village; and I saw the beautiful white church spire in the trees; and then I knew where his body slept; and I thought some kind person would help me to die with my face looking towards the church, as it now does; and death is upon me, even now; but lift me a little higher on the pillows, dear lady, that I may see the green ground of the hill.”

She was raised up as she wished, and, after looking a while with a placid feebleness at the hill, said, in a very low voice, “Say one prayer for me, dear lady, and if it be not too proud in me, call me in it your daughter.” The mother of her beloved summoned up a grave and earnest voice, as well as she might, and knelt, and said, “O heavenly Father of us all, who, in the midst of thy manifold and merciful bounties, bringest us into strong passes of anguish, which, nevertheless, thou enablest us to go through, look down, we beseech thee, upon this thy young and in-

nocent servant, the daughter, that might have been, of my heart, and enable her spirit to pass through the struggling bonds of mortality and be gathered into thy rest with those we love :—do, dear and great God, of thy infinite mercy ; for we are poor, weak creatures, both young and old.” Here her voice melted away into a breathing tearfulness ; and after remaining on her knees a moment, she rose, and looked upon the bed, and saw that the weary, smiling one was no more.

THE INDICATOR.

COUSIN MARY.

ABOUT four years ago, passing a few days with the highly-educated daughters of some friends in this neighborhood, I found domesticated in the family a young lady, whom I shall call, as they called her, cousin Mary. She was about eighteen, not beautiful, perhaps, but lovely certainly to the fullest extent of that loveliest word ;—as fresh as a rose ; as fair as a lily ; with lips like winter berries, dimpled, smiling lips ; and eyes of which nobody could tell the color, they danced so incessantly in their own gay light. Her figure was tall, round, and slender : exquisitely well proportioned it must have been, for, in all attitudes (and, in her innocent gayety, she was scarcely ever two minutes in the same), she was grace itself. She was, in short, the very picture of youth, health, and happiness. No one could see her without being prepossessed in her favor. I took a fancy to her the moment she entered the room ; and it increased every hour, in spite of, or rather, perhaps, for, certain deficiencies, which caused poor cousin Mary to be held exceedingly cheap by her accomplished relatives.

She was the youngest daughter of an officer of rank, dead long ago ; and his sickly widow, having lost by death, or that other death, marriage, all her children but this, could not, from very fondness, resolve to part with her darling for the purpose of acquiring the commonest instruction. She talked of it, indeed, now and then, but she only talked ; so that, in this age of universal education, Mary C., at eighteen, exhibited the extraordinary phenomenon of a young woman of high family, whose acquirements were limited to reading, writing, needle-work, and the first rules of arithmetic. The effect of this let-alone system, combined with a careful seclusion from all improper society, and a perfect liberty in her country rambles, acting upon a mind of great power and activity, was the very reverse of what might have been predicted. It had produced not merely a delightful freshness and originality of manner and character, a piquant ignorance of those things of which one is tired to death, but knowledge—positive, accurate, and various knowledge.

She was, to be sure, wholly unaccomplished ; knew nothing of quadrilles, though her every motion was dancing ; nor a note of music, though she used to warble, like a bird, sweet snatches of old songs, as she skipped up and down the house ; nor of painting, except as her taste had been formed, by a minute acquaintance with nature, into an intense feeling of art. She had that real extra sense, an eye for color, too, as well as an ear for music. Not one in twenty—not one in a hundred—of our sketching and copying ladies could love and appreciate a picture where there was color and mind, a picture by Claude, or by our English Claudes, Wilson and Hoffland, as she could ; for she loved landscape best, because she understood it best ; it was a portrait of which she knew the original. Then her needle was in her hands almost a pencil. I never knew such an embroidress : she would sit “printing her thoughts on lawn,” till the delicate creation vied with the

snowy tracery, the fantastic carving, of hoar frost, the richness of Gothic architecture, or of that which so much resembles it, the luxuriant fancy of old point lace. That was her only accomplishment, and a rare artist she was—muslin and net were her canvass.

She had no French either, not a word; no Italian; but then her English was racy, unhackneyed, proper to the thought, to a degree that only original thinking could give. She had not much reading, except of the Bible, and Shakespeare, and Richardson's novels, in which she was learned; but then her powers of observation were sharpened and quickened, in a very unusual degree, by the leisure and opportunity afforded for their developement, at a time of life when they are most acute. She had nothing to distract her mind. Her attention was always awake and alive. She was an excellent and curious naturalist, merely because she had gone into the fields with her eyes open, and knew all the details of rural management, domestic or agricultural, as well as the peculiar habits and modes of thinking of the peasantry, simply because she had lived in the country, and made use of her ears.

Then she was fanciful, recollective, new; drew her images from the real objects, not from their shadows in books. In short, to listen to her, and the young ladies her companions, who, accomplished to the height, had trodden the education-mill till they all moved in one step, had lost sense in sound, and ideas in words, was enough to make us turn masters and governesses out of doors, and leave our daughters and grand-daughters to Mrs. C.'s system of non-instruction. I should have liked to meet with another specimen, just to ascertain whether the peculiar charm and advantage arose from the quick and active mind of this fair Ignorant, or was really the natural and inevitable result of the training; but, alas! to find more than one unaccomplished young lady in this accomplished age, is not to be hoped for. So I admired

and envied ; and her fair kinswomen pitied and scorned, and tried to teach ; and Mary, never made for a learner, and as full of animal spirits as a school-boy in the holidays, sang, and laughed, and skipped about, from morning to night.

It must be confessed, as a counterbalance to her other perfections, that the dear cousin Mary was, as far as great natural modesty and an occasional touch of shyness would let her, the least in the world of a romp ! She loved to toss about children, to jump over stiles, to scramble through hedges, to climb trees ; and some of her knowledge of plants and birds may certainly have arisen from her delight in these boyish amusements. And which of us has not found that the strongest, the healthiest, and most flourishing acquirement has arisen from pleasure or accident ; has been in a manner self-sown, like an oak of the forest ?—O, she was a sad romp ; as skittish as a wild colt, as uncertain as a butterfly, as uncatchable as a swallow ; but her great personal beauty, the charm, grace, and lightness of her movements, and, above all, her evident innocence of heart, were bribes to indulgence which no one could withstand. I never heard her blamed by any human being.

The perfect unrestraint of her attitudes, and the exquisite symmetry of her form, would have rendered her an invaluable study for a painter. Her daily doings would have formed a series of pictures. I have seen her scudding through a shallow rivulet, with her dress caught up just a little above the ankle, like a young Diana, and a bounding, skimming, enjoying motion, as if native to the element, which might have become a Naiad. I have seen her on the topmost round of a ladder, with one foot on the roof of a house, flinging down the grapes that no one else had nerve enough to reach, laughing, and garlanded, and crowned with vine-leaves, like a Bacchante.

But the prettiest combination of circumstances under

which I ever saw her, was driving a donkey cart up a hill one sunny, windy day in September. It was a gay party of young women, some walking, some in open carriages of different descriptions, bent to see a celebrated prospect from a hill called the Ridges. The ascent was by a steep, narrow lane, cut deeply between sand-banks, crowned with high, feathery hedges. The road and its picturesque banks lay bathed in the golden sunshine, whilst the autumnal sky, intensely blue, appeared at the top as through an arch. The hill was so steep that we had all dismounted, and left our different vehicles in charge of the servants below; but Mary, to whom, as incomparably the best charioteer, the conduct of a certain non-descript machine, a sort of donkey curricule, had fallen, determined to drive a delicate little girl, who was afraid of the walk, to the top of the eminence. She jumped out for the purpose, and we followed, watching and admiring her, as she won her way up the hill; now tugging at the donkeys in front with her bright face towards them and us, and springing along backwards—now pushing the chaise from behind—now running by the side of her steeds, patting and caressing them—now soothing the half-frightened child—now laughing, nodding, and shaking her little whip at us—darting about like some winged creature—till, at last, she stopped at the top of the ascent, and stood for a moment on the summit, her straw bonnet blown back, and held on only by the strings; her brown hair playing on the wind in long natural ringlets; her complexion becoming every moment more splendid from exertion, redder and whiter; her eyes and her smile brightening and dimpling; her figure, in its simple white gown, strongly relieved by the deep blue sky, and her whole form seeming to dilate before our eyes. There she stood, under the arch formed by two meeting elms, a Hebe, a Psyche, a perfect goddess of youth and joy. The Ridges are very fine things altogether, especially the part to which we were bound—a turfy, breezy

spot, sinking down abruptly like a rock into a wild foreground of heath and forest, with a magnificent command of distant objects; but we saw nothing, that day, like the figure on the top of the hill.

After this, I lost sight of her for a long time. She was called suddenly home by the dangerous illness of her mother, who, after languishing for some months, died; and Mary went to live with a sister much older than herself, and richly married, in a manufacturing town, where she languished in smoke, confinement, dependence, and display (for her sister was a match-making lady, a manœuvrer), for about a twelvemonth. She then left her house and went into Wales—as a governess! Imagine the astonishment caused by this intelligence amongst us all; for I myself, though admiring the untaught damsel almost as much as I loved her, should certainly never have dreamed of her as a teacher. However, she remained in the rich baronet's family where she had commenced her vocation. They liked her, apparently; there she was; and again nothing was heard of her for many months, until, happening to call on the friends, at whose house I had originally met her, I espied her fair, blooming face, a rose amongst roses, at the drawing-room window, and instantly, with the speed of light, was met and embraced by her at the hall door.

There was not the slightest perceptible difference in her deportment. She still bounded like a fawn, and laughed and clapped her hands like an infant. She was not a day older, or graver, or wiser, since we parted. Her post of tutoress had, at least, done *her* no harm, whatever might have been the case with her pupils. The more I looked at her, the more I wondered; and after our mutual expressions of pleasure had a little subsided, I could not resist the temptation of saying, "So you are really a governess?" "Yes." "And you continue in the same family?" "Yes." "And you like your post?" "O yes!

yes!" "But, my dear Mary, what could induce you to go?" "Why, they wanted a governess; so I went." "But what could induce them to keep you?" The perfect gravity and earnestness with which this question was put, set her laughing; and the laugh was echoed back from a group at the end of the room, which I had not before noticed—an elegant man, in the prime of life, showing a portfolio of rare prints to a fine girl of twelve, and a rosy boy of seven, evidently his children. "Why did they keep me? Ask them," replied Mary, turning towards them with an arch smile. "We kept her to teach her ourselves," said the young lady. "We kept her to play cricket with us," said her brother. "We kept her to marry," said the gentleman, advancing gayly to shake hands with me. "She was a bad governess perhaps; but she is an excellent wife—that is her true vocation." And so it is. She is, indeed, an excellent wife, and assuredly a most fortunate one. I never saw happiness so sparkling or so glowing; never saw such devotion to a bride, or such fondness for a step-mother, as Sir. W. S. and his lovely children show to the sweet cousin Mary.

MISS MITFORD.

GORDON THE GYPSY.

IN one of those drear midnights that were so awful to travellers in the Highlands soon after 1745, a man, wrapped in a large, coarse plaid, strode from a stone ridge on the border of Loch Lomond into a boat which he had drawn from its covert. He rowed resolutely, and alone, looking carefully to the right and left, till he suffered the tide to bear his little bark into a gorge or gulf, so narrow, deep,

and dark, that no escape but death seemed to await him. Precipices, rugged with dwarf shrubs and broken granite, rose more than a hundred feet on each side, sundered only by the stream, which a thirsty season had reduced to a sluggish and shallow pool. Then, poising himself erect on his staff, the boatman drew three times the end of a strong chain which hung among the underwood. In a few minutes, a basket descended from the pinnacle of the cliff, and, having moored his boat, he placed himself in the wicker carriage, and was safely drawn into a crevice high in the wall of rock, where he disappeared.

The boat was moored, but the adventurer had not observed that it contained another passenger. Underneath a plank laid artfully along its bottom, and shrouded in a plaid of the darkest grain, another man had been lurking more than an hour before the owner of the boat entered it, and remained hidden by the darkness of the night. His purpose was answered. He had now discovered what he had sacrificed many perilous nights to obtain—a knowledge of the mode by which the owner of Drummond's Keep gained access to his impregnable fortress unsuspected. He instantly unmoored the boat, and rowed slowly back across the loch to an island near the centre. He rested on his oars, and looked down on its transparent water. "It is there still," he said to himself; and, drawing close among the rocks, leaped on dry land. A dog, of the true shepherd's breed, sat waiting under the bushes, and ran before him till they descended together under an archway of stones and withered branches. "Watch the boat!" said the Highlander to his faithful guide, who sprang immediately away to obey him. Meanwhile his master lifted up one of the gray stones, took a bundle from underneath it, and equipped himself in such a suit as a trooper of Cameron's regiment usually wore, looked at the edge of his dirk, and returned to his boat.

That island had once belonged to the heritage of the

Gordons, whose ancient family, urged by old prejudices and hereditary courage, had been foremost in the ill-managed rebellion of 1715. One of the clan of Argyle then watched a favorable opportunity to betray the laird's secret movements, and was commissioned to arrest him. Under pretence of friendship, he gained entrance to his strong-hold in the isle, and concealed a posse of the king's soldiers at Gordon's door. The unfortunate laird leaped from his window into the lake, and his false friend, seeing his desperate efforts, threw him a rope, as if in kindness, to support him, while a boat came near. "That rope was meant for my neck," said Gordon; "and I leave it for a traitor's." With these bitter words he sank. Cameron saw him, and the pangs of remorse came into his heart. He leaped himself into a boat, put an oar towards his drowning friend with real oaths of fidelity; but Gordon pushed it from him, and abandoned himself to death. The waters of the lake are singularly transparent near that isle, and Cameron beheld his victim gradually sinking, till he seemed to lie among the broad weeds under the waters. Once, only once, he saw, or thought he saw, him lift his hand as if to reach his; and that dying hand never left his remembrance. Cameron received the lands of the Gordon as a recompense for his political services, and with them the tower called Drummond's Keep, then standing on the edge of a hideous defile, formed by two walls of rock beside the lake. But from that day he had never been seen to cross the loch, except in darkness, or to go abroad without armed men. He had been informed that Gordon's only son, made desperate by the ruin of his father and the Stuart cause, had become the leader of a gypsy gang, the most numerous and savage of the many that haunted Scotland. He was not deceived. Andrew Gordon, with a body of most athletic composition, a spirit sharpened by injuries, and the vigorous genius created by necessity, had assumed dominion over two hundred ruf-

fians, whose exploits in driving off cattle, cutting drovers' purses, and removing the goods brought to fairs or markets, were performed with all the audacious regularity of privileged and disciplined thieves. Cameron was the chosen and constant object of their vengeance. His keep or tower was of the true Scottish fabric, divided into three chambers; the highest of which was the dormitory, the second or middle served as a general refectory, and the lowest contained his cattle, which required this lodgment at night, or very few would have been found the next morning. His enemy frequented the fairs on the north side of Forth, well mounted, paying at inns and ferries like a gentleman, and attended by bands of gillies or young pupils, whose green coats, cudgels, and knives, were sufficiently feared by the visitors of Queensferry and Dumfermline. The gypsy chieftain had also a grim cur, of the true black-faced breed, famous for collecting and driving off sheep, and therefore distinguished by his own name. In the darkest cleughs or ravines, or in the deepest snow, this faithful animal had never been known to abandon the stolen flock intrusted to his care, or to fail in tracing a fugitive. But as sight and strength failed him, the four-footed chieftain was deposed, imprisoned in a byre loft, and finally sentenced to be drowned. From this trifling incident arose the most material crisis of his patron's fate.

Between the years 1715 and 1745, many changes occurred in Captain Gordon and his enemy. The laird of Drummond's Keep had lost his only son in the battle of Preston Pans, and was now lingering, in a desolate old age, mistrusted by the government, and abhorred by the subdued Jacobites. Gordon's banded marauders had provoked the laws too far, and some sanguinary battles among themselves threatened the downfall of his own power. It was only a few nights after a desperate affray with the Linlithgow gypsies, that the event occurred which

begins my narrative. Gordon had been long lying in ambush to find access to his enemy's stronghold, intending to terminate his vagrant career by an exploit which should satisfy his avarice and his revenge. Equipped, as I have said, in a Cameronian trooper's garb, he returned to the foot of the cliff from whence he had seen the basket descending to convey Gavin Cameron ; and climbing up its rough face with the activity required by mountain warfare, he hung among furze and broken rocks like a wild-cat, till he found the crevice through which the basket had seemed to issue. It was artfully concealed by tufts of heather ; but, creeping on his hands and knees, he forced his way into the interior. There the deepest darkness confounded him, till he laid his hand on a chain, which he rightly guessed to be the same he had seen hanging on the side of the lake when Cameron landed. One end was coiled up ; but he readily concluded that the other must have some communication with the keep, and he followed its course till he found it inserted in what seemed a subterraneous wall. A crevice behind the pulley admitted a gleam of light ; and, striving to raise himself sufficiently to gain a view through it, he leaned too forcibly on the chain, which sounded a bell. Its unexpected sound would have startled an adventurer less daring ; but Gordon had prepared his stratagem, and had seen, through the loophole in the wall, that no powerful enemy was to be dreaded. Gavin Cameron was sitting alone in the chamber within, with his eyes fixed on the wood-ashes in his immense hearth. At the hollow sound of the bell, he cast them fearfully round, but made no attempt to rise, though he stretched his hand towards a staff which lay near him. Gordon saw the tremor of palsy and dismay in his limbs, and, putting his lips to the crevice, repeated, " Father ! " in a low and supplicating tone. That word made Gavin shudder ; but when Gordon added, " Father ! father ! save me ! " he sprang to the wall, drew back the iron bolts of a

narrow door invisible to any eye but his own, and gave admission to the muffled man, who leaped eagerly in. Thirty years had passed since Gavin Cameron had seen his son; and Gordon well knew how many rumors had been spread, that the younger Cameron had not really perished, though the ruin of the Chevalier's cause rendered his concealment necessary. Gavin's hopes and love had been all revived by these rumors; and the sudden apparition, the voice, the appeal for mercy, had full effect on the bereaved father's imagination. The voice, eyes, and figure of Gordon, resembled those of his son; all else might and must be changed by thirty years. He wept like an infant on his shoulder, grasped his hand a hundred times, and forgot to blame him for the rash disloyalty he had shown to his father's cause. His pretended son told him a few strange events which had befallen him during his long banishment since 1715, and was spared the toil of inventing many, by the fond delight of the old man, weeping and rejoicing over his prodigal restored. He only asked by what happy chance he had discovered his secret entrance, and whether any present danger threatened him. Gordon answered the first question with the mere truth, and added, almost truly, that he feared nothing but the emissaries of the government, from whom he could not be better concealed than in Drummond's Keep. Old Cameron agreed with joyful eagerness, but presently said, "Allan, my boy, we must trust Annet; she's too near kin to betray ye, and ye were to have been her spouse." Then he explained that his niece was the only person in his household acquainted with the basket and the bell; that by her help he could provide a mattress and provisions for his son, but, without it, would be forced to hazard the most dangerous inconveniences. Gordon had not foreseen this proposal, and it darkened his countenance; but in another instant his imagination seized on a rich surfeit of revenge. He was commanded to return into the cavern passage,

while his nominal father prepared his kinswoman for her new guest ; and he listened greedily to catch the answers Annet gave to her deceived uncle's tale. He heard the hurry of her steps, preparing, as he supposed, a larger supper for the old laird's table, with the simplicity and hospitality of a Highland maiden. He was not mistaken. When the bannocks, and grouse, and claret, were arranged, Cameron presented his restored son to the mistress of the feast. Gordon was pale and dumb as he looked upon her. Accustomed to the wild, haggard forms that accompanied his banditti in half female attire, ruling their miserable offspring with iron hands, and the voices of giants, his diseased fancy had fed itself on an idea of something beautiful, but only in bloom and youth. He expected and hoped to see a child full of playful folly, fit for him to steal away and hide in his den as a sport for his secret leisure ; but a creature so fair, calm, and saintly, he had long since forgotten how to imagine. She came before him like a dream of some lovely picture remembered in his youth ; and with her came some remembrance of his former self. The good old laird, forgetting that his niece had been but a child, and his son a stripling, when they parted, indulged the joy of his heart by asking Annet, a thousand times, whether she could have remembered her betrothed husband, and urging his son, since he was still unmarried, to pledge his promised bride. Gordon was silent from a feeling so new, that he could not comprehend his own purposes ; and Annet from fear, when she observed the darkness and the fire that came by turns into her kinsman's face. But there was yet another peril to encounter. Cameron's large hearth was attended by a dog, which roused itself when supper appeared ; and Gordon instantly recognized his banished favorite. Black Chieftain fixed his eyes on his former master, and, with a growl that delighted him more than any caresses would have done, remained sulkily by the fire. On the other

side of the ingle, under the shelter of the huge chimney-arch, sat a thing hardly human, but entitled, from extreme old age, to the protection of the owner. This was a woman bent entirely double, with no apparent sense of sight or hearing, though her eyes were fixed on the spindle she was twirling; and sometimes, when the laird raised his voice, she put her lean hand on the curch or hood that covered her ears. "Do you not remember poor old Marian Moome?"* said Annet; and the laird led his supposed son towards the superannuated crone, though without expecting any mark of recognition. Whether she had noticed any thing that had passed, could not be judged from her laugh; and she had almost ceased to speak. Therefore, as if only dumb domestic animals had been sitting by his hearth, Cameron pursued his arrangements for his son's safety, advising him to sleep composedly in the wooden panelled bed that formed a closet of this chamber, without regarding the half-living skeleton, who never left the corner of the ingle. He gave him his blessing, and departed, taking with him his niece and the key of this dreary room, promising to return and watch by his side. He came back in a few moments, and, while the impostor couched himself on his mattress, took his station again by the fire, and fell asleep, overcome with joy and fatigue.

The embers went out by degrees, while the Highland Jachimo lay meditating how he should prosper by his stratagem's success. Plunder and bloodshed had formed no part of a scheme which included far deeper craft and finer revenge. He knew his life was forfeit, and his person traced by officers of justice; and he hoped, by representing himself as the son of Cameron, to secure all the benefits of his influence, and the sanctuary of his roof; and if both should fail to save him from justice, the

* Nurse or foster-mother.

disgrace of his infamous life and death would fall on the family of his father's murderer ; so from his earliest youth he had considered Cameron ; and the hand of that drowned father, uplifted in vain for help, was always present to his imagination. Once, during this night, he had thought of robbing Cameron by force, of his money and jewels, and carrying off his niece, as a hostage for his safety. But this part of his purpose had been deadened by a new and strange sense of holiness in beauty, which had made his nature human again. Yet he thought of himself with bitterness and ire, when he compared her sweet society, her uncle's kindness, and the comforts of a domestic hearth, with the herd which he now resembled ; and this self-hatred stung him to rise and depart without molesting them. He was prevented by the motion of a shadow on the opposite wall, and in an instant the dog who had so sullenly shunned his notice, leaped from beneath his bed, and seized the throat of the hag as she crept near it. She had taken her sleeping master's dirk, and would have used it like a faithful Highland servant, if Black Chieftain's fangs had not interposed to rescue Gordon. The broad copper brooch which fastened her plaid, saved her from suffocation, and, clapping her hands, she yelled, "A Gordon ! a Gordon !" till the roof rung.

Gavin Cameron awoke, and ran to his supposed son's aid, but the mischief was done. The doors of the huge chamber were broken open, and a troop of men in the king's uniform, and two messengers with official staves, burst in together. These people had been sent by the lord provost in quest of the gypsy chieftain, with authority to demand quarters in Drummond's Tower, near which they knew he had hiding-places. Gordon saw he had plunged into the very nest of his enemies ; but his daring courage supported him. He refused to answer to the name of Gordon, and persisted in calling himself Cameron's son. He was carried before the high court of jus-

ticiary, and the importance of the indictment fixed the most eager attention on his trial. Considering the celebrity, the length, and the publicity of the gypsy chief's career, it was thought his person would have been instantly identified; but the craft he had used in tinging his hair, complexion, and eyebrows, and altering his whole appearance to resemble's Cameron's son, baffled the many who appeared as his accusers. So much had Gordon attached his colleagues, or so strong was the Spartan spirit of fidelity and obedience amongst them, that not one appeared to testify against him. Gavin Cameron and his niece were cited to give their evidence on oath; and the miserable father, whatever doubts might secretly arise in his mind, dared not hazard a denial which might sacrifice his own son's life. He answered in an agony which his gray hairs made venerable, that he believed the accused to be his son, but left it to himself to prove what he had no means of manifesting. Annet was called next to confirm her uncle's account of her cousin's mysterious arrival; but when the accused turned his eyes upon her, she fainted, and could not be recalled to speech. This swoon was deemed the most affecting evidence of his identity. And, finally, the dog was brought into court. Several witnesses recognized him as the prime forager of the Gordon gypsies; but Cameron's steward, who swore that he saved him by chance from drowning in the loch, also proved, that the animal never showed the smallest sagacity in herding sheep, and had been kept by his master's fireside as a mere household guard, distinguished by his ludicrous attention to music. When shown at the bar, the crafty and conscious brute seemed wholly unacquainted with the prisoner, and his surly silence was received as evidence by the crowd. The lord high commissioner summed up the whole, and the chancellor of the jury declared that a majority, almost amounting to unanimity, acquitted the accused. Gordon, under the name of Cam-

eron, was led from the bar with acclamations ; but, at the threshold of the session's court, another pursuivant awaited him with an arrest for high treason, as an adherent to the Pretender in arms. The enraged crowd would have rescued him by force, and made outcries, which he silenced with a haughty air of command, desiring to be led back to his judges. He insisted in such cool and firm language, and his countenance had in it such a rare authority, that, after some dispute about the breach of official order, he was admitted into a room where two or three of the chief lords of session, and the chancellor of the jury, were assembled. Though still fettered, both on hands and feet, he stood before them in an attitude of singular grace, and made this speech, as it appears in the language of the record.

“The people abroad would befriend me, because they love the cause they think I have served ; and my judges, I take leave to think, would pity me, if they saw an old man and a tender woman pleading again for my life. But I will profit in nothing by my judge's pity, nor the people's love for a Cameron. I have triumphed enough to-day, since I have baffled both my accusers and my jury. I am Gordon, chief of the wandering tribes ; but, since you have acquitted me on ‘soul and conscience,’ you cannot try me again ; and, since I am not Cameron, you cannot try me for Cameron's treasons. I have had my revenge of my father's enemy, and I might have had more. He once felt the *dead grip* * of a Gordon ; and he should have felt it again if he had not called me his son, and blessed me as my father once did. If you had sent me to the Grass-market, I would have been hanged as a Cameron ; for it is better for one of that name than mine to die the death of a dog ; but, since you have set me free, I will live free as a Gordon.”

This extraordinary appeal astonished and confounded

* The grasp of a drowning man.

his hearers. They were ashamed of their mistaken judgment, and dismayed at the dilemma. They could neither prove him to be a Cameron nor a Gordon, except by his own avowal, which might be false either in the first or second cause; and, after some consultation with the secretary of state, it was agreed to transport him privately to France. But on his road to a seaport, his escort was attacked by a troop of wild men and women, who fought with the fury of Arabs, till they had rescued their leader, whose name remained celebrated till within the last sixty years as the most formidable of the gypsy tribe.

JAMES HOGG.

DEATH AND THE DRUNKARDS.

THERE was in Flanders, once, a company of foolish gallants, who spent their time in taverns, and indulged themselves in gambling and debauchery of all kinds. Night and day they did little else but dance to the sound of lutes and harps, and play at dice, and eat and drink beyond their might; so that, by such abominable superfluity, they, in a cursed manner, made sacrifice to the devil within his own temple.

Three of these rioters were, one morning, drinking, as usual, in a tavern, and as they sate, they heard a bell clink before a corpse which was being carried to its grave. Then one of them called to his boy, and said, "Go, and ask readily what corpse this is now passing forth by the gate, and look thou report his name well."

"Sir," quoth the boy, "I knew it two hours before you came here. He was an old companion of yours, and was slain suddenly; for, as he sate drunken on his bench, there came a secret thief, men call Death (that kills all

the people in this country); and with his spear he smote his heart in two, and then went his way without speaking. He hath slain a thousand, this pestilence; and, master, ere you come into his presence, methinks it were full necessary to beware of him, and to be evermore ready to meet him. Thus taught me my dame."

"By Saint Mary," said the host of the tavern, "the child says truly; for this fearful thing hath slain, this year, within a village about a mile hence, both men, women, and children, so that I trow he has his habitation there. It were great wisdom to be well advised about him."

Then up spake one of the rioters, and said, "Is it such peril to meet with him? I vow that I'll seek him by stile and street. Harken, my boys: we three are one: let each hold up his hand, and we will become brothers, and will kill this false traitor, Death. Before night he shall be slain,—he that so many slayeth." And, so saying, he shouted a terrible oath.

Then these three, having plighted their troths to live and die by each other, started up all drunken in their rage, and went towards the hamlet of which the taverner had spoken; and, as they went reeling along the way, they roared out with their thick voices, "Death shall be dead if we can catch him."

They had not gone half a mile, when, lo! just as they were crossing a gate, they saw a poor old man, who greeted them full meekly, and said, "Now, God save you, lords!"

The proudest of these three rioters answered, "What, thou sorry churl! why art thou wrapped so closely over, save thy face? Why dost thou continue to live in such great age?"

At this, the old man looked him in the visage, and said, "Because I cannot meet a man, either in city or in village, even though I walked into the Indies, who would change his youth for my age; and, therefore, I must still

keep my age, as long as God pleases. Death will not have my life, alas! And thus walk I, like a restless caitiff; and, on the ground, which is my mother's gate, I knock night and morning, with my staff, crying, 'Dear mother, let me in. Lo! how I vanish, flesh and blood. When shall my weary bones be still?' But she will not do me such kindness, for which full pale and welked* is my face. Yet, sirs, it is not courteous in you to speak roughly to an old man, except he trespass in word or deed; for it is said in holy writ, as you may yourselves see, that ye should not rise against a hoary head; therefore do no more harm now to an old man, than ye would a man should do to you in age, if that ye abide so long; and so God be with you ever! I must go my ways."

"Nay, old churl, by St. John, thou partest not so lightly," swore one of these rioters. "Thou spakest, just now, of that traitor, Death, that slayeth all our friends in this country. Thou art his spy; and, believe me, thou shalt either tell where he is, or thou shalt rue it; for, truly, thou art one of his accomplices to kill us young folk, thou false thief."

"Now, sirs," then quoth this old man, "if you truly wish to find Death, turn up this crooked way, for, by my faith, I left him in that grove, under a tree; and there he will stay, nothing hiding himself for all your boasting. See ye that oak? Right there shall ye meet him; and Christ, that bought again mankind, save and amend you!"

Thus spake the old man; and away ran these three rioters till they came to the tree, under which, behold! they found well nigh eight bushels of fine gold florins. They were so glad of this sight, that they sought no longer after Death; but, looking round them, they sat down on the hard roots of the tree, nothing heeding the uneasiness of the seat, so eager were they to be near the precious hoard.

"Brethren," said the worst of the three, "take heed what

* Furrowed, wrinkled.

I shall say. Fortune hath given us this treasure to the end we may live all our lives in mirth and jollity. As it came lightly, lightly let us spend it. Who would have thought," continued he, swearing a great oath, "that we should have met such luck to-day? If this gold could but be carried out of this grove home to my house, then were we in high felicity; but it may not be done by day, for men would say we were strong thieves, and hang us for possessing our own treasure: no; it must be carried by night, wisely and slyly; therefore, I am of opinion, that we draw lots, and he who draws the lowest shall run to the town, with blithe heart, and bring us bread and wine, while the other two shall subtly keep the treasure; and when it is night, we will take it, by one assent, where we may think best."

Then he brought the lots in his hand, and bade them draw; and the lowest fell on the youngest one; and anon he went forth toward the town. Now, as soon as he was departed, the rioter, who spake before, said thus unto his fellow:—

"Thou knowest well thou art my sworn brother; therefore will I tell thee thy profit. Our fellow is gone, and here is gold, and that full great store, which is to be shared among us three; but if I can shape it so, that it may be parted among us two, shall I not do a friend's turn to thee?"

The other answered, "I cannot think how that may be: he knows well that the gold is with us. What, therefore, should we do? What could we say to him?"

"Shall it be counsel, then?" said the first: "if so, I will tell you, in few words, how we can bring it about."

And the other answered, "I plight thee my troth that I will not bewray thee."

"Now," quoth this wicked hazarder, "thou knowest well that we are two, and two of us shall be stronger than one. Look, when he is set down, that thou rise anon, and make as though thou playest with him, and while ye are strug-

gling, as in game, I will stab him through his two sides; and do thou do the same with thy dagger. And then, my dear friend, shall this gold be parted 'twixt thee and me; and so shall we be able to fulfil our desires, and play at dice at our own will."

Thus be these two hazarders agreed to slay the third, who, as he went along the road, kept rolling up and down in his heart the beauty of those bright and new florins. "O Lord," quoth he, "that I might but have this treasure to myself alone! There would be no man under the heavens that should live so merry as I."

And at the last the fiend put it into his thought, that he should buy poison to slay his fellows; for the fiend found him living in such a wanton way, that he lusted to bring him to sorrow; therefore, he made him determine to do the homicide, and never to repent. So he went straightway unto an apothecary in the town, and prayed him that he would sell some poison to kill the rats in his house; and there was also a polecat, that, as he said, slew his capons, and he would fain be rid of such destroying vermin.

The apothecary answered, "Thou shalt have a thing, that, if it be taken by any creature in this world, though it be no more in quantity than a grain of wheat, shall anon destroy his life; yea, he shall wither away in less time than thou wilt go a mile, the poison is so strong and violent."

Then this cursed man took into his hand the poison, in a box, and went into the next street, and borrowed three large bottles, and poured the poison into two of them, keeping the third clean for his own drink. And when, with sorry grace, he had filled his great bottles with wine, he repaired again to his fellows.

What need is there to say more? For even as they had planned his death, even so they slew him, and that

quickly. And when it was done, thus spake the worst of these rioters:—

“Now let us sit and drink, and make us merry, and afterwards we will hide his body in the ground.”

And with these words he took the bottle where the poison was, and drank, and gave it to his fellow; and anon there came upon them strange signs of poison, and they perished.

Thus ended be these two homicides; and also their false companion; and thus did they find death under the oak in the old grove.

ABRIDGED FROM CHAUCER.

PETER CLAUS;—A GERMAN LEGEND.*

PETER CLAUS was a goatherd of Sittendorf, and tended his flocks in the Kyffhausen mountains: here he was accustomed to let them rest every evening in a mead, surrounded by an old wall, while he made his muster of them; but for some days he had remarked that one of his finest goats always disappeared some time after coming to this spot, and did not join the flock till late: watching her more attentively, he observed that she slipped through an opening in the wall; upon which he crept after the animal, and found her in a sort of cave, busily employed in gleaning the oat-grains that dropped down singly from the roof. He looked up, and shook his ears amidst the shower of corn that now fell down upon him, but, with all his inquiry, could discover nothing. At last he heard above the stamp

* This legend is the source of Washington Irving's celebrated *Rip Van Winkle*.—Eds.

and neighing of horses, from whose mangers, it was probable, the oats had fallen.

Peter was yet standing in astonishment at the sound of horses in so unusual a place, when a boy appeared, who, by signs, without speaking a word, desired him to follow. Accordingly he ascended a few steps, and passed over a walled court into a hollow, closed in on all sides by lofty rocks, where a partial twilight shot through the over-spreading foliage of the shrubs. Here, upon a smooth, fresh lawn, he found twelve knights playing gravely at nine-pins, and not one spoke a syllable : with equal silence Peter was installed in the office of setting up the nine-pins.

At first, he performed his duty with knees that knocked against each other, as he now and then stole a partial look at the long beards and slashed doublets of the noble knights. By degrees, however, custom gave him courage ; he gazed on every thing with firmer look, and, at last, even ventured to drink out of a bowl that stood near him, from which the wine exhaled a most delicious odor. The glowing juice made him feel as if re-animated, and, whenever he found the least weariness, he again drew fresh vigor from the inexhaustible goblet. Sleep at last overcame him.

Upon waking, Peter found himself in the very same enclosed mead where he was wont to tend his herds. He rubbed his eyes, but could see no sign either of dog or goats, and was, besides, not a little astonished at the high grass, and shrubs, and trees, which he had never before observed there. Not well knowing what to think, he continued his way over all the places that he had been accustomed to frequent with his goats ; but no where could he find any traces of them : below him he saw Sittendorf, and, at length, with hasty steps, he descended.

The people, whom he met before the village, were all strangers to him ; they had not the dress of his acquaintance, nor yet did they exactly speak their language ; and

when he asked after his goats, all stared and touched their chins. At last he did the same almost involuntarily, and found his beard lengthened by a foot, at least; upon which he began to conclude that himself and those about him were equally under the influence of enchantment; still he recognized the mountain he had descended for the Kyffhausen; the houses, too, with their yards and gardens, were all familiar to him, and to the passing questions of a traveller, several boys replied by the name of Sittendorf.

With increasing doubt, he now walked through the village to his house: it was much decayed, and before it lay a strange goatherd's boy in a ragged frock, by whose side was a dog, worn lank by age, that growled and snarled when he spoke to him. He then entered the cottage through an opening which had once been closed by a door; here, too, he found all so void and waste, that he tottered out again at the back door as if intoxicated, and called his wife and children by their names; but none heard, none answered.

In a short time, women and children thronged around the stranger with the long, hoary beard, and all, as if for a wager, joined in inquiring what he wanted. Before his own house to ask others after his wife, or children, or even of himself, seemed so strange, that, to get rid of these querists, he mentioned the first name that occurred to him, "Kurt Steffen?" The by-standers looked at each other in silence, till, at last, an old woman said, "He has been in the church-yard these twelve years; and you'll not go there to-day." "Velten Meier?" "Heaven rest his soul!" replied an ancient dame, leaning upon her crutch; "Heaven rest his soul! He has lain these fifteen years in the house that he will never leave."

The goatherd shuddered, as, in the last speaker, he recognized his neighbor, who seemed to have suddenly grown old; but he had lost all desire for further question. At this moment, a brisk young woman pressed through

the anxious gapers, carrying an infant in her arms, and leading by the hand a girl of about fourteen years old, all three the very image of his wife. With increasing surprise, he asked her name : " Maria ! " " And your father's ? " " Peter Claus ! Heaven rest his soul ! It is now twenty years since we sought him day and night on the Kyffhausen mountains, when his flock returned without him ; I was then but seven years old."

The goatherd could contain himself no longer ; " I am Peter Claus," he cried, " I am Peter Claus, and none else ; " and he snatched the child from his daughter's arms. All for a moment stood as if petrified, till, at length, one voice, and another, and another, exclaimed, " Yes, this is Peter Claus ! Welcome, neighbor ! Welcome, after twenty years ! "

MY TWO AUNTS.

PHILOSOPHERS tell us that we know nothing but from its opposite ; then I certainly know my two aunts very perfectly, for greater opposites were never made since the formation of light and darkness ; but they were both good creatures—so are light and darkness both good things in their place. My two aunts, however, were not so appropriately to be compared to light and darkness as to crumb and crust—the crumb and crust of a new loaf ; the crumb of which is marvellously soft, and the crust of which is exceedingly crisp, dry, and snappish. The one was my father's sister, and the other was my mother's ; and very curiously it happened that they were both named Bridget. To distinguish between them, we young folks used to call the quiet and easy one aunt Bridget, and the bustling, worrying one, aunt Fidget. You never, in the whole course of your life, saw such a quiet, easy, comfortable

creature as aunt Bridget—she was not immoderately large, but prodigiously fat. Her weight did not exceed twenty stone, or two-and-twenty at the utmost—but she might be called prodigiously fat, because she was all fat; I don't think there was an ounce of lean in her whole composition. She was so imperturbably good-natured, that I really do not believe that she was ever in a passion in the whole course of her life. I have no doubt that she had her troubles: we all have troubles, more or less; but aunt Bridget did not like to trouble herself to complain. The greatest trouble that she endured, was the alternation of day and night: it was a trouble to her to go up stairs to bed, and it was a trouble to her to come down stairs to breakfast; but, when she was once in bed, she could sleep ten hours without dreaming; and when she was once up, and seated in her comfortable arm-chair, by the fireside, with her knitting apparatus in order, and a nice, fat, flat, comfortable quarto volume on a small table at her side, the leaves of which volume she could turn over with her knitting needle, she was happy for the day: the grief of getting up was forgotten, and the trouble of getting to bed was not anticipated. Knowing her aversion to moving, I was once saucy enough to recommend her to make two days into one, that she might not have the trouble of going up and down stairs so often. Any body but aunt Bridget would have boxed my ears for my impertinence, and would, in so doing, have served me rightly; but she, good creature, took it all in good part, and said, "Yes, my dear, it would save trouble, but I am afraid it would not be good for my health—I should not have exercise enough." Aunt Bridget loved quiet, and she lived in the quietest place in the world. There is not a spot in the deserts of Arabia, or in the Frozen Ocean, to be for a moment compared for quietness with Hans-place—

"The very houses seem asleep;"

and when the bawlers of milk, mackerel, dabs, and flounders, enter the placid precincts of that place, they scream with a subdued violence, like the hautboy played with a piece of cotton in the bell. You might almost fancy that oval of building to be some mysterious egg, on which the genius of silence had sat brooding ever since the creation of the world, or even before Chaos had combed its head and washed its face. There is in that place a silence that may be heard, a delicious stillness which the ear drinks in as greedily as the late Mr. Dando used to gulp oysters. It is said that, when the inhabitants are all asleep, they can hear one another snore. Here dwelt my aunt Bridget—kindest of the kind, and quietest of the quiet. But good nature is terribly imposed upon in this wicked world of ours; and so it was with aunt Bridget. Her poulterer, I am sure, used to charge her at least ten per cent. more than any of the rest of his customers, because she never found fault. She was particularly fond of ducks, very likely from a sympathy with their quiet style of locomotion; but she disliked haggling about the price, and she abhorred the trouble of choosing them; so she left it to the man's conscience to send what he pleased, and to charge what he pleased. I declare that I have seen upon her table such withered, wizened, toad-like villains of half-starved ducks, that they looked as if they had died of the whooping-cough. And if ever I happened to say any thing approaching to reproach of the poulterer, aunt would always make the same reply,—“I don't like to be always finding fault.” It was the same with her wine as it was with her poultry: she used to fancy that she had Port and Sherry; but she never had any thing better than Pontac and Cape Madeira. There was one luxury of female life which my aunt never enjoyed—she never had the pleasure of scolding the maids. She once made the attempt, but it did not succeed. She had a splendid set of Sunday crockery, done in blue and gold; and, by the carelessness of one of her maids, the

whole service was smashed at one fell swoop. "Now, that is too bad," said my aunt; "I really will tell her of it." So I was in hopes of seeing aunt Bridget in a passion, which would have been as rare a sight as an American aloe in blossom. She rang the bell with most heroic vigor, and with an expression of almost a determination to say something very severe to Betty, when she should make her appearance. Indeed, if the bell-pull had been Betty, she might have heard half the first sentence of a terrible scolding; but before Betty could answer the summons of the bell, my aunt was as cool as a turbot at a tavern dinner. "Betty," said she, "are they all broke?" "Yes, ma'am," said Betty. "How came you to break them?" said my aunt. "They slipped off the tray, ma'am," replied Betty. "Well, then, be more careful another time," said my aunt. "Yes, ma'am," said Betty.

Next morning, another set was ordered. This was not the first, second, or third time that my aunt's crockery had come to an untimely end. My aunt's maids had a rare place in her service. They had high life below stairs in perfection; people used to wonder that she did not see how she was imposed upon: bless her old heart! she never liked to see what she did not like to see—and so long as she could be quiet she was happy. She was a living emblem of the Pacific Ocean.

But my aunt Fidget was quite another thing. She only resembled my aunt Bridget in one particular; that is, she had not an ounce of lean about her; but then she had no fat neither—she was all skin and bone; I cannot say for a certainty, but I really believe, that she had no marrow in her bones: she was as light as a feather, as dry as a stick, and, had it not been for her pattens, she must have been blown away in windy weather. As for quiet, she knew not the meaning of the word: she was flying about from morning till night, like a fagot in fits, and finding fault with every body and every thing. Her tongue and

her toes had no sinecures. Had she weighed as many pounds as my aunt Bridget weighed stones, she would have worn out half-a-dozen pair of shoes in a week. I don't believe that aunt Bridget ever saw the inside of her kitchen, or that she knew exactly where it was; but aunt Fidget was in all parts of the house at once—she saw every thing, heard every thing, remembered every thing, and scolded about every thing. She was not to be imposed upon, either by servants or trades-people. She kept a sharp look out upon them all. She knew when and where to go to market. Keen was her eye for the turn of the scale, and she took pretty good care that the butcher should not dab his mutton chops too hastily in the scale, making momentum tell for weight. I cannot think what she wanted with meat, for she looked as if she ate nothing but raspings, and drank nothing but vinegar. Her love of justice in the matter of purchasing was so great, that when her fishmonger sent her home a pennyworth of sprats, she sent one back to be changed because it had but one eye. She had such a strict inventory of all her goods and chattels, that, if any one plundered her of a pin, she was sure to find it out. She would miss a pea out of a peck; and she once kept her establishment up half the night to hunt about for a bit of cheese that was missing—it was at last found in the mouse-trap. “You extravagant minx,” said she to the maid, “here is cheese enough to bait three mouse-traps;” and she nearly had her fingers snapped off in her haste to rescue the cheese from its prison. I used not to dine with my aunt Fidget so often as with my aunt Bridget, for my aunt Fidget worried my very life out with the history of every article that was brought to table. She made me undergo the narration of all that she had said, and all that the butcher or the poulterer had said, concerning the purchase of the provision; and she used always to tell me what was the price of mutton when her mother was a girl—twopence a pound for the common

pieces, and twopence-halfpenny for the prime pieces. Moreover, she always entertained me with an account of all her troubles, and with the sins and iniquities of her abominable servants, whom she generally changed once a month. Indeed, had I been inclined to indulge her with more of my company, I could not always manage to find her residence; for she was moving about from place to place, so that it was like playing a game of hunt the slipper to endeavor to find her. She once actually threatened to leave London altogether, if she could not find some more agreeable residence than hitherto it had been her lot to meet with. But there was one evil in my aunt Fidget's behavior, which disturbed me more than any thing else; she was always expecting that I should join her in abusing my placid aunt Bridget. Aunt Bridget's style of house-keeping was not, perhaps, quite the pink of perfection, but it was not for me to find fault with it; and if she did sit still all day, she never found fault with those who did not; she never said any thing evil of any of her neighbors. Aunt Fidget might be flying about all day like a witch upon a broomstick; but aunt Bridget made no remarks on it; she let her fly. The very sight of aunt Fidget was enough to put one out of breath—she whisked about from place to place at such a rapid rate, always talking at the rate of nineteen to the dozen. We boys used to say of her that she never sat long enough in a chair to warm the cover. But she is gone—*requiescat in pace*; * and that is more than ever she did in her lifetime.

* May she rest in peace.

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